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Can the U.S. Arm in Time?

By Bruce Hutchison

WAVELL

CONQUEROR OF LIBYA

By Rosita Forbes

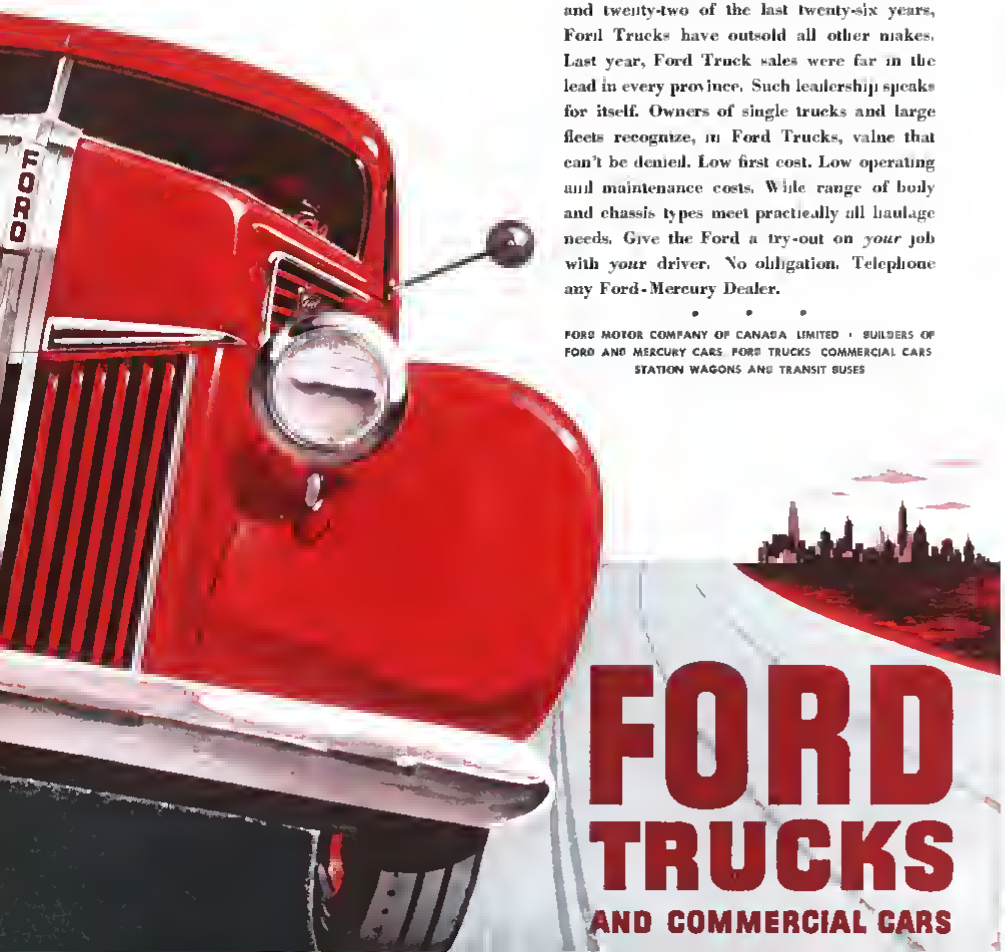
Canadian Destroyer. A natural color photograph taken for Maclean's by Scott Malcolm.

The hardest-working trucks in Canada!

They're tackling more jobs in Canada than any other make of trucks. Six years in a row and twenty-two of the last twenty-six years, Ford Trucks have outsold all other makes. Last year, Ford Truck sales were far in the lead in every province. Such leadership speaks for itself. Owners of single trucks and large fleets recognize, in Ford Trucks, value that can't be denied. Low first cost. Low operating and maintenance costs. Wide range of body and chassis types meet practically all haulage needs. Give the Ford a try-out on *your* job with *your* driver. No obligation. Telephone any Ford-Mercury Dealer.

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AND COMMERCIAL CARS

Save Now! more than ever before, with FRIGIDAIRE



Right now, more than ever before, saving is vitally important. Not just money, but time, health, food as well. And more than ever before, you can do it easily, regularly with Frigidaire.

With Frigidaire in your kitchen you save more in every way. Cost of operation is lower; food preservation is safer, better, easier, cheaper, thereby guarding health and conserving foods, keeping them palatable and healthful days longer. See the proof at your Frigidaire dealer's. Frigidaire Division, General Motors Sales Corporation, Leaside, Ontario.

58,590 Women Proved These Savings With FRIGIDAIRE

A survey among all these women, users of Frigidaire Refrigerators, revealed the following facts about Frigidaire's unrivalled economy—



Super-Freezer Chest—New De Luxe Cold Wall feature. Includes extra large section for frozen foods and making ice and desserts. Has scientifically designed Meat-Tender compartment. The Super Freezer Chest door becomes a convenient drop leaf shelf.



Famous Meter-Miser—Only Frigidaire has the Meter-Miser, simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built. Super-powered, keeps foods safer, makes ice faster—for less than ever before, permanently sealed, never needs oiling. Uses F-12, Frigidaire's exclusive safe refrigerant.

Cold-Wall Saves Foods' Vitamins, Freshness, Colour

Because the chilling coils are in the walls and the Cold-Wall compartment sealed, air circulation which wilts and dries foods is minimized in the Frigidaire Cold Wall. You don't even have to cover foods.

CAUTION! Some stores may call other makes of refrigerators Frigidaires and thus confuse the public. Unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate it is Not a "FRIGIDAIRE".

Compare this List of FRIGIDAIRE Features

- Super-powered Meter-Miser
- Super-moist Glass Topped Hydrators
- Utility Storage Compartment
- Double Easy Quickube Trays
- Larger Frozen Storage Compartment
- Stainless Chromium Shelves
- New Facts Label (you know what you get before you buy)

SAVE on "left-over" foods!
$3.77— was the average monthly saving, on left over foods kept in a Frigidaire.

SAVE on buying "bargain specials!"
$3.72— was the average monthly saving on buying bargain specials and buying in larger quantities—then keeping portions not used immediately in the roomy Frigidaire food compartment.

SAVE on refrigeration cost!
$3.21— was the average monthly saving over the cost of previous methods of refrigeration. The world-famous Meter-Miser, simplest refrigeration mechanism ever built, cuts operating costs to the bone.

$10.70— was the average total monthly saving reported in this survey of 58,590 women. Proof that Frigidaire Saves enough to pay for itself!

• Buy Your Frigidaire Now and Let It Pay for Itself Out of Savings!

There's a model for every family and a price for every purse.

FRIGIDAIRE Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Serve by Saving—
BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Maclean's Editorials

Slash Non-war Costs

AS THIS issue of *Maclean's* goes to press, Finance Minister Ilsley has announced his estimate of public expenditures this year. Interpretation of the magnitude of the figures is almost beyond a Canadian's financial vocabulary.

Lacking details of the taxing and borrowing methods by which the Government proposes to secure the money, it is not possible to work things out in terms applicable to individual pocketbooks. But Mr. Ilsley's statement that the people must make drastic changes in their mode of living and habits of life indicates that in one way or another no one will be permitted to escape a share of the burden.

So far as the war expenditures are concerned, if results are seen there will be no complaint.

In the matter of non-war expenditures, the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Hanson will have much more than party backing in his effort to secure a reduction that will mean something.

For the first time, every Canadian is being made aware of the cost of government, as well as the cost of self-preservation. That awareness is going to result in a concerted demand that all governments—Dominion, provincial and municipal—make the same drastic changes in their modes of living and habits of life as is asked of the taxpayer who maintains them all.

Opportunities

REPORTS that certain British industries may establish manufacturing plants in Canada have caused the councils of several small towns to sit up and take notice. We hope that what they have to offer will receive weighty consideration. Too much concentration of industry in one or two large centres is not desirable, from the economic point of view as well as that of defense.

Apart from war industries the shutting off of imports from occupied European countries has created many openings for domestic enterprises.

Industry in the United States has been quicker on the trigger than has Canadian industry. In the large fields the fact that we are at war supplies the reason. In smaller fields it does not apply to the same extent.

Recently the New York *World-Telegram* ran a series of articles entitled "We Make Our Own" describing how new industries have been started for the production of goods which no longer can be exported from Europe.

THE MEN ARE READY...



This message, a poster item, is being addressed by the Government to the workers in Canada's aircraft factories. You too help to supply wings when you buy War Savings Certificates.

The lace capital of the world used to be Calais. The United States imported $10 000 000 worth of lace from France each year. Now lace is being made in New York, Philadelphia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Ohio. In New England the lace workers are mostly French Canadians. In all plants the machines came from Nottingham, England, and most of the designers are English.

In New Jersey fine grade leather goods are being manufactured to take the place of those which came from France and Germany and even from England. Industrial research has been quick to find how to raise a hog for pigskin, how to utilize sharkskin and cowhide.

Dress accessories, belts, bags, gloves and costume jewellery are being manufactured in New York with ingenious use of substitute materials.

North Carolina is producing cigarette paper formerly a French monopoly.

In small factories in various localities Americans are producing the equals for foreign delicacies—turkey paste, savories, special cheeses, chutneys, and even caviar.

Bogs in Maine and near Welland, Ontario, are supplying peat moss which used to come from the Baltic countries to American horticulturists and hothouse owners.

American bulb growers lost no time in taking the place of Dutch bulb growers.

Here in Canada our war effort precludes the establishment of luxury trades, but there are still opportunities—if we seize them in time—for many profitable and useful lines. They can be opportunities for the smaller communities.

How $5 Actually Fights

SO THAT every Canadian who buys War Savings certificates may get the feeling that his or her contribution is an actual missile hurled against Hitler, the Department of Munitions and Supply has issued an interesting bulletin with a personal touch.

Every time a Spitfire pilot fires a burst of 100 rounds of .303 ammunition at a Hun raider the equivalent of one $5 certificate has found a target.

When a R.A.F. bomber drops a 500-pound bomb on a German munitions factory or railway centre, the explosion costs from $80 to $200 (or from twenty to fifty $5 certificates) according to the type of bomb.

A Bofors 40-millimetre anti-aircraft gun costs about $12,500. It fires as many as 120 shells per minute at a cost of $6 a shell.

The big brother of the 40 millimetre gun is the 3.7 inch quick firer. It costs $70 000. The shells it sends five or six miles into the sky cost $20 apiece.

An elementary training plane, such as a Tiger Moth or a Fleet used in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, costs between $8 000 and $8 500. Advanced trainers, such as the Harvard, run from $30 000 to $35 000.

Universal caterpillar carriers cost about $5 000 each. Bren machine guns mounted in the carriers are worth about $450 each.

The cost of equipping a full infantry battalion is about $300 000 or sixty thousand $5 certificates.

A minesweeper costs about $575 000; a corvette about $550 000.

If it is difficult to imagine your certificates as part of a naval craft, think of them as essential rivets.

Your war taxes are made into projectiles too. But the War Savings certificates you buy carry an advantage. You get your money back—with interest.

YOU Can Help to Beat Hitler by Buying War Savings Certificates



AIRPORT CONSTRUCTION—with International TD-14 Diesel TracTractor equipped with cat-pan. Average output 65 cubic yards per hour.

Peak Performance Today's Urgent Need!

THE FULL LINE OF INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL POWER

TracTracTors (*crawlers*)
6 Models: 4 New Diesels and 2 carburetor-type

Wheel Tractors
5 New Models including 2 New Diesels

Power Units
A wide range up to 110 Max. h.p. for gasoline, Diesel, distillate, gas and kerosene operation

Modified Units
Available to manufacturers of power-driven equipment

DEPENDABLE SERVICE
All International equipment has behind it the extra value of dependable service through dealers and Company-owned branches. Maintenance costs are reduced with factory-standard methods and factory-standard parts in every International shop.



ROAD BUILDING—on Ile Perrot, P.Q., moves ahead at unhurried speed with this International TD-18 TracTractor equipped with bulldozer—owned by Harvey Construction Company.



LOADS OF LUMBER—efficiently handled by International Industrial Tractors and this handy little International-powered shop mule—owned by Price Brothers of Kenogami, Quebec.

NEVER before in history has the need for *maximum output* received the all-out support of so many branches of industry. "*More work in less time*" has become a constant watchword in war time business management. And in many instances the solution to this vital problem simply has been to PUT MORE EFFECTIVE POWER BEHIND THE JOB.

For generations International Harvester has poured its resources and the sum total of its manufacturing experience into creating *efficient power* for many kinds of work. Now, when the necessity for increased performance is constantly felt on every side, International Industrial Power is supplying it, as never before.

From the smallest "shop mule" and stationary engine to the great crawler type, Diesel-powered TracTractors, International Industrial Power carries on for the Dominion and the Empire.

It shall continue to be the steadfast purpose of this Company to supply all possible power, to industry and to agriculture—to the end that the people of this nation will find new strength for the huge tasks still ahead.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY of Canada, Ltd.
HAMILTON ONTARIO

INTERNATIONAL Industrial Power

Mrs. Glum and Mrs. Glad



1 MRS. GLAD: I [illegible] noticing Mrs [illegible] A [illegible] day [illegible]
MRS. GLUM: D [illegible] L [illegible] W [illegible] [illegible]



2. MRS. GLAD: It's [illegible] really on days like this [illegible] I feel simply *grand*

MRS. GLUM: Not *me*. Mrs. Glad! I've got so many terrible things [illegible] the end [illegible] that [illegible] And now I have to take [illegible] *purgatives* [illegible] all the time. It's [illegible]



3. MRS. GLAD: (*at the grocer*) [illegible] Mrs. Glum, [illegible] I want you to try [illegible] Do you ever have [illegible] constipation [illegible] of *dull no* [illegible] with headaches after it happens? We all need the right kind of "bulk in our [illegible] may not be getting all you should [illegible] KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAIN regularly (as a cereal [illegible] or muffins). Drink plenty of water [illegible] right in between [illegible]



4. LITTLE MARTHA GLUM: [illegible] Mummy says I'm here [illegible] Mrs. Glad. She says I'm [illegible] but [illegible] And she feels I've a million dollars. Oh yes—and she is [illegible] *Better Health*

Keep regular . . . Naturally with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN



Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient sizes of packages. Made in the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada

"*Serve by Saving! Buy War Savings Certificates.*"



In the Editor's Confidence

AGAIN we doff our hat to the authorities of the Royal Canadian Navy. This time it is in recognition of their hearty backing of our effort to tell a story of the sea in which the central figures are not what you might call nifty. They belong to a fraternity which has no gross illusion officers. It is a fraternity of humble men—and boys. And every minute of the day and night they face death. They are the men who man the ships of the Merchant Navy, the crews of the squat, salt-caked freighters, carriers, oil tankers. The ships which are the lifeline of Britain.

To get such a story you need first the blessing of the Navy without which in wartime you cannot move and second a writer who has sea water in his veins. We got both. The Navy which convoys the merchantmen and which has seen a saga in the making was not only helpful but anxious to assist in a tribute to the men of whom we wished to write. The writer was Charles Rawlings, whose stories of the North Atlantic fishing banks, of rusty ocean tramps, have earned him wide fame.

Mr. Rawlings went on the assignment with joy in his heart. He haunted the waterfront places where seamen gather on rare shore leaves. He boarded ships assembled for convoy out in the barricades talked with men who, rescued from open boats in high icy seas, were carrying on as a matter of course. He went to sea aboard an escort.

He came back saturated with atmosphere glowing with the things he had to tell and sat down to leisurely sort things out. Then he got from us what is known as a deadline wire—a command that the first article be delivered by a certain early date. Mr. Rawlings felt a trifle upset. Editors, he mused, had no sense of proportion. Here was something that should be written as a labor of love, toiled at—and here were we wanting it by 3.57 p.m. With a sigh Mr. Rawlings sat down at his typewriter. And on page [illegible] of this issue of *Maclean's* there appears part one of "In All Respects Ready for Sea." We think it is an unusual and most effective piece.

Incidentally, the Lieutenant Watt who appears in the story is none other than Frederick B. Watt, a frequent contributor to these pages in times gone by.

●Prime Minister King's statement to Parliament that in the long run the material end of the United States will be of decisive importance, but that "we must make sure that there is a long run" emphasizes the not sufficiently realized fact that a lot of precious time must elapse before the industries of even so expert a mass-production country as the U. S. can hit a war airplane. Bruce Hutchison was in Washington again recently and we asked him to endeavor to make a survey of the whole war production situation and to report the cold facts without regard for wishful thinking on anybody's part. It was a tall order, but Mr. Hutchison made a good job of it. On page sixteen, in "Can the U.S. Arm in Time?" he makes a clear straightforward appraisal based on information secured from the highest sources.

●We don't know of any writer who knows Libya as well as does Rosita Forbes. She explored that fantastic land long before it crashed into the headlines. Add to this the fact that she also knows Sir Archibald Wavell well and you have the reason why we requested her to write the piece which appears on page twelve. When you have read it you will have a very good idea as to why Wavell is today the conqueror of Libya.

●The way of getting to know a girl is to run into her in a grocery store and knock over a pile of tins of tomato juice. The sort of impression you make may of course depend on whether or not you have a station wagon parked outside. In the case of Dudley Peters, who met Miss Shevlin under an avalanche of tins of tomato juice there was a station wagon parked outside. It bore the neat inscription "Fantasy Farms." The wagon belonged to Mr. Peters. The farm didn't. In fact there wasn't any Fantasy Farm. However Miss Shevlin liked the wagon. She liked Mr. Peters. And how were they to know sitting under a pile of tomato juice tins, that a remarkable adventure was ahead of them? Full particulars will be found in Frank Leon Smith's bright tale "Everybody Loves a Station Wagon"—on page seven.

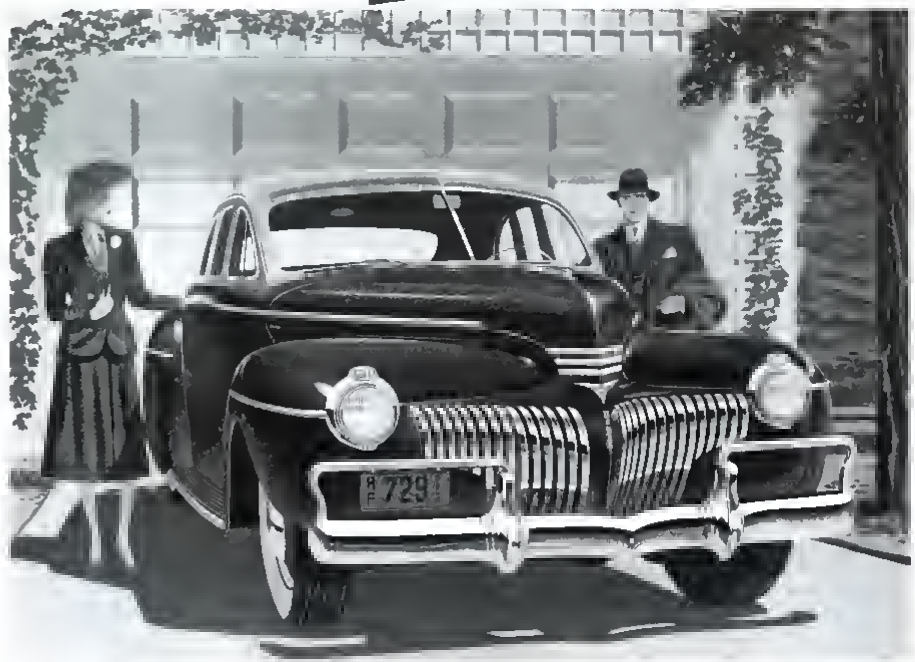
To avenge his father, who was killed by an elephant, George Maynard went all the way to the heart of Africa for the express purpose of killing an elephant. He shot one—with a camera. And the ins and outs of "Jungle Feud," related by Gordon MacGregor on page [illegible] then provide lively reading.

●Our current headache arises from an extraordinary blunder which occurred in our February 15 issue, when we published a picture of General McNaughton with his uniform ribbons and brassard all wrong way round. It was not as some readers have suggested an attempt at camouflage to fool the Germans. Nor can we deceive any comfort from the fact that the picture was an exact reproduction of an official photograph bearing the censor's stamp of approval. How the print came to be reversed we don't know but we have no excuse. We should have noticed the error and the entire staff particularly those who were soldiers in the last war are in the doghouse.

H. Napier Moore

THE Newest Development IN DRIVING!

FLUID DRIVE WITH Simplimatic Transmission!



IF YOU REALLY WANT the newest development in driving—here it is! Automatic Shifting for all normal driving! It's the big "extra" you now get with DeSoto's Fluid Drive and Simplimatic Transmission.

You can actually start, stop, drive through heavy traffic all day long without touching clutch or shifting gears. No jerking . . . or stalling! Here is a brand new kind of performance that's literally as smooth as oil—because the car is driven through oil. Due to Fluid Drive, DeSoto Cars are remarkably safe and stable on slippery, muddy or sandy roads.

You'll like the way the low slung DeSoto hugs the road. Its ride is steady and solid—it sits even through ruts—no sideway on curves. Just as you feel its quality you can see its beautiful eye-catching streamlining, its luxurious interior. Only by driving, a 1941 DeSoto can you appreciate it. Make a date with your nearest Dodge-DeSoto dealer today!

DRIVE A 1941

DE SOTO

Engineered by Chrysler

SPEED YOUR CORRESPONDENCE

WITH *The Pen that Never fails!*



IN these days of Destiny, speed is vital. No detail must hold up production, no delay impede progress.

That is why business leaders choose the Parker Vacumatic — the pen they can depend upon. Guaranteed for Life!

They are never caught with a Pen that runs dry — the patented Television barrel of the Parker Vacumatic shows them the ink level at all times. Its one hand filler saves time and temper.

The Parker Vacumatic has no rubber sac, no lever filler — but it has room for nearly twice as much ink as old style pens! Its 14-Kt. Gold point, Osmiridium tipped, gives ease and speed in writing.

To a smartly-styled appearance the Parker Vacumatic adds perfection of performance! With its companion, Parker Pencil, it makes the world's finest writing set.

Be sure you get a Parker Vacumatic — take nothing less!



QUINK

Quink keeps pens writing freely. Prevents clogging. Makes Parker Vacumatic Pens self-cleaning. Quink makes pens write 14 Karat Gold smoother. Quink is guaranteed not to injure any pen or pencil.

♦ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for Life against everything except loss or intentional damage. Value only in U.S.A. Price of 35c for pencil. Insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

Full TELEVISION INK SUPPLY



Imperial Vacumatic Set $19.75. Gold-filled cap with laminated barrel in black or brown. Pen $13.75. Pencil, $6.00. Ladies Set, $17.75—Pen $12.75. Pencil, $5.00.

Other Vacumatic Pens from $5.00 to $15.75. Pencils to match $3.50 to $6.00.

Parker

VACUMATIC PENS AND PENCILS



They fell together and the girl said, 'Darn!' forcefully

Everybody Loves a Station Wagon

Proving that for wheeling in and out of trouble there's nothing like a pair of nice, bright headlamps—blue, with long lashes

By FRANK LEON SMITH

YOUNG Dudley Peters parked his station wagon and rushed into the store expecting to grab a pound of his favorite breakfast coffee and rush out. Then he saw this tall dark haired damsel this cosmic cynosure in fawnskin jodhpurs, a camel's hair riding jacket and an orange hat with a long quill that got in people's faces and he lost hold on all the other facts and figures of this life.

The store was resounding to clean feminine voices in the startled rising and falling cadence peculiar to the Sutton Place neighborhood which is New York's current Gold Coast. Dudley couldn't hear the voice of the girl with the quill but he kept her in sharp focus as her red tipped fingers played among the eggs, the limes and the lemons.

When she stooped once arched her back in pensive study of two limes held at eye level this girl pitched in all big ball curves. She was, as the saying goes, to the manner born. Dudley knew how to spot them. They always picked the best the biggest the ripest as their natural right, and the merchant could work off the lesser

and meaner sizes and qualities [illegible] same price but who didn't count socall[illegible]

"You being waited on?" asked a clerk.

"Pounder Saengusorn Breakfast C[illegible] drip," murmured Dudley over her shoulder, wouldn't lose sight of his Miss Terrific.

"If she'd only drop her lemons," thought Dudley. "If there'd be a robbery."

But no thieves came in, and the clerk bagged her purchases and took them to the counter to combine them in one container. Dudley's coffee was slid carelessly to him, and when he got his change he had no excuse to linger. With a sigh that started below the level of the ground, he turned from the counter.

And then the introduction was performed by a hillock of canned grapefruit juice marked Golden Smile Brand. The girl's elbow hit the pile, the heavy canisters fell about her feet. Dudley moved impulsively to the rescue and stepped on a can as the girl grabbed at him for support.

They fell together, bringing down a pyramid of Golden Smile Tomato Juice put out by the same people, and the girl said "Darn" forcefully and withal prettily at the precise moment that Dudley used the same word for the same purpose.

Booting away some cans, Dudley stood up and helped her to the vertical. They swapped smiles, and then the girl turned on the store manager, and in the richest, fellingest voice Dudley had ever heard, she asked why they kept those murderous leaning Pisas of heavy canned goods so near the counter.

"Must one approach through a series of tank traps and tiger pits? After all, I mean, I doubt if I have a whole metatarsal in my name and my toes are crushed. But flat!"

The manager quivered. "Yes, Miss Shevlin. I apologize personally, Miss Shevlin. I'll have the merchandise piled more safely. Oh, and don't you wish to have your purchases delivered, Miss Shevlin?"

Miss Shevlin said No, and as she was reaching for her [illegible] caught [illegible] the [illegible] for [illegible] Miss Shevlin stopped and beamed [illegible] Hard eyes [illegible] tweedy sport [illegible] truly blue beamers.

"Did you [illegible] I—was I? Was I good?"

Dudley [illegible] traced, but inside he was pitching heavily like a mooned ship from an echoing patrol boat with the lemon line flying from floor to ceiling and taking in sickening sheets.

"You were magnificent!"

"Do you really think so? I mean, did I leave anything out? I could go back, you know."

"No. You gave him his totals."

"I hate that manager!"

"Yeah!" said Dudley, arranging to hate him too.

"And I hate that moony store!"

All this while, as they continued each other, they were doing little side steps, dodging pedestrians, and this brought them to Dudley's station wagon.

"Well, thanks a lot," said Miss Shevlin with a big bright smile. As she reached for her handle, she discovered the wagon, and gave a sharp cry of delight at the words Fantasy Farm lettered neatly on the front door.

"Fantasy Farm! What a darling name!"

"Glad you like it," said Dudley on a modest note.

"Isn't yours? Not really?"

Miss Shevlin turned her back to him; she stooped and looked into the car; she traced the lettering with a finger. Then she turned, and now that her look was sort of a shy one, Dudley saw she had long lashes, curved like cup handles.

"I love station wagons."

This had an incendiary effect on Dudley, and made where he kept his inhibitions. He blew up. "Hop in," he said, opening the door. And then he tried for the manager's voice. "Don't you wish to have your purchases delivered, Miss Shevlin?"

She nodded, laughing, and got in.

Dudley [illegible] around and got in behind the wheel. [illegible] sat and smiled at each other.

"Make [illegible] and!" [illegible] a truck driver to the rear. Dudley got [illegible] and into traffic. "Where to?"

"Around the corner to Sutton Place," said Miss Shevlin, and told him the number.

NOW DUDLEY'S farm was all in the head. He lived in a furnished apartment on Third Avenue, around the corner from Fifty-seventh Street, and he worked out of an insurance brokerage office. The only thing that kept him from being a So What? guy was this new station wagon. And because it always looks impressive to have the name of your country estate, stock farm or racing stable on your station wagon, Dudley had the borders of his marked Fantasy Farm. That made him an impostor country gentleman, only he hoped soon to have a real farm to go to with his wagon.

Now Dudley and his wagon were carrying his biggest bluff to date, for he didn't know what he was going to say to Miss Shevlin if she asked about Fantasy Farm. But she didn't speak until he had turned into Sutton Place and parked in the canopy of one of the more pompous apartment castles. Then she smiled at him and said, "Well?"

"Good-by, I s'pose," said Dudley on a dull note.

"Not necessarily. Come up and meet the folks?"

"Why not!" exclaimed Dudley.

He marched into the lobby with the surprising girl in riding togs, and they rode aloft in an elevator that didn't make a sound.

They landed in the foyer of the Shevlin apartment. The place was loud with voices and radio music. From space a Filipino boy in a white jacket appeared. Miss Shevlin took the package from Dudley, passed it to the boy, then she led Dudley down the hall to a room where people were milling around, dancing and talking.

Two men advanced to meet them. One was heavy-set, blond and handsome, a fellow Dudley could hate from here to the horizon as a rival contender for Miss Shevlin's smiles.

The other man was of middle age, florid, with thick hair prematurely grey. He wore a shepherd's plaid suit, a maroon tie that was almost red, and but for one thing Dudley would have labelled him a Gay Old Dog, such as is seen on the stage and in the tabloids.

What made him reserve judgment, this man was so obviously Miss Shevlin's father. Only his merry blue eyes, at sight of Dudley, were no longer like his daughter's. They were suddenly shrewd, suspicious, and Dudley thought crafty.

"Here's father and Max Eberling," said Miss Shevlin, and lowering her voice, "What name do you like for this race?"

"I like my own. Dudley Peters."

She introduced him to the men, and addressing her father she amplified: "Thought we might run shy of limes and things, and right there in the store, darned if I didn't bump into Mr. Peters. He came to town to barter a load of buckwheat for some powder and shot. Right?" she demanded of Dudley.

He grinned. "You left out the maple sugar."

Mr. Eberling forced a small smile into shape, and he said in his precise heavy voice, "I do not understand."

"Oh, Max, he's a farmer!" said Miss Shevlin in her rise-and-fall. "Country-estate farmer, of course. But really, Fantasy Farm! My goodness, I thought everybody knew about Fantasy Farm! Why, it's a show place—isn't it, Dudley?"

In the quick fear that there really was a Fantasy Farm and these people knew where it was, Dudley got redder than Mr. Shevlin's necktie.

"Well," he said, "of course I—we don't like to brag—"

Mr. Eberling's look now was more friendly and definitely interested. When Miss Shevlin peered it on—"Oh, and he has the most dar-ling station wagon with Fantasy Farm on the doors! Don't you just love station wagons, Max?"—Mr. Eberling put out a real smile.

"Passionately," said he. And then, eyeing Miss Shevlin in riding togs, "Can you dance—er—in those—those—"

"Those what? Tight trou? Or thick boots? Of course. Excuse me a moment."

She stepped close to her father, fixed his tie, and whispered so that her words were more lip movement than sound. "Station wagon. No fooling. Swell atmosphere!"

Mr. Shevlin nodded with his eyes. Then he pushed her away with a loud, "No more cigars? Is that my reward at the end of a hard day?"

He came back, chuckling, to Dudley and Mr. Eberling. "We should never have given them the vote. First they want to run the country, and now Norma tries to manage me!"

Norma Shevlin shrugged in mock despair, rolled her eyes appealingly at Dudley, then she slipped into Mr. Eberling's arms and danced away with him.

DUDLEY PETERS at last was standing in a fine Sutton Place apartment, and his gaze was canvassing the room and its people. He had written four million dollars' worth of insurance on fancy's terms when Mr. Shevlin came back. He was finding Mr. Shevlin a charming man to get along with, as democratic and easy and affable as the guy who came to fix the window cords and putty the panes where Dudley lived, less than five blocks—and the width of a planet—away.

The Shevlins' guests were charming too, Dudley thought, dancing, chatting in groups, moving about as carefree as people at a clambake. Near the windows a pale-looking fellow was playing backgammon with a perky red-headed girl with big bracelets. They were really shooting craps, but Dudley didn't know that, and he didn't know that the lot of them were not of the hard-bitten, hard-riding hunting set, but were merely hard-boiled.

"What a jolly party!" he said with young enthusiasm.

Mr. Shevlin tested him with a glance, then smiled. "Just a few friends. Delightful people. Delightful." Moving a pace to his right, Mr. Shevlin spoke to a delightful fellow with a pale bulbous forehead and close-set eyes. Two little words, but forceful: "Exit march!"

"Right!" said the forehead fellow, guarding his lips like a ventriloquist.

Immediately the party began to break up. Dudley's experience with such parties was that they always overlapped the dinner hour and sometimes lasted till bedtime. But obviously these Mayfair folk knew when to go. This party broke records from farewell to wraps to elevator without seeming to hurry, and in ten minutes Dudley and Mr. Eberling were the only guests.

"Well," said Dudley to Norma Shevlin, "guess I better be springing Tosti's famous gag line."

"What's all that?"

"Good-by forever, and all that sort of thing."

She made a face. "How ghastly!" She stepped nearer and gave him a look. "Thought you were staying for dinner?"

"Why—well—why—I—"

"Could you? I mean, are you free? And receptive?"

"Gosh!" replied Dudley Peters.

"Okay, swell," said his goddess of Jodhpur. "There'll only be a pair of us Shevlins, and you—and Mr. Eberling."

"Oh," said Dudley, who didn't know how to conceal his disappointment at this last.

Norma Shevlin gave him an understanding smile. She took his arm and steered him across the room, where her father was chatting with their other guest. "Just as a favor to us," she said, "help us to amuse Mr. Eberling. We feel so sorry for him. He's a refugee, you know.—Oh, and please don't mention Europe. We're trying to keep Mr. Eberling from brooding. He's so lonely here."

Dudley wished she had lowered her voice. It was fine to be hospitable to a refugee, and all, but there was no sense letting Mr. Eberling know he could have the Shevlin hospitality on a silver platter.

At Norma's words, Mr. Eberling had turned, and his face lighted. "Ah, Miss Norma. Your father tells me I am to dine with you again this evening. Splendid." He looked at his wrist watch. "But I must go now, and dress."

Continued on page [illegible]



From the second tumult came Norma, still in evening clothes. She rushed to Dudley in the wreck.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD [illegible]

A saga of the unsung heroes of Britain's merchant fleet who face the desperate hazards of war at sea to the end that an Empire may live



"In All Respects Ready for Sea"

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

MERCHANT Jack of the Merchant Navy I would rou do as a piece on him and his ships? asked this narrative's assignment. He runs about one man to every 176 tons of deep-sea shipping. Last official figures stand at 492 52" tons total which means that the equivalent of two land divisions of Merchant Jacks have suffered a wet shirt on worse. Losses estimated at five per cent of total British Allied and neutral shipping. There are roughly a half million Merchant Jacks carrying on for Britain he this estimate a vast navy. Will you hunt him out in an Eastern Canadian port and give us a look at him? Keep your typewriter on the forecastle as much as possible.

A provocative assignment—why they have editors. A ship in peacetime is a small individual world of her own a lonely, antiy floating isolated on the sea and peopled by ben little ragged crew of deck hands and black gang. There was a thrilling new version a marshalling from all the corners of the distant seas of half million valiant ragamuffins all together whipping them ragged navigators and history.

Sitting back thinking of that picture I tried to bring it home. For months I had been living in an Eastern Canadian port. The stained black shoes of the services splashed through the slush as I waved back stood in long queues before the movie wickets and the liquor stores. The pancake hats and bell bottom trousers of the Navy the Home Belisha brown slacks and jackets of the land forces, moved back and forth against the snowbanks thrown up by the trolley sweepers, walking with the girls, hugging and shoving walking with themselves. But I had not seen—

Why haven't I? I asked a man who would know better than any other a man named Oland. Where is the merchant seaman in this big port? I want to see him—get a piece on him.

He's right out there. The three heavy gold rings that the big man Oland—as Commander R.C.N. in charge of naval control for Eastern Canada—wears on his cuff gestured out the window. He gets adrift ashore once in a while but he blends into the shadows. He's a sad shy guy with a couple of teeth missing where they should and a patched pair of pants instead of a uniform. I'll give you a pass. Go out and see him where he lives—in his own home town."

The harbor gleaming outside the window was roughly shaped like a swan. Its bell mouth opens to sea. Across its outer neck stretches the submarine boom. Its belly is a vast anchorage beside protecting snow-covered hills. The Canadian's arm pointing there.

Just one way to get there. It is up an inner neck of tide-bobbled water called the Narrows. On either side are emplacements that probably shroud guns. Standing at channel edge is a trawler painted coffin grey the visible guardian of the gate. Past her the tide bobble silenced about our bows and the hill of a small head sea hotskeined open water. Ahead of us as far as the eye could see stretched the town of Merchant Jack. It was a town of moored waiting ships.

The streets were full. Three-island freighters. Flush deck freighters. Ships with tall funnels. Modern sleek tankers with shy aft section. Sampson-post rigs. Goal post rigs. Tall spanned rigs as old as the last war. Yankee Bow Islanders made just for the last war. Cruiser sterns. Mantham bows. Collision bows. Booms hiked up at angles. Booms stowed alongside. Tired ships, old and rusted. New proud ships. Lumber carriers, clean with the yellow cleanness of a deckload of deals. Ships deep laden and solid. Ships riding light, cocked up atop the water.

Washing fluttered at decks and bellies. There was a slow fog of drifting smoke from ready fires. Up against the grey late winter sky were the bright reds and yellows and blues of code flags in three-pennant series the happy sigh of a ship just arrived and settled into a comfortable berth a single yellow flag not so happy asking for a doctor to treat a man with bronchial pneumonia.

The ensigns were alive and voluble. The Greek baby blue and white bars were brave and clean as if like Greece they had found a new brilliance and value. The red ensigns of Britain at fifty half-mast staffs did something to your spine. They were weather sweetest and wind tattered grimed in the crunch of convoy until they had darkened to the color of angry lion's blood. The ships themselves were dun to blend with the sea. They were grey and dirty buff and flat dead blank. Up the port side of each one lifted a side ladder. It was the esoteric stoop stairway leading up to Merchant Jack's front porch. We climbed it.

Luck could not have given better companions to climb it with. Commander Oland in his wisdom had handed us over to Lieutenant F. B. Wall and his junior Lieutenant Edmund Green and then commanded two squads of limberheen naval ratings known as the contraband control. Al Oxner a smart buckteacher out of Lunenburg was leading seaman and there were two ABs from the *Fersea Bay*. They were armed with side arms and a flashlight stuck into their belt just forward the left hip. Their duty is to burrow quickly into dark places in Jack's town and search for what wrongfully might be there. Wall and Green seek other contraband mixed dissatisfaction friction in crews, and by one means an another set it right. They were men especially chosen and a fine compliment to the craft both had come out of writing. Wall was a freelance in short stories—he has written fan club magazine—and will write them again after the war. Green owned and edited a Danish weekly newspaper in the Maritimes.

You know where to find your man" said Wall. "He's corking off in the forecastle or mugging up in the messroom or taking a breath of air on the leeward side the deckhouse. You'll have about twenty minutes a ship and we've fifteen ships to do today."

Men of the Sea

THE FIRST ladder did not hang vertical as a ladder ladder in calm water should. It went up at an angle and I can see that angle when I close my eyes, for it proved to be an angle of death. The ship was the *Anergia* an ancient Free French tramp and her crew were a grimy tough boating of British men.

Lor' said her small freckled first officer "we're that weary I can't see this ever-lasting" hull of a ship. A bad list you say it is? It is, say we. It's when ballast runs that ship blah it vas in trouble. The won't clear us to go. We're bound somewheres for a pitchin job.

(The southwester caught her bound to the westward where the shipyards are not quite so busy shooting that patchin job. An AP story out of Boston reported that the United States coast guard had abandoned a three-day search with three pilots. They came out of Boston and Argentia when the Kerrigan called that she was refloating and taking water east of Cape Sable N.S. Three holes of paper pulp were sighted. That's what she had.)

One of Watt's boys brought in a stunk of Red Cross bandies while we talked the small red sandy man in the faded gold braid and brown drill of a mannen uniform Wall and myself. He fingered a blue knitted muffler.

God bless all women" he said. They're fine now. Knittin and puffin away and givin the sweat of them hands to us worthless scots. I think I'll steal this throw for mesell.

Geordie of a Glasgow merchantman, is a Tynemouth puppet. You can say us, and keep an using the present tense when you refer to him even though just about the time I am writing I am in the limb of the Irish Republic four hundred miles off Ireland. He sailed in the last convoy. I'll never go farther. By the time you read this he is in a Glasgow pub having his slippers pint. The sea doesn't roll to drown Geordie.

He dropped both legs from the wash basin to let me comman. His man was a small shy. He was sitting with his back braced against the forward bulkhead and his seven teen year-old spindly colt's legs were cocked half across it up on the wash basin against the cabin wall. He stared up at me over the pinkie of a mouth harp dwindled it into silence on the first bar of. Began the Beguine and took my proffered cigarette in the same time with his left hand. The spirited tune burst outside in the passageway had been all that prompted me to investigate him. What are they playing on the mouth harp this war?

I suddenly thought. There's a little new angle. I opened the door and here was a yellow haired kid with jelly fog-blue eyes. He told me what they are playing on the mouth harps in the western British ports anyway. You'd never guess. It's the same old "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Begin the Beguine" and the song the Australians sang for Mussolini in the Libyan desert. "We're Off to See the Wizard, the Wonderful Wizard of Oz."

That was fan enough small copy, and then I said "Tell me about yourself, won't you?" And Geordie did.

His father and his grandfather, even Tynemouth men. His father heard the tin fish crash into three different ships in the last war. It was natural that Geordie should take about so much school and then become a deck boy. Tynemouth to the Thames on a coaster. The war found him and he and the coaster just kept on. Tynemouth to the Thames as usual. They took on a bow Vickers gun and fired it at a Junkers that dived on them and missed. But aside from that not much happened until they were last to the Gasworks Dock, London Docks, one day. It was the day that Jerry staged his maiden show opening the siege of London. He wanted the gasworks blazing. Jerry did to light up his workbench all around so he could keep on working that night.

When the raid was over Geordie and the other twelve men and boys in the coaster's crew counted eighty scorch scars on their grimy deck. With scoop shovels from the stokehold they had tossed that many incendiary bombs over the side. An incendiary bomb burns at 4,500 degrees and it was fast work at times, for 1,500 degrees will burn through a deck plate in a surprisingly few number of minutes. They burned the backs off all the leather gaunlets they had and then used wet rags to protect their hands. Geordie rubbed his knuckles as if they were still warmish raised herring.

But they saved the coaster. She went on to be sunk another day in the mud of the Thames estuary. That happened to be the day the Royal Air Force bagged 185 planes. Geordie craned his neck and pantomimed how he looked aloft and watched that glorious ruin of shattered enemies showering down the English heaven. A Junkers slited through unfortunately, and the bomb it dropped was close enough to open the old coaster's plates and she sank in spite of them in the Thames. Hitler will have to gear right over here when he comes in the invasion if he is able to pass even anything inside of soundings. That's where he'll have to come according to the old jingle Geordie knows:

"In invade us and to win,
At Thamesmouth you must begin."

as the way it goes.

He thought for a day or two after he arrived home that he would join the Army, but "Nut" I told man said "Gan out to sea where ye belong and soak your breeches again like I did."

Dignity, Magnificent Loyalty

THIS ship ahead said Lieutenant Wall to bewildering to me. Look at her. Would you think in that ship a solid British crew would be causing trouble? They're refusing duty aboard her. I'm afraid she's going to spoil our record with British crews.

There is bound to be some trouble of course in a vast merchant fleet suffering the hardship and the drying and the danger of the Western Ocean in winter and war. There is trouble afloat eternally in times of peace. Bitterness, real or imagined, against an unfair officer, against a sloppy cook, at a ship that is cranky and wet. There are a thousand roots of seagoing evil. But in time of war the British sailor forgets all that. It is a luxury reserved for easy peaceful times. He becomes, in a note humble way conscious of his importance. A full two thirds of the animal consumption of food and almost as great a percentage of materials for vital industries are dependent on the labors of those who bring in the ships. Those who have studied

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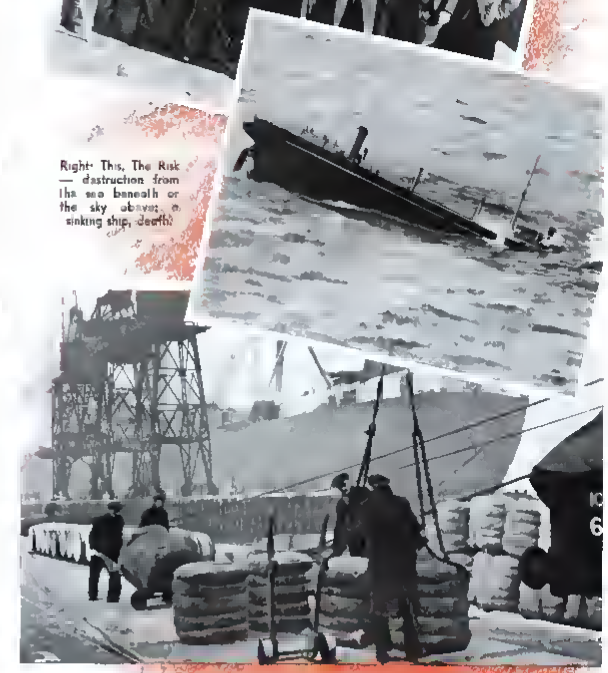
Above: These The Ships — marshalled from the seven seas, awaiting norge and convoy at an Eastern Canadian port



Below: These, The Men — A typical merchant crew, deck hands and black gang. Unless they sail, Britain's war effort must go on



Right: This, The Risk — destruction from the sea beneath or the sky above, a sinking ship, death!



This, The Goal: Ships safe ashore to load and fuel and clothe and arm a fully-equipped army



WAVELL

Conqueror of Libya

By ROSITA FORBES

General Sir Archibald P. Wavell Commander in Chief of British land forces in the Middle East.

A quick sketch of "the silent tactician" who taught the Italians the meaning of blitzkrieg

WE NEVER do know what he thinks. He hates unnecessary words. I've seen him sit silent through a whole council but that blank manner of his hides a lot. You'll see.

So spoke the air marshal commanding last year in the Middle East of his co-operating Commander in Chief General Sir Archibald P. Wavell.

There have been a great many legends about the man who has fought one of the fastest campaigns in history over the extraordinary country which constitutes the North African desert. But there is nothing legendary about the fact that he has the sort of mind which is at its best and keenest circumventing the impossible.

Between Mersa Matruh, Sir Archibald's original advanced base and Benghazi the capital of the Italian Libya there is every kind of natural upheaval. In places the desert is like a smooth brown gramophone disc, with a completely circular horizon so that the tank crews must feel as if they could drive off the edge of the earth at any moment. But this is to the south. North toward the coast the huge rolling dunes rise, supposed to be impassable, give way to *ghruds* which are hard backed tabular hills. These rise sheer as the cliffs of the Rockies and the gullies between them are so littered with rock and curious loaded and formation that it seems as if a frozen tidal wave had reared into breakers. This can be no easy going for big tanks and guns. The Italians had made an excellent coast road with loops connecting the main forts and airdromes to the south. But when we read of a lightning advance cutting round and isolating a village with its perennial forts above the sea the raid must have been made over ground that for more than 2,000 years has been uncrossed by wheel or hoof. The Arabs call these waterless stretches without tree or stick, or blade of grass, where there is neither fodder nor fuel for a caravan—"the roads which no man dare walk an hour with a dying brother or two hours with a sick camel."

Such is the terrain on which Wavell scored his notable success over the Italians in Libya. How did he do it?

Some years ago at Aldershot, certain army manoeuvres resolved themselves into a deliberate and cunningly planned attempt to "stymie Archie." In other words every general and his staff decided that the next few days should have but one purpose—to get Wavell's division into such a tight place that he could not possibly extricate it.

On a Monday night at dinner the great names of the present war belonging then to brigadiers and major generals, were concerned with the morrow's triumph. "We've got him!" He can't possibly get his men out. The umpires are bound to give it to us. It'll be the first time he's been beat. Stout fellow—but jolly good for him to take a knock occasionally."

Manoeuvres began with the next dawn. By lunch the good natured smiles were hiding on the faces of the combined strategists. By sunset it was obvious that something had gone wrong. During the night "Archie" division had disappeared from the face of English earth.

Dammit—the fellow's in league with the devil—must be harried adjutants. Next day the missing division turned up where it was least expected and most effective. "Archie" had not only extricated his men, but had turned the tables on the enemy.

It was a forecast of what was to happen in Libya. For General Graziani must have been as sure of victory as the Aldershot staff. His surprise must have been equally great.

The truth is that General Wavell is an intellectual soldier with the quality of the great German tacticians who have swept Hitler from one military success to another.

For Wavell the silent tactician—when he does speak, speaks to effective purpose. It is quite possible to utter some speculation in his presence at the beginning of a week and because no answer is forthcoming to be sure he has not heard it. By the next Sunday Sir Archibald will have pulled the suggestion to pieces, analyzed the setup made sense of it and in the middle of lunch will remark: "By the way I think you were wrong in supposing the effect of such and such would be so-and-so." Continuing he will prove with logic that it would be something entirely different. For General Wavell never takes things for granted. He always asks "how?" and "why?"

Brilliant Military Strategist

WHEN he returned to Egypt from his consultative English visit last autumn, the War Office supposed he would follow the dilatory but comparatively safe custom of flying down to a West African port and then across the continent south of the Libyan Sahara turning at last up the Nile toward his goal.

Why? asked the Commander in Chief of the Middle East. "I haven't any time to waste. I'm not going half over Africa. I've got to be at my HQ tomorrow."

It was the politicians' turn to ask: "How?"

"Direct of course. Come down for an hour in Malta. Do the rest easily next day."

Impossible! said Downing Street and Whitehall.

"Impossible," said Fleet Street when it heard. But the thing had already been done. Archie was in Cairo.

The man is an interesting mixture of the experimental in thought and the practical in action. He is profoundly interested in the history and development of strategy. No military evolution takes him by surprise. Except for the colonel in charge of the Military Intelligence section of the War Office, dealing with Germany—against whom every misgiver was warned in early 1939—"Don't listen to so and so, he is so gloomy"—he was the only man to visualize the potentialities of the Nazi war machine and the impossibility of a Russo-British alliance.

Two remarks he made indicate his attitude.

The Soviet Republics are the natural arsenals and factories of Berlin."

"The Roman legion and the Macedonian phalanx gave the countries which invented those new military methods a hundred years of predominance. It may be that Hitler's mechanized mobility may have something of the same effect on history."

During all the loolish wasted months when it was fashionable to decry both the achievements and the plans of a ruthlessly united Germany intent on world conquest—and already well on her way to success—General Wavell was never afraid to emphasize the magnitude of the Empire's task. He knew—and said—that our war effort had to begin again at the beginning after twenty years

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Left: Mary Rose Thacker, Winnipeg, again ranks Number One lady skater of North America. Here she smilingly demonstrates a spiral. (Wide World photo)

Below: Eleanor O'Meara, left, and Ralph McCreath, right, of Toronto, obviously enjoy the pair skating that won them the North American championship. McCreath is also men's singles champion of the continent. (Photo by Herbert Nott)



CLEAN SWEEP

AT PHILADELPHIA on February 13 three young Canadians made a clean sweep of the three major North American figure-skating championships. Here are the three champions in action.

Top of page is Mary Rose Thacker of the Winnipeg Winter Club, successful defender of the continental ladies' singles championship. Miss Thacker first won this title in 1938. She is also the Canadian ladies' champion.

At right are Ralph McCreath, winner of the men's singles and Eleanor O'Meara, joint winners of the pair championship. Both are members of the Toronto Skating Club. McCreath came through in a sensational free skating finish to overcome a lead of 31 points held by Eugene Turner, the U.S. champion, and win the title by eight tenths of a point in a total of 1,500. He also holds the Canadian men's title. Miss O'Meara was runner up to Miss Thacker in the ladies' singles.

A story of the elephant hunt, of a hunter's son, and how he learned that even in the jungle it may be better to spare a life than take it

Jungle Feud

By GORDON MACCREAGH



The old bull let out a squeal like a pricked pig. Hope was a physical ache in George's breast

GEORGE MAYNARD Junior had [illegible] six solid weeks by sea and land and [illegible] Hong. All the way from the Solent to Mombasa Harbour he was in the middle of a row. He had wanted for nine years to do it. Trained for it, grew up with the land he was born in ever since he was a boy of thirteen.

And now that he was here he didn't know whether he could do it.

There was white hunter Jim, the guide and mentor of oddly British, coldly frying him out to see just what he had got out of nine years of training.

"That white spock away there, on the acacia top, sh. Let me see, what you can do with it."

George Junior frowned at it. The brave made a dark, straight line across a knee that was square with the buttock, leg of his jaw muscles. That much at least his nine years of growing up in a hilltop had accomplished. It had given him a certain expressionless of grim resolve, all the more strained because he didn't know just how far mere resolve could carry a man. To fix a satisfactory killing a gun had to inherit a lot more things than just a loud—nerve, for example—and a certain skill, and keen judgement of time and place and chance all, the killer instinct.

With grim concentration then George slipped his light rifle—not the big magnum—from its case as ease.

"Quite a shot you're asking for there. The eyes scowled hideously at the distance. What is it?

You'll need all coming for what you've got to do. It's a queer sight.

An egret? It should be in full plumage at the breeding time. I wonder if I could get close enough to photograph it?

"There'll be others. It makes a queer white target against the green.

Hunh! What if you make the range?"

"I'd say three hundred or."

"Hunh! I'll have to take it sitting." George sat himself diagonal to the target feet wide, knees high. He shuffled little holes for his heels, set his elbow firmly on his knees and centred the distant white speck in the peep.

Hunter Jim dropped at once. "You'll get it. Follow a bit more for sun glare than you would at home."

George grunted. He was rock steady on the bird. He held the rifle so till his last breath gave out. He lifted his head from the stock to look up at Jim with a half apology that was incongruously on his hard young face.

"You know in North American rights are protected. Isn't there anything else I could shoot at? What of that grey football thing on a lower branch there?"

"Tree ants nest. But dashed poor rabbit."

"I'll try it anyway." George snuggled his cheek down to the butt again, held it fired. The tree ants nest exploded in a puff of dust. The white bird jumped high and floated away unharmed with the slow graceful wing beat that egrets cannot help even when in a hurry.

"Oh shooting sir!" Hunter Jim cried out. "Shooting indeed. You've learned a lot since you were here a youngster at Dibbreee with your father."

George got no thrill out of the compliment to that nice extent of a killer's equipment. He said only in a flat voice:

"Oh I learned to shoot straight enough. College rifle team, and I got a second last year in the national meet. But—"

He left curiously ashamed to admit by many modifications of that "but" to an African big game hunter like Jim. His eyes remained scowling at the far acacia tree. Still wearily one of the requirements of a killer. And yet this killing was a feud enjoined upon him with his father's last gasp. The fact that what he had to kill was not a gangster, but the elephant that had killed his father only made a difference of degree rather than of kind. All that a man needed for the killing of a gangster was zeal for his father's sport. But to kill a wily and savage old bull elephant needed among all the other assets a peculiar kind of steely nerve.

And that, to bring it down to the merciless point, was why George scowled out at a far acacia tree. He didn't know what assets he had. He had spent nine years of getting ready—but here he was for the first time, faced with the actual standing truth that a young man cannot possess of sole and sufficient college has no means of knowing just what kind of a native he has—or whether any at all.



ache in George's breast

OLD MOSHAWA Hunter Jim's Kavirondo tracker screwed little monkey eyes to study that cheek of assets with the keen observation of the wholly illiterate savage who must learn everything that he knows by observation alone. His pigmentation was bleached not to a shade only a little darker than his master's African sun burn, his contempt was as much drier as was his shrivelled skin.

"That one is more of a man than his father that was. And Moshawa cruisen was as different from a white man's as was the jungle from a college campus. I tell observe, Bwana, his mouth is not so hard with assurance, and his eyes have perception to learn new things. Moreover he has a heart for the wild things. And Moshawa discounted those assets in terms of Africa. "Dungumaree, lord of the jungle, will perhaps teach him some few things before he too meets that elephant end he death."

Hunter Jim growled at the man. "*Mpumbafu!* Fool! Make no ape talk. Only one client of mine has ever died. Never so! It is known that your jungle gods rule no lives of white men.

Old Moshawa relapsed into humility under the master's orders, but he mumbled his conclusive ball to himself as savages will when the slow thought processes have once gathered momentum.

"I am silent, *Bwana*. Only all the jungle knows that in threes all things are accomplished. Nine years ago they came, father and young son, the father a hasty man and proud taking no advice having the will to kill but not the skill. Wherefore he committed the sin of wounding, not killing clean. And Dungumaree took him for a sacrifice."

"Tubel Shut up, idiot! That was an accident.

"*Bwana*, I have finished. *Bwana*. Only that the father dying, passed his sin on to the son, and each three years since has that same elephant come back out of the deep jungles to the plains. Now for the third time he comes to meet it, all man's son."

"Shut up, you croaking old fool." Hunter Jim laughed and glibly paraphrased the jungle man's superstitions.

"He's just saving face, we've kept tabs on the old one-tusker, ever since your father killed her. Saved 'em up for you."

"I'm very much obliged to you," George said unconvincingly.

"Oh quite all right, sir. Your father paid me well, you know."

"Yes," said George flatly.

"And now the big old devil has come down to the open plain country again. Like I called you. Glad you could make it this time, sir. And"—Hunter Jim's heartiness was tinged with just a trace of anxiety—"you won't miss like your father did."

"No," said George. "I wouldn't miss."

"If you don't get back fever like your father did. Dammit I've seen him on Baleo champagne go *kwah* with both fever and three elephant in sight before. Beats me."

Hunter Jim's harping on the many deficiencies of George's father chawed how his client's tragedy persisted in his memory.

It was a grisly detailed picture in George's mind too. George was one of those people whose visual sense ruled all his reactions. He thought in pictures, his memories stayed with him like photographs in an album. He scowled into the shimmery heat haze and saw that tragedy as on a silver screen.

Himself a boy of thirteen, out on the glamorous adventure with his father. "Break 'em in young," was George Senior's firm conviction. "If you ever want 'em to kill big game."

George Senior had the killer instinct all right. But all his other assets were those of a successful business executive in a safe and sane country. So his tragedy was all of his own making.

The remorseless picture flickered on before his sun-seared eyes that lowered away into squinting—the elephant, a magnificent grey-black hell, against a screen of green bamboo splendidly tusked. Hunter Jim's exultation.

"Bimey! An old lone bull. Chased out of the herd accordin' bad temper, and all the sense he opened his li. We'll have to be dashed careful with that one, sir. Never know what an old bull like that will do. But the shot's too far for you from here, sir. There's just one spot that



The tumble ceased. The whole jungle listened.

Illustrated by I. Patrick Nelson

same sun-seared depression between eye and ear. Lie right in this mimosa scrub till I scout up this *donga* and see if we can get a better chance. Don't move. Don't hardly breathe."

Then the nerve-racking wait while Jim climbed down the steep side of the treeless gully and disappeared. The long silence. His father's impatience. His resentment of curt orders such as a business executive hadn't taken in twenty years. The tension of his father's face. The taut trembling of his hands—back fever.

The endlessly long wait with impatience boiling up. Till the elephant swung as though about to move back into the bamboo screen. Impatience boiled over and seething. The hurried shot that should never have been fired.

Then hell's own riot.

GEORGE saw it all again. A white something that was space in the air—he knew now that it was a broken tusk. The elephant screaming rage, proving Jim deadly right. You never could tell what an old bull would do. Instead of dashing away into the jungle—all that George Senior had feared—screaming and charging down at the shot. A monstrous thing of terror, all huge flapping ears and reaching trunk, black against the sun, a vast mad locomotive impelled by a wrong-fed brain.

The frenzied screeching through the scrub. Mimosa thorns that caught at clothing like devilish hands—implacable hands of Africa clutching for a man who would not obey her rules. The screaming mass of the elephant that crashed through thorn scrub like paper. The great trunk that flailed at his father's heels like a derrick boom. A flick of it, or a mere touched his ribs, but it was enough to fling him out into space and down to the guilty bottom.

The elephant mad in its fury, and of delighted act best, crashed on through the thorns screaming rage, looking for the thing that had moved before it, and was now gone.

Then his father's first broken gasps before the dark gods of Africa inexorably exacted their penalty.

"You'll get him, son. Hunter Jim will save him up for you. Don't make my mistake. Be prepared—*for Africa*. You'll come back and get him."

A grim happening for a boy of thirteen to have witnessed and a terrifying enough picture for a man of twenty-two to recall.

So George Junior had inherited a load. Out of anything else that he might have inherited in nine years of safe and sane school and college had taught him nothing.

But wise old Moshawa peering monkey-eyed at his youth said callously that Dungumaree, dark god of the jungle, would teach him.

A crashing and clanking caught up with their delay and there lurched past them a light truck. In every hand hold of which the servants eight screw of camp boys clung like monkeys. Hunter Jim yelled instructions above the bedlam of their passage. They yelled acknowledgment all together. Hunter Jim said:

"Tell 'em to make camp in *boma* tonight—gettin' into bad country here, and if they forget hot bath water like they did last night I'll eat stick."

George was able to grin out of his preoccupied frown.

"I'd like some of the folks back home who get their ideas of safari out of moving pictures, to see the modern version. All my friends thought I was coming into hardship and danger."

Hunter Jim's response was serious. "Plaice country travel is safe enough these days, what with trucks for gear and tame natives on all. He crashed in the gears of their own built red convertible tip-car and zigzagged through the thorny mimosa scrub to find a path a little less reckless than the one the Africans had taken. "But don't you ever get to thinking that shooting big game isn't still dangerous to calm forest and bamboo jungle the old porter *bundahost* reminds. But I wouldn't take any two mile forest country after any of the African big four." He concentrated on his tricky steering, leaning alongside of George for a long period of silence till it broke from her again.

"Never can tell what a big bull will do. They never forget sir—not I either. I'm a careful man these days.

He was being careful to the point of humorous. He jolted the car to a stop. "I learned my lesson sir, godsend Africa taught me. Common sense is to try to clear out before. There's five game! Let's see now what you got *of* back fever."

George was startled to see game so close where there had been only scrubby plain before. Screened by the car they stood with their slender long ears at stiff right angles staring.

George Maynard Senior with the killer instinct would have sunk both his rifle and blessed away. But heading action in the presence of game George Junior was finding out was not among the things that he had inherited. He said:

"They're partially tame. What are they?

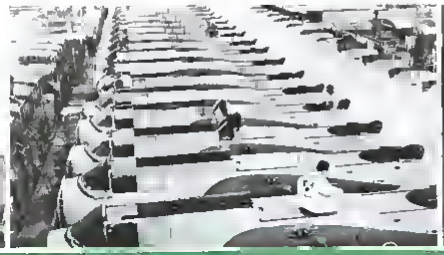
Hartebeest. Swayne's, I think. It's a fine easy shot. The country's not much shot over. Take it slow and careful, sir."

"You mean standing still like that?

Continued on page 30



Bomber Britain to



Bomber production top. Total U. S. plane production in January 1,002.



Sydney Hillman, defense labor chief.



Machine defense production chief

Can the U.S. Arm In Time?

Says this observer: "What the United States does about rearmament before this year is out may well determine the future of our way of life for centuries to come"

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

WASHINGTON—The United States is trying to build the greatest armament industry in the world—an arsenal which can forge the weapons of defense for the Western Hemisphere and of victory for the free nations—and trying to build it on a fallacy.

The fallacy is familiar to us, the British people. We also tried to build an air force behind The fallacy lies in the assumption that the job can be done with business as usual and perhaps with business better than usual. The fallacy lies in the assumption that North and South America can be made safe and Britain given all the weapons she needs without serious sacrifices by the average U. S. family without enormous governmental interference in U. S. business, without an industrial revolution piled on top of the social revolution of the New Deal.

The fallacy has not become clear yet to the American people, because the process of rearmament has hardly begun to strain the resources of the nation. It will become clear before this year is out. And then what the United States does about it may well determine the future of our way of life for centuries to come.

Meanwhile the free world watches the Battle of Britain and asks in an agony of suspense and impatience how the U. S. rearmament program is succeeding, when the weapons will be ready. There is no more important question, in the long pull before the world today.

And at the moment no one can give a complete answer to that question.

Not even that extraordinary man who seems to plump in unprecedented tweeds at his White House desk but who begins in reality to bestride the democratic world like a colossus—he has grown pale and tired looking behind his hot tweed actor's mask, but still grins at you and if there were no care in his life. Not even Mr. Knudsen, the one-time poor Danish immigrant boy who has grown into a courtly gentleman bowing stiffly from the waist, the unmemorial American success legend come to life.

Not even the head man can know how the great project is going to work out in the end. It is too big to grasp yet too complex, and it involves so much that is beyond blueprints and figures. It involves not only the whole economic resources, but the whole human resources, the character, courage and vision of the American people. For those things there is no reliable measurement.

Still a few things are beginning to emerge.

First, the actual and announced problem of building weapons of every sort is being mastered, for here is the kind of job that the U. S. likes and understands.

Second, the larger job of building an economic foundation under the war industries, the job of mobilizing the basic resources of men and materials to support the new industrial structure, has not been mastered—for that the kind of job of which the U. S. is less experienced than any other great nation.

Third, the magnificent machine of U. S. industry has behind it a nation spiritually and emotionally unprepared for the task in hand—still less prepared for another decision now looming just over the horizon, a decision larger than those at Lexington and Fort Sumter.

All that lies ahead. What then is being accomplished now this spring?

A Ten Billion-Dollar Program

YOU CAN say that the United States rearmament program means an expenditure of about ten billion dollars a year and that it should be three times as large to equal the proportionate efforts of either Britain, Germany or Japan. You can say that the United States is spending 3.5 billions of dollars for ships, 1.5 billions for factory expansion and housing, 1.5 billions for planes, 600 millions for ammunition, 600 millions for guns, 400 millions for trucks and tanks.

You can say that the Government has ordered 50,000 airplanes, 130,000 air engines, 17,000 heavy guns, 25,000 light guns, 33 million shells, 9,200 tanks, 300,000 machine guns and ammunition, 400,000 automatic rifles, 1,400,000 rifles, 380 naval ships, 340 mercantile ships. You can say all that and add up the figures and read the blueprints and still you will have no notion of the size and the effect of the program.

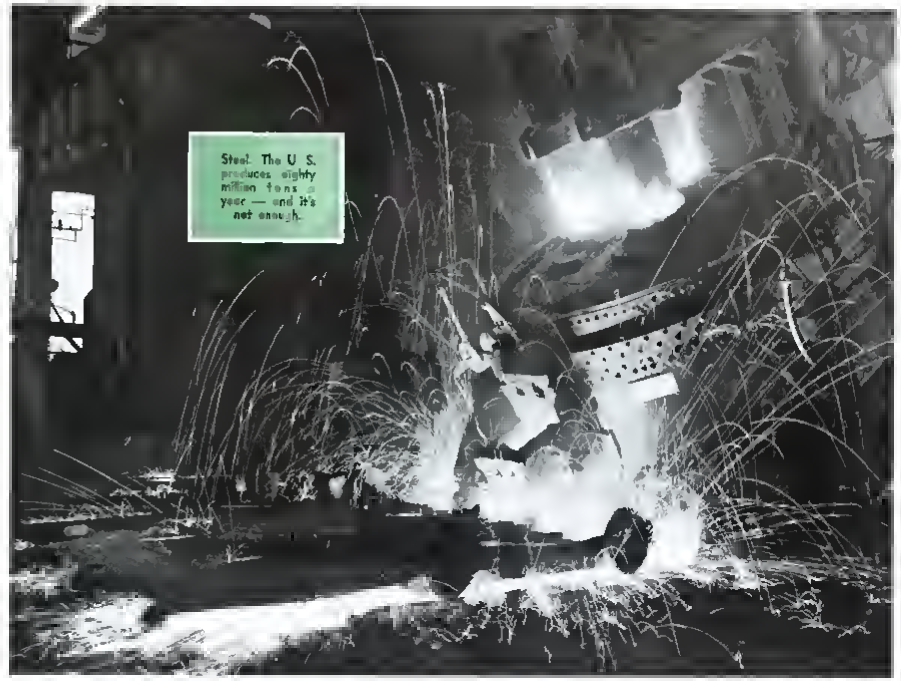
One immediate effect of it can be glimpsed in Washington, which now resembles nothing so much as an ant hill someone has poked with a stick. The new defense organization has thrust peacetime officials out of their offices and crammed every hotel and boardinghouse. Every day a hundred new clerks and stenographers converge on the city, and the corps of reconnaissance men trained to keep you out of executives' offices must be large enough to repel the Army of the Potomac. To enter many buildings you must have an official card like a passport with your photograph on it. There has been nothing like it in Washington since 1917.

But all this is the mere shadow of the solid substance. Out beyond Washington, from one coast to the other, the face of the country is being changed. New towns are springing up beside new factories. Old ghost towns are inhabited again. Unemployed workers are back at work, spending their wages on new automobiles and in bars and hockey tonks. Camps are being built for a million soldiers. Every shipyard is crammed. Across the night sky of the U. S. glow the fires of steel mills and foundries, long idle. From the train window you see the wink of new factory lights. And it is only beginning.

All this is two ends—the defense of America, the security of Britain.

To us, of course, the more urgent purpose is the security of Britain. How much and how many weapons, are crossing the Atlantic now, today?

When you have examined the figures, asked the facts, talked to the men in charge, both British and American, you must conclude that so far the flow of United States munitions is not a large factor in Britain's defense. After Dunkirk, the quick shipment of U. S. rifles, guns and munitions to Britain helped to avert the possibility of supreme disaster, and later the transfer of fifty U. S. destroyers to the British Navy, eased Britain over a difficult time, but those supplies were taken out of stocks in hand. Since then the United States has had to build new supplies, and this takes time. Until a whole new armament industry could be created, the munitions movement of necessity bar been small, gauged by the demands of modern war.



The new supplies are practically all in the form of airplanes so far, and not many of them. The aircraft factories hum, but the whole world asks why the United States, the inventor of mass production, is not turning out half as many planes as Hitler island in the North Sea.

The importance is natural, but it ignores the plain facts of engineering and especially the fact that an airplane industry cannot be built in a month or a year. It takes fourteen months, for example, to get a new airplane model into production. Only two years ago the United States could produce but 100 military airplanes a month. That it has been able to multiply this ten times after getting down to business about a year ago, is an engineering miracle. It looks small compared with the production of Germany and Britain, but they started years ago.

The present output of U. S. plane factories is not up to the optimistic Government forecasts of last autumn, but it is well up to the program of the plane manufacturers, who knew the troubles ahead. Thus, while 1,000 planes had been expected by the Government last December and only 779 were made, this was fourteen per cent ahead of the manufacturers' schedule. By January the output had risen to 1,002. By next August it should be 1,700 a month, by this year's end 2,000. Eighteen months from now, on the present schedule, the U. S. will be building at the rate of 30,000 planes a year, and the schedule undoubtedly will be increased.

How Many Planes for Britain?

THESE figures are apt to be deceptive. All the planes built cannot be used in combat, and all the combat planes are not going to Britain. Of the total output about a third are training planes, absolutely essential, but of no immediate use in the Battle of Britain. In December, for example, 221 U. S. planes went to Britain as against 190 in November. At this writing the shipments of January had not been released, but they must be well above the December total. From now on the figures are likely to remain a military secret, but it is clear certainly that the United States has been shipping most of its fighting craft overseas instead of keeping them for its own army and navy.

How many planes Britain will get from the United States this year will depend first on total output, second on the decision of the Government. If all the fighting planes made here were shipped to Britain, the British would be getting more new planes than the Germans by the end of the year. Of course this will not happen. The United States Army and Navy will demand a share of the output, after losing to get any significant part of it in the past, but three should be enough planes left over to prove an enormous, perhaps a deciding, factor in the defense of Britain by next summer, when even if half the new fighting planes are kept here, the R.A.F. should receive 500 a month.

At this writing it appears that Britain's supreme need will come before spring, perhaps before this is printed. U. S. shipments of planes in this period will be valuable but cannot be decisive.

There is more to it than the problem of numbers. Up to the last part of this year the United States not only was making too few planes, but the wrong kind of planes. Inexperienced in actual combat, U. S. aviation was producing planes that seemed adequate at the time but were completely outdated by the rapid improvements made in Britain and Germany. Thus, instead of being able to go right ahead with the designs and tools on hand, the U. S. manufacturers have had to redesign almost from the bottom up, and the complications involved in this process are entirely beyond the layman's comprehension.

However, they are getting on top of it now. The new U. S. fighter planes are fit for the front line of Britain's battle, and new U. S. bombers will be more devastating than any ever seen in Europe. On the eve of that battle it is a comforting thought that bomberr are roaring across the Atlantic in a steady, if a small stream, under the supervision of Canadians and so far not one has been lost.

These are the present calculations and schedules. Given certain conditions of management which we shall examine in a moment, there is no reason why the schedules cannot be increased. At the moment all the engineering skill of the United States, the best manufacturing minds are working on new plans and added output to be superimposed on the existing program. If the U. S. manages its resources vigorously and ruthlessly, the program can be substantially enlarged before the year is out. And certainly Britain's requirements will not be limited to the 16,000 planes already ordered, nor the United States own demands to 21,000. Both countries will take every plane they can get.

Planes are the big thing, but not the only thing. Even if planes are flown to Europe supplies for them must be taken in ships and Britain can survive only as long as her shipping survives. As the submarine campaign is intensified, Britain looks at the shipyards of the United States almost as anxiously as she looks at the assembly lines of the plane factories.

Britain sees here the largest shipbuilding program in U. S. history. This country is now building ships of all kinds faster than in the last war. The dwyr of Hog Island and the Bridge of Ships.

The normal shipbuilding industry of the United States will turn out this year some eighty cargo vessels, of 1,000,000 tons, or twice last year's output, but in addition an emergency program calls for 200 economy freighters to be finished within eighteen months. Every week another freighter slides down the ways somewhere in the U. S.

While Britain itself is now building only sixty freighters in the U. S., while planning 360 more every new ship added to the merchant fleet of the United States makes it possible to free some other vessel for Britain. So far the United States has sold Britain forty-nine freighters and authorized the sale of 106 other vessels, from yachts to cargo boats, by private owners. At the moment some U. S. ships are being transferred to Panama registry and can be used in the transatlantic trade. Also Britain will probably get some of the neutral ships now tied up at U. S. docks. But with losses that are running at the rate of more than four million tons a year, Britain will need every vessel it can find in every quarter of the globe unless the submarine campaign is subdued.

Apart from planes and ships, the United States at the moment is not supplying Britain with weapons in any significant quantity. U. S. tank and gun production is only

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Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER

COMMUNIST TROUBLE

IN THIS Letter I propose to discuss a problem of British life which has been sharply accentuated by the war and which is now confronting Parliament. That the Government is right in its drastic action in the matter I understand fully but there are strong forces urging them to do so and they are growing in strength.

I refer to the Communist movement in Britain. The question that is now before us is whether it should be ignored or suppressed. There is no compromise possible between these two alternatives.

To understand what is happening it is necessary for a moment to look back on what has gone before.

Five years ago we had two extremist political factions in Britain—the Black Shirt Fascists under Sir Oswald Mosley and the Red Shirt Communists under Harry Pollitt. Now there is nothing the normal Englishman likes better than to see two minorities in violent opposition negativing each other most effectively.

Sir Oswald was anti-Jew, anti-Soviet, anti-Democracy but pro-Mussolini, pro-Hitler and very very pro-Mosley. To bring light into dark places, he led his followers in procession to the East End of London where the poor little Jews of Whitechapel waited in terror that a pogrom was going to begin.

However the Communists duly met the Fascists on the streets, and there were broken noses, black eyes and plenty of smashed windows. The police looked on benignly and when they thought it had gone far enough they charged with drawn batons. As a result the rivals went off like Shakespeare's Capulets and Montagues, brandishing gestures of defiance as they went.

Then the Communists would decide to hold a great rally in Hyde Park or the Albert Hall and the Fascists would duly set upon them, with Mosley in his car pale and breathing heavily directing the battle.

London thoroughly enjoyed it and came to look forward to the melees as a sort of cup final that cost nothing. And as far as is known there was never the loss of a single life. Under his shirt the Englishman remained an Englishman and fought with his fists about with an occasional pebble for extra measure.

When the war came, however, the whole business took on a different aspect. As time went on we saw that just as there had been a Seyss-Inquart in Austria, so there was a Quisling in Norway and a Laval in France.

It must be remembered that we had gone to war against the Fascists—for Nazism is simply Fascism better organized—and therefore our Blackshirts had become a more obvious danger than the Communists, who were naturally expected to be enthusiastic enemies of Hitler.

Was Mosley's potential Quisling? In case of an invasion would the Germans set up a puppet government under him and declare that he represented the British people? In other words could he be used by the Germans if only for a month as a vital juncture?

Merely to ask the question was to make action necessary. Oddly enough Mosley's weekly paper was called *Action*, and it was always protesting against the spinelessness of the authorities. This time the authorities were firm enough to satisfy even him.

Mosley was arrested, together with many of his colleagues. The party was dissolved and permanently banned. I must say that the fire-eaters took it all very meekly. When Napoleon was at St. Helena there were still thousands of Frenchmen ready to die for him but so far no British Fascist has even gone as far as Blondell with Richard Coeur de Lion and sung outside Mosley's prison cell.

So much for the Fascist Capulets. What about the Communist Montagues?

When the British Communists saw that their arch enemies had been destroyed and that they themselves were to be given preferential treatment they grew outrageously arrogant.

"The Government is afraid of offending Stalin," they said in each other. "Now is our chance. You will find that we can get away with anything short of murder. Comrades, the hour has struck. We must work upon the hardships and grievances of the people. We must get wages raised so high that the capitalist system will collapse. We must demonstrate that there is a war of the rich against the poor and we should at all times demand the formation of a people's government which means that a dictatorship will begin."

The "Daily Worker"

THREE things the Communists possessed which Mosley lacked—brains, a representative in Parliament and a morning newspaper called The *Daily Worker*. (The *Daily Worker* has now been banned.—Ed.)

For many years it has been my habit to take all London newspapers published and therefore The *Daily Worker* is among them. The titular head of it is that eccentric scientist Professor Haldane of Cambridge who, some years ago married a woman reporter on the *Daily Express*. But Haldane is merely there for window dressing. The brains behind the *Daily Worker* belong to Pollitt, to Walter Holmes, to Gallagher M.P., to Petit K.C., and to Violet Lansbury the daughter of honest George.

In its own unscrupulous way the paper is cleverly edited. Never have I seen more lucts published perfectly accurate in themselves which amount to such a lie.

Let me give an example. Supposing Hawker-Siddeley's the huge airplane combine declare a dividend of £400,000. That is a lot of money and the *Daily Worker* seizes upon it



The average British workman . . . is a gentleman — honest moral patriotic."



A. Beverley Baxter, M.P.

with a shriek of indignation! £400,000 for the bloated rich of Mayfair guzzling their port and smoking huge cigars! £400,000 filched from the workers who produced it from their toil and sweat. £400,000 sucked by the profiteers out of the nation's agony!

Who says war does not pay? Who dares to deny that this is a war to enslave labor forever? So plausible is their case that I can even imagine readers of *Maclean's*, who have followed me so far, saying that there is something in what the *Daily Worker* says.

But what is the truth? Hawker-Siddeley's are the biggest airplane producers in the world. They have increased their capital by millions and millions of pounds in order to meet the Government's requirements. When the war is over their capital structure and their equipment will be so unwieldy as to be practically unworkable.

Their shares, which were thirty five shillings in peacetime, before they expanded are twelve shillings today. Only a fool would hold them as an investment, as the market shows. Like many another armaments factory this combine is sacrificing its financial future for the nation. The *Daily Worker* suppresses that. It merely takes the figure of profits and reaches to poison the wells of confidence.

Nevertheless all the Communists had been content with mere misrepresentation of this kind nothing would have happened but they have grown more arrogant as they have believed their position to be impregnable.

Small in numbers, they knew that their one chance to propagate their political tenets was in the factories. British Labor, that benevolent giant, had to be seduced.

In many ways Britain is the most advanced country in the world in the matter of industrial co-operation. The rights of trade unions have long been acknowledged, there are arbitration committees to settle disputes, the employers, the Government and the worker all contribute toward national insurance, there is compensation for workers injured or killed in the course of duty and there is the system of shop stewards whereby the men's chosen representatives have access at all times to the management.

In fact the triple partnership of capital, labor and the state has gone a long way toward becoming a reality in these Islands.

Unfortunately the shop steward system gave the Communists their chance. The average British workman is by nature a gentleman. He is honest, moral patriotic—but he is inexpressive. He has dorbits and fears, all of course, but they chiefly concern the security of his missus and kids.

In my work in the Aircraft Ministry I came into contact with hundreds of thousands of British workers, and never failed to return to London with my faith in the British race strengthened and inspired.

But when it came to electing shop stewards the inexpressive and decent always turned to the argumentative, the plausible and the cunning. In many cases it was the fellow with the gift of the gab who became the workers' representative and far too often the elected man was an agitator and a Communist.

Communistic Cunning

FASCISM is a vile and stupid thing, an attempt to fasten the rule of the gorilla on humans, but Communism is all this plus a serpent cleverness. The Communist takes his wage envelope but looks upon his employer as an exploiter of slave labor. If the employer creates social amenities for his factory staff the Communist whispers that he is

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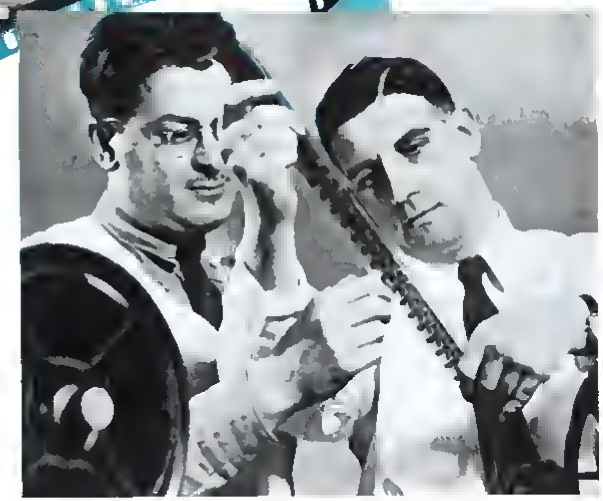


At left: Scenes from the National Film Board shorts "Wings of Youth" — Canadian Troops in Ireland — Canadian Women at War.

"Canada Carries On"

Canadian-made movie "shorts" are now telling the story of the Dominion's war effort to millions of theatre-goers throughout the Empire and in the U.S.

By GRAHAM McINNES



Editor Milton Shifman (left) and Production Supervisor Stanley Hawes of the Government Motion Picture Bureau, confer on a "Canada Carries On" film.

YOU'RE sitting in the darkened movie house waiting for the feature and you're starting to fidget. First it was a newsreel then a travel picture—not a Mickey Mouse as you'd hoped but one of these creative cartoons. And now you are to the accompaniment of healing drums. Special Added Attraction. You groan and twist in your seat. When on earth will Healy and Clark get going? There's a burst of music and then Canada Carries On. Pretty soon you stop fidgeting and find yourself leaning forward in your seat.

This film is about people you know. It's telling you about the impact of war on Main Street and Smith's Corners and Jackson Centre. There's Jack Bishop who joined up last spring speaking from Aldershot. There's Mrs. Evans knitting sweaters for the boys overseas. Now we're in a big plant turning out munitions for Britain and here's Joe Harrison at his lathe. There go the lean destroyers, plunging through high seas on Atlantic patrol. Next it's a squadron of trainer planes flying high over the prairies. This is Canada at war. Instinctively you clasp at the familiar side-out, not just because the film was about Canada but because it was good. Long after Healy and Clark are a confused memory little bits of "Canada Carries On" keep coming back.

What's happened to you is typical of what's been happening to hundreds of thousands of Canadian moviegoers since last April when the "Canada Carries On" series opened in 600 theatres across the Dominion. Four series of Canadian shorts to run in 600 theatres was unheard of. But the distributors were confident of their success and that confidence has been justified. "Canada Carries On" now plays in more than 850 theatres from Prince Rupert to Sydney from The Pas Man. to Windsor Ont. Up to the end of 1940, nine films had been released in the series, films on the Navy, Army and Air Force, on women in war factories in war and the Battle of Britain. Many more are in production. They are worth another look, these swift dynamic little one-reelers. 1,000 feet of drama and human interest packed on a celluloid strip barely an inch and a half wide.

These movies are called "documentaries." That means that instead of dealing with fictional characters, they deal with real people in this case real Canadians. Till recently there were two schools of documentary. "The Man of Time," and the films coming from the studios of the G.P.O. Film Unit in Britain—films like "London Can Take It." The "Canada Carries On" series can truly be called a third school.

Canada had produced hardly any documentaries before 1939. There were famous Canadian directors like Robert Flaherty ("Nanook of the North") and Evelyn Spice ("Weather Forecast") but as a nation we didn't bother much about telling ourselves and other friends how we lived and what we were doing. But when films the shock troops of the home front and the Dominion Government set up the National Film Board to gear films to the war effort. The personnel of the board was announced the day Hitler marched into Poland.

Appointed first Government Film Commissioner was John Grierson, former director of the British G.P.O. Film Unit. Working with the Government Motion Picture Bureau and rapidly gathering round him a staff of directors, scripter cameramen and junior film apprentices, Grierson started things moving. In its first year the board produced thirty films. Having laid firm foundations Grierson resigned but later withdrew his resignation at the Government's request.

How are these films made? Well instead of sitting in a studio you go out into street farm factory and office, you find out how people live, what they do and film them in their own surroundings. Your actors and actresses are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Canuck, your studio is Canada. But this isn't so simple as it sounds. Before the shooting reaches the cameraman's screens, a dozen men have worked perhaps ten weeks and shot five to six thousand feet of film to give you ten minutes of movie entertainment.

First, the producer of the series in Ottawa has a conference with the director and the scripter and they agree on the main line the film is to take. In "Front of Steel" for example, the idea was to show Canadian industry reacting on its own defenses to meet the menace of Nazi aggression. In "Atlantic Patrol," the aim was to show Canada as the powerhouse behind Britain and how the Royal Canadian Navy protects the western end of the vital seaway carrying munitions and supplies to the Old Country.

Fact-Finding Scripter

NOW comes the scripter's field day. His job is to collect facts. He spends from two to four weeks going over plants, farms and government departments, meeting people and recording their sayings. He must not become like the newspaper reporter he must respect his craft. This involves a lot of hard work. On "Wings of Youth," the film on the Empire Air Training Plan, the scripter travelled nearly 2,000 miles in Eastern Canada, interviewed scores of airmen from group captains behind polished desks to mechanics, instructors, student pilots and raw recruits.

In addition to the script the scripter must also present a long memorandum of information likely to be of use to the director, how the light falls on a certain factory in the morning, whether a Camp Borden barrackroom is fused

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Spy Against the Reich

By MICHAEL ANNESLEY

In which Secret Agent Fenton crosses the trail of the Three Good Monkeys and a woman screams in the dark

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

In the first days of the fast moving invasion of Poland by the Nazis

LAWRENCE FENTON, *young Britisher, with his wife,* STELLA FENTON *is visiting her Polish uncle an elderly man living alone in a fine old house on the slope of a valley.*

When Nazi tanks appear in the valley and the old man refuses to leave his fireside Fenton first burns a paper in his possession then bundles his wife in a roadster and forces her to escape, himself staying. Changed to the uniform of a Polish soldier he surrenders with the others of the small defending group as one of them. Is horrified minutes later to see the old man emerge from the great house, sword in hand, to be struck down by a German soldier.

Some time later, back in England, Stella Fenton reports to elderly

SIR GEORGE FAWLEY, *Chief of the Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office, who listens to her story of Fenton's being still among the Nazis with a good deal of satisfaction, suggesting that Fenton can be of immense value in his undercover role. He refuses Stella's request to be allowed to go to Germany herself but promises to get news of her husband as soon as possible, at the same time reminding her of the extreme danger of his mission.*

Soon afterward a secret message travels to a British dockside by ship to Holland, on the keel of a boat to the edge of the German frontier, through devious other channels at last to cross into Germany hidden in the harness of the ancient nag hitched to an old woman's cart.

And all of this Sir George Fawley knew

(Second of Eight Parts)

THE DARKNESS was intense inside the drafty wooden hut but it was not necessary to see in order to know that the place was packed with human beings. The warm air and the reek of unwashed bodies smote the newcomer like a blow after the clean atmosphere of the chill autumn night, and if he had remained upon the threshold he would have heard a strange discordant chorus rising from the earthen floor.

For in that confined space, suitable perhaps for some forty persons, more than a hundred men were crowded. They lay so thickly that when one turned to ease his tired body he invariably disturbed his neighbors, who grunted or swore softly as they were wakened from their restless slumber. But these were not the only protesting sounds that floated through the blackness. Here a man talked in his sleep, calling out in the agony of his subconscious mind the name of the wife he might never see again. There one prayed unknowingly, muttering the simple words taught to him in childhood and thus perhaps achieving in his sleep that peace of mind which was denied him in daytime. For these men whose snores, murmurings, prayers and curses rose into the enemy night were some part of the wastage of war, human flotsam for whom the future held no hope. Their country and their people were being systematically destroyed by the enemy, while they themselves, forced to work like slaves, were treated worse than cattle. For a farmer values his livestock, but the Nazis regarded their Polish prisoners as so many mouths to be fed, and only useful so long as they were worked to the limit of human endurance. If they passed that limit it was unfortunate, but there was still a good supply of similar material.

Tired, underfed and despairing, they lay there and the sudden opening of the hut door failed to rouse them. The beam of a torch swept the huddled men, touching here upon a ragged greatcoat beneath which the owner crouched, there illuminating with startling clarity the bearded, lined face of a youth already aged beyond his years.

"Segda!" cried a harsh voice from behind the torch. "Jerzy Segda!"

A man sat up suddenly, shading his eyes from the blinding beam.

"Are you Segda?"

The fellow shook his head.

"Nein," said the companion of the man with the torch. "Segda is usually over there near the middle of the right hand wall."

The speaker stepped forward and the light revealed a pale-faced youth in field grey, whose inaccurately buttoned tunic indicated that he had been fetched out of bed in a hurry. He walked down the narrow path which was left in the middle of the floor, left because the prisoners knew that if it weren't the guards would stamp and kick their way over the recumbent bodies, careless where their heavy field boots fell.

Halfway down the hut the youth turned right-handed and without troubling to look where he put his feet strode to the wall, followed by cries of pain and muttered oaths from the awakened men.

"Shine your torch!" cried the youth, and when the beam swung round he added, "*Ja*. This is Segda."

"Kick the swine," growled the other.

The youth drew back his foot and dealt the sleeping man a violent blow. Jerzy Segda sat up with a cry of anguish, his blue eyes blinking in the light of the torch. A cruel smile appeared on the youth's face as if the infliction of pain gave him considerable pleasure.

"Get up," he ordered. "The commandant wants you."

Segda got up, grunting when he moved the leg which had received the full force of the kick, and pulled on his cap more firmly. He wore his cap when sleeping, for it kept from his shaven head the icy draft which whistled through the hut. His overcoat was draped about his shoulders, and as he staggered into the centre alleyway the youth growled to him to hurry, rubbing the toe of his right boot against the calf of his left leg as if he needed only the faintest excuse to get in another kick.

But Jerzy Segda kept well out of range as he limped after the youth and his companion to the hut doorway. Outside in the cold clean darkness the Pole stood in the pool of light thrown by the torch while the other two men remained invisible.

"You can go back to your bed now," the man with the torch said to the youth. "I will take this scum to the commandant and return him to the hut—if he isn't sent somewhere more unpleasant."

SEGDA thought swiftly. His sleep-drugged senses had been revived by the fresh air, and the threat in those last few words reminded him that he had made two vain attempts to escape from the camp during the months gone by. At the time he did not think he had been detected. Now he was not so sure, because he did not know of any other reason why the commandant should want to see him after eleven o'clock. If that was so, the outlook was even blacker than the night. Would the sentence be a flogging, he wondered, or solitary confinement, or both? He wriggled his shoulders uneasily.

"I had better accompany you to the commandant's office," replied the youth.

"You needn't trouble. Go and finish your night's rest."

"But you have no escort. Supposing he tries to escape?"

The other gave an ugly laugh, and for an instant a heavy Mauser pistol gleamed in the rays of the torch.

"He would not get far. Besides, where would he go? He knows the barbed wire is electrified and every gate has a guard. Don't you worry. Go and get your beauty sleep."

"Well, if you think—" hesitated the youth.

"*Ja, ja*. Go along. Don't argue!"

There was a peremptory note in the man's voice. The youth recognized the tone of one used to issuing orders. He hesitated no longer but clicked his heels, saluted and strode off into the night.

The other stood for a few moments listening to the fading footfalls, then turned to the prisoner.

"Forward!" he ordered.

Segda stepped out. He could just see where to go by the shortened beam of the torch. Once a chink of light on his right told him that they were passing the guards' mess hall, and he knew that a hundred yards farther on it would be necessary for him and his escort to turn to the left to reach the commandant's office.

He counted the paces. Twenty . . . twenty-five . . . thirty . . . The man behind spoke never a word, but Segda could hear the noise of his heavy boots within six feet of him. Thirty-five . . . forty . . . fifty . . . Halfway to the turning. The darkness seemed to grow deeper, creeping in about the little circle of light in which he walked. Fifty-five . . . sixty . . . He pondered on the identity of his escort. An N.C.O. perhaps. Yet he had not addressed the youth in an N.C.O.'s manner. Was he a Black Guard or, worse still, a member of the Gestapo? Segda made a wry face and, putting up his hand, felt the inch-long stubble as if anxious to persuade himself that the hair growth altered his features.

Eighty . . . eighty-five . . . ninety . . . a hundred . . . a hundred and twenty . . . They ought to turn now surely. He shortened his stride, slowing up a little.

"Right!" The man behind spoke the word like the crack of a whip, but Segda, aware that they were bound for the commandant's office, turned [illegible].

The [illegible] instant the muzzle of the Mauser struck him hard in the backbone.

"Right! You misbegotten swine, right!"

Hastily Jerzy Segda executed a sharp turn. He knew better than to argue. He merely wondered if the commandant's office had been moved, but his thoughts got no farther. For suddenly the torch went out. The Mauser was still pressed against his spine, and a voice full of [illegible] he[illegible].

"Make no suspicious movement, and I'll blow a hole in your stomach. Walk straight ahead."

Segda swallowed hard. He had no intention of behaving suspiciously, but in the darkness the most innocent gesture might be wrongly interpreted. He prayed fervently that he would not stumble.

His escort had eyes like a cat, for although Segda peered into the darkness until the tears trickled down his cheeks with the strain, he could see nothing. Yet every few yards the man behind would mutter, "More to the right . . ." or "More to the left . . ." Thus Segda was kept on the pathway until in the distance he saw a faint blue glow. Probably the commandant's office, he thought. Like the other prisoners, he knew little about the camp, for always he had been marched straight to his work, which lay in the opposite direction, and back again.

When they were some ten yards from the blue light Segda's escort suddenly said, "*Achtung!*" in a loud voice.

Segda, unable to see what he should beware of, glanced from side to side and instinctively slackened his pace.

"Forward!" muttered a snarling voice behind him.

Segda walked on obediently. Presumably the first remark had been addressed to the sentry on duty outside the commandant's office. The blue light drew nearer and came abreast. As he passed by, Segda looked out of the corners of his eyes, and suddenly realized that this was not the commandant's office but a [illegible] sentry box. But what really surprised him and set his mind working with added swiftness was the fact that the sentry had his back toward them and was facing the interior of the box.

So [illegible] Segda gathered in the small glance. Then he looked in his front again and a quick thrill swept over him. Directly within the blue light was the high barbed wire fence which marked the boundaries of the prison camp. His eager eyes roamed swiftly over that portion of it which he could see, and there immediately before him was the gate.

It was slightly open.

"[illegible]!" The voice behind was less harsh, but the pistol was still pressed against his spine.

Segda held his breath, walked up to the gate and passed through the narrow gap.

"Left!"

Segda obeyed and inspired heavily. He was outside the camp. He was breathing the air of freedom for the first time since he had been made a prisoner at the mansion in far-off Poland, where one of his last memories was of Uncle Ingen being struck down upon the flagstones of his own terrace.

MANY weary months had passed since then and Lawrence Fenton had almost given up hope of escaping from a prison camp which was guarded with Teutonic thoroughness. Yet the [illegible] had been accomplished with [illegible] assistance was being given him. [illegible] darkness as he picked his way [illegible] surrounded the camp. Not [illegible] unfrequently detected the hand of [illegible]

A few yards ahead the [illegible] loomed and vanished.

"Halt!" said the man behind [illegible] was removed from his back.

There was a moment's silence. [illegible] that the sentry who had [illegible] had vanished, but [illegible] that it was [illegible] cigarette. He waited [illegible]

Suddenly [illegible]

"*Ja*"

"Give me your coat and cap."

Obediently Fenton removed his [illegible] coat and cap. In return [illegible] the [illegible] in turn he received others.

"They are [illegible] and [illegible] but they will serve," said the unknown with a dry chuckle. "You are ready? Good! Then come."

Fenton was taken by the arm and led off into the darkness. He felt extraordinarily exhilarated. The long period of labor in the prison camp, the failure of his attempts to escape, the horrible sights he had seen, and the harsh treatment meted out to him had all helped to depress his spirits. But now, though he had no idea where he was being taken or any notion of what the future



In ten minutes he followed. A shadow detached itself from a shop doorway.



Segda pondered on the identity of his escort. Was he a Black Guard or, worse still, a member of the Gestapo? The Mauser struck him hard in the backbone. "Right! You misbegotten swine, right!"

hold in store he felt like a condemned man granted an unexpected reprieve.

Presently they got off the rough ground and came to a lane which after half an hour's steady walk in complete silence, brought them out to a wide tar-sealed road. Another twenty minutes and the vague outlines of houses began to appear against the night sky.

"Walk as quietly as you can," whispered Fenton's companion.

Twice he checked Fenton in order to listen and once they shrank into a doorway to wait with taut muscles while the slow measured footfalls of an invisible policeman passed along the opposite side of the road.

At length they came to a narrow street along the cobbles of which they crept almost on tiptoe. They halted before a house dimly seen. The chuck of a key, the quiet snap of a well-oiled lock, and Fenton was inside the door aware of the soft breathing of his companion within a foot of him. There was the splutter of a match and the man bent to light an oil lamp which stood on the table in the centre of the tiny living room. Then he turned and by the pale yellow light they looked each other over curiously.

Fenton saw a short, elderly man dressed in sadly worn clothing. A pair of butterbitter eyes peered from beneath bushy grey eyebrows. The lined, unshaven face told of hardship and insufficient food.

"Jerzy Segda?" murmured the man.

Fenton nodded. "And you?" he asked in German.

A whimsical smile twisted the thin lips, and the head was shaken slowly.

"It is better you should not know.'

"I am very grateful to you, and also to the man who got me out of the camp although I never even saw him.' This was true. But in the hut the man had kept behind the lighted torch and the rest of the time he had been careful to keep at Fenton's back.

"The less you know the less you will be able to tell should things go wrong.'

"I should not betray you," said Fenton.

Again the whimsical smile curved about the thin lips. "It is easy to see that you have been nowhere worse than in a prisoner-of-war camp in the glorious Fatherland. And now will you rest?" The man pointed to a bed and blankets in a corner of the living room. "At eight o'clock you leave here by train. I will wake you at seven and will have your clothes and papers ready."

But Fenton did not sleep. Possibly he fell into a light doze for ten minutes or so but his mind was too excited by his escape and the problems of the future to allow him complete rest. His host moved quietly about the room for a time and then turning out the lamp, sat down in a hard chair. In a few moments Fenton could tell by the even breathing that he was asleep.

But punctually at seven o'clock the little man shook Fenton into a state of wakefulness and indicated that he should discard the clothes he was wearing and put on those more suitable for a German workman with which was the disguise his host had chosen for him. A complete set of identification papers and ration books lay upon the table together with some money.

"You are now Kurt Weimann," explained the little man. "You have been on a visit to your Aunt Ada who is seriously ill. He pointed toward the low ceiling. "It is true," he smiled. "My wife is seriously ill, and I could not allow her nephew to see her. There has been trouble in the family and such a visit might upset her. I one hate to lie—it is best to lie well. You are returning to Essen to the factory where you work, and you will travel by the eight o'clock. Here are some of the bread. It is black, but it fills one. And there is sausage of a kind in the pot."

WHILE Fenton took breakfast the little man related more of Kurt Weimann's life story until Fenton felt capable of withstanding a close cross-examination.

"But you will not go to Essen although you will take care to book a ticket for that town. You will leave the train at Karlhausen and give up that ticket." The little man flipped it onto the table. "Be careful not to get them mixed. That Essen ticket is important." In a few brief sentences he explained why and continued: "In Karhausen you will go to No. 23 Gutzowstrasse and knock four times on the door—thus."

And the little man rapped quickly on the table three times, paused, and added a fourth rap.

"You will ask for Frau Kraus. That is all. You can remember what I have told you?"

Fenton nodded. "The most vital asset of a secret agent is a retentive memory, and his was in the top class.

"Good! You have time to wash and shave then you must go."

When Fenton was ready he was subjected to a minute inspection, and when at last the little man was satisfied he took the Englishman to the door and shook hands with him.

"Long live Poland!" he whispered.

Fenton echoed the words with a peculiar feeling of relief for they told him one thing about which he was intensely curious. His host was not aware that he had entertained an Englishman. What the little man had done he had done for Poland.

Fenton found his way to the station and took a ticket to Essen. There were not many people travelling and he was rather surprised to see that the few soldiers were obviously returning from leave. He was quite prepared for a close scrutiny and innumerable questions for by now the authorities of the camp must have discovered that Jerzy Segda was missing. Fenton thought that the first places to be watched would be the railway stations. They would have been, but for the fact that Segda's cost and cap had been found five miles in the opposite direction, hidden behind a haystack by the man who had taken Fenton out of the camp.

The train was three quarters of an hour late and crowded. Fenton squeezed in between two women who from their conversation seemed to have some connection with farming, and he pretended to go to sleep. The chatter of his companions, concerned mainly with food and the difficulty of obtaining it, kept him interested until he reached Karhausen. He was surprised that the war was scarcely mentioned and wondered if the authorities had made the discussion of it in public unprofitable.

Karhausen proved to be a fair sized market town, and after one or two enquiries Fenton found Gotzowstrasse. No. 23 was almost the middle of a row of very ordinary villas. He went boldly up to the front door and knocked in the manner he had been told. To his disappointment nothing happened. He knocked again. A small boy came and stared until his attention was distracted by some sparrows quarrelling in the gutter, and he ran off down the road. Throwing his cap at them, Fenton knocked a third time and waited, eyeing the blank windows of the houses opposite with some distaste. He was uncomfortably aware that he might be under observation. He did not then know that everyone in Germany suffers from this feeling.

He was about to abandon the effort to rouse the inmates of No. 23 when suddenly the door opened and a grey-haired woman peered out.

"Frau Kraus?" Fenton enquired.

The woman stared at him for a second, then flinging wide the door she suddenly threw her arms about his neck.

"Heinrich! Heinrich! So it is you! After all this time! Come in, my dear boy, come in! How is your mother?"

Somewhat startled by this unexpected greeting, Fenton suffered himself to be pulled into the narrow hall. The woman shut the door and in silence led the way into a small room at the back.

"Well?" she queried, turning and looking Fenton up and down.

"I am Kurt Weimann," said Fenton, and remembering the instructions of his host of the previous night he took out the Essen ticket and laid it on the table.

"So," muttered Frau Kraus, taking possession of it. "Kurt Weimann eh? She pushed back the grey hair that threatened to fall over her pale face, and a faint smile appeared at the corners of her mouth. Fenton observed that her eyes did not smile. They were dark, tragic eyes which had seen much suffering. That demonstration at the door was for the benefit of any neighbors who might be watching. It would look peculiar if I allowed a strange young man to enter the house, but if I show delighted affection then the neighbors will reason that you are no stranger, so there is nothing peculiar.

"I was just going away," said Fenton, "—I had knocked three times."

"I know. I heard you the first time. I was watching you. But when strangers knock on the door in Germany today, that is the time to pretend you are deaf. If they are in truth strangers, they will go away. If they are—" she paused, as if reluctant to say the word—"if they are the Gestapo, then they are more likely to force an entry."

She looked at the Essen ticket again, turning it over and over.

"So Kurt Weimann! Well, we will see what we can do."



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Henry Boltinoff

"What d'ya mean — charge it?

AS DUSK was falling Fenton left 23 Gutzowstrasse and made his way back to Karhausen station. Had he been challenged he would have declared himself to be Heinrich Hagen who had called upon an old friend of his mother's while passing through the town on his way from Schloen to Berlin, where as the new papers provided by Frau Kraus showed plainly enough, he had been called to do special work in a Government department.

Frau Kraus had given Fenton a complete change of clothing, a bath of which he was badly in need, and some food, though she could ill spare it from her rations.

Like the little man who had sent Fenton to her, she believed him to be a Pole, and as she had pressed his hand in the darkness of the hall she had whispered the same legend.

By this time Fenton's experience as an agent was beginning to fall into gear again. He felt no trace of nervousness as he waited on Karhausen station and glanced casually at two Black Guards who were standing near the booking office. He was Heinrich Hagen and no one else. He knew his story perfectly, with a host of intimate details to strengthen it, and his papers showed why he was travelling to Berlin. The one thing which they did not show was the address for which he must make when he reached the capital.

Throughout the night journey, which involved two changes, Fenton slept in an atmosphere that almost stifled him. He would have given much to open the window and let in a draft of cold night air, but no German would dream of doing this, and Heinrich Hagen must remain true to his national characteristics.

The train drew into Zentral Bahnhof at nine o'clock. It was then three hours behind time, for the engine had broken down fifty miles outside the city. Fenton walked out of the station aware that every passenger

Continued on page 41



WHEN John Johnson married Mary one of the first things he did, naturally, was to insure his life.

But after a year or two of household bills John began to see that providing *adequately* for his family wasn't as simple as it looked. It wasn't that living costs were more than he could afford *now*, but what would happen, he wondered, if he were no longer there to earn for his family? His life insurance would be enough to take care of things for a year or two but after that—what?

John did what many men in similar situations have done. He took his problem to a Mutual Life representative, to get the benefit of expert advice.

He found that for a sum well within his means the company would assure the continuation of a regular income for his family should the "unexpected" happen to him; moreover, should he wish to retire at some future date, an income would be paid to *him* providing comfort and security for his own later years.

John is only one of the thousands of Canadians who have found security and peace of mind through the advice of a Mutual Life representative. Every year The Mutual Life of Canada issues hundreds of "Continued Income" policies to young men who wish to use part of their present earning power to protect themselves and their families *permanently*.

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How to Play a Harp

All the latest wrinkles, tinkles, pingggs and bungggs of heavenly harpistry presented by an old student of earthly discord

By LESLIE McFARLANE

In a recent [illegible] asked that the versatility of Leslie McFarlane [illegible] a constant source of surprise. He found it so, and was soon busy at his hobby and part time [illegible] and that he'd be a[illegible] multi-talented writer. Mr. McFarlane is now busy with an article on "How to Play a Harp." I see days like Mr. McFarlane walked in and handed us an article on "How to Play a Harp." This last.—The Editor

CAN YOU play a harp? Can any of your friends play a harp? In fact, have you ever known anyone who could play a harp?

See! It just goes to show what has happened to harpistry in Canada. Hardly anyone plays the harp any more. Thousands of Canadians touch manhood and womanhood without ever having seen a harp. It makes one stop and think. After all this is an civilized country.

Some authorities contend that the harpist will soon be extinct, but this is a pretty pessimistic view. The breed is hardy and has survived for thousands of years. There were harpists in Solomon's day—few in numbers, it is true, as against those who could strum the timbrel or knock out a few bars on the hautboy—but bona fide harpists just the same. And where are your timbrel players today? You couldn't find one with a search warrant. As for hautboy players, the last one known as such was hanged centuries ago. But there are still a few harpists around.

If in any place there are even a few, this article encourages an interest in harpistry. It helps make Canada harp-conscious. Its purpose will be achieved. The plain fact of the matter is that Canada is not harp-conscious. When you walk into a music store it is the rare salesman who will suggest, "How about a nice harp today?" He may say, "Could I interest you in a bassoon?" He may plead, "Let me show you our oboes." But he won't mention harps. You'd think he was ashamed of them.

The consequence is that very few people own harps. If we want more harpists, which of course who doesn't? we have got to have more harps. Especially in the homes where children can get at them. The best harpists begin young, the very best harpists are exposed to the harp in infancy. Some old fuddy-duddies claim this is rather hard on the child, but it must be remembered that it is also rather hard on the harp, which makes matters even.

One reason for the prejudice against the harp—and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a good deal of prejudice does exist—is the size of the skinned thing. The average six or eight-cylinder model, complete with shock absorbers and license plate, F.O.B. is about seven feet high and has a wingspread of about five feet. It gets narrower at the bottom, of course, but that doesn't help much if you are trying to get it through a door sideways.

In the good old days when life was lived on the grand scale the average living room was large enough to accommodate a harp. But nowadays a harp is apt to make the ordinary cozy apartment seem just a little crowded. And so we have the tendency toward ukes that can be carried in the pocket, or ukuleles that can be hung on the wall.

Then again the harp is at a distinct disadvantage socially. Young people who might be persuaded to learn the harp are inclined to shy away from the instrument when they discover that harpists don't get asked out very much. Not with their harps. It isn't that harpists are regarded as social lepers. Harpists are often quite bright, their manners are frequently quite good, and their moral standards are said to be painfully high. You cannot drink and run around with blondes and play the harp too. Not all at the same time. But the fact remains that although a hostess will say to me, "Horace, do bring your bagpipes" and to another "Claude won't you take along your trombone tonight?" We're dying to have you play for us, no such hospitality is extended to the harpist. She may say, "Julius, I'd love to have you come to our party, but I can't ask you harp. We haven't a spare room. If you care to come alone I'd be delighted to have you."

She may say this. It is more likely that she won't invite him at all, for fear of hurting his feelings. And even if she does ask him, harp and all, before the evening is over he will wonder if it is worth while. Because it is no easy matter to lug a harp to a party. It is not child's play by any means. Usually it requires a small delivery truck and a couple of husky assistants in overalls. This seems like a great deal of trouble, and before long our harpist finds himself wishing he had taken up the piccolo instead.



The beauty of it in the victims totaly impact the harpist

But the big reason so few people go in for harpistry lies in the common superstition that the harp is difficult to play.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Anyone can learn the harp. We must get rid of several popular errors that have given the harp a black eye.

One is that the harp is only for the privileged classes. That is nonsense. Harps are very democratic.

Another is that the ability to play the harp is inherited. "Born to the harp," as the saying is. This is ridiculous. Some harpists' kids are so dumb when it comes to learning the harp that it would amaze you.

The most foolish notion of all, of course, is that you have got to be old and go to heaven before you can take up the harp seriously. Obviously, that is a mere rumor. We won't even discuss it.

A-Harping We Will Go!

ANYONE can learn the harp. You can begin learning the harp today. And make no mistake about it—harps can be fun.

Lesson 1. The Approach.—If my readers will forgive a gentle jest, it might be said that the harp has something in common with Greta Garbo. Or the Archbishop of Canterbury. You can't just walk up to it and start playing.

The point is—if you will settle down for a moment and be serious again—that there is a very definite technique to approaching a harp. If you fail to master it competent harpists will look down their noses at you. This approach they will sniff—and competent harpists do discuss these matters among themselves. "An approach is crude." You don't want them to say things like that about you.

Choose a large room, preferably with wall-to-wall carpeting. Move out all the furniture. All except one chair. If it is an armchair, move that out too. You can't play a harp in an armchair. Bring in an ordinary kitchen chair. Then tell the men to bring in your harp.

Have them place the harp in the middle of the room, standing upright. If they leave it lying flat on the floor and they are likely to do it if you don't watch things—you will have quite a time setting up the harp all by yourself. The darned things are heavy.

Now approach the harp. Walk. Do not run. With confidence, but not too boldly. A good harp should be treated with respect.

When you are within arm's length take up a position at the front—or rear—of the harp.

This may seem a little confusing at first, but you will probably be confused anyhow as to just which is the front or rear—of the harp. It is wise to get this point settled before going too far.

Bear in mind that the tall side with all the doodads curved on the top in the side to stay away from. Try playing a harp from that side and you'll simply make a fool of yourself. Get away from it. Get around to the other side. Get around to the side the pedals are on.

Look for the pedals at the foot of the harp. If they are not there, the harp is probably upside down, and you will look sillier than ever trying to play it that way, because the pedals are by your feet.

Let us now assume that both you and the harp are right side up. Let us assume you are standing in such a position that by extending the right arm you can grasp a harp string. But don't do it. Not yet. I know you are itching to grasp a harp string, but lay off. That comes under the lesson on "Plucking and Strumming." Be satisfied with the progress you have made and keep your hands off that harp. Perhaps you had better put your hands in your pockets. You have now mastered the first and one of the more difficult lessons of harp technique—that of the approach.

Lesson 2. Plucking and Strumming.—Now that you have approached the harp the next step is to get music out of it. Now you may take your hands out of your pockets. Extend the right arm.

You will find that your right hand is within convenient

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CHEVROLET FOR 41



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YEARS TO COME





Where does he put it?

YOUNGSTERS, as they reach their teens, often develop an extraordinary capacity for food. Many a puzzled mother has said "I don't know where he puts it!"

▶ It is important for parents to realize that in the majority of cases such an appetite is normal and should be encouraged. One important exception, of course, is the child who shows a tendency to obesity—and in such a case a doctor should be consulted.

During the teen age a normal child is exceptionally active. Each year he is adding 2 or 3 inches to his height and as much as 10 pounds or more to his weight. Therefore, a youngster has to eat a large amount. Too little food or the wrong kind can hinder normal development at this time just as truly as in infancy.

▶ Your doctor will tell you that an adolescent child's activities can be as strenuous as a manual labourer's—sometimes requiring from 50% to 75% more food than is needed by the average adult. That's why it may be perfectly proper for Junior to tack away lots more dinner than his office-working Dad!

Three generous meals a day should include milk, cereals, vegetables, fruits, meat and eggs—all so necessary for growth and good health. Furthermore these meals should include wholesome desserts to satisfy the 'sweet tooth' that boys and girls usually develop.

▶ This doesn't mean, of course, that the youngster should be free to gobble anything at any time. Simple, sensible snacks may be given to the child at appropriate times if they do not affect the child's appetite at regular meals. Good satisfying foods like milk, bread and butter and fruits are usually easy to keep on hand for the hungry young one.

In between times—right after school for instance but not too close to the next regular meal—such wholesome foods tend to discourage "round-the-clock" nibbling.

To help you satisfy youthful appetites, and also to avoid one-sided or indigestible diets, Metropolitan offers helpful booklets: 'Food for Health in Peace and War' and the "Metropolitan Cook Book". A post card will bring you a copy of each. Address Booklet Department 3-M-41, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* — LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

"Canada Carries On"

Continued from page 11

for thirty or sixty units who are the right people to contact the names of two or three, likely young fellows who could take but part in the film. This memo will often run to ten foolscap pages.

With script approved director and writer together break it down into what is known as a shooting script. This is quite an impressive document. On one half of each page is the narrative on the other suggested shots to go with it. These shots of course cannot be finalized till the unit goes on location. The director for instance might think it a good idea to show a side view of a newly launched enval vessel leaving port. But when shooting starts, he may find he is forbidden to show the vessel's silhouette; he can only shoot it from in front. He may plan a shot from inside a tank only to find there just isn't room for feet in a three-man vehicle and any way the motion is so jerky it spoils the film.

All these things must be ironed out on location. So pocketing the script the director leaves with his crew, prepared to spend three to six weeks at an Eastern Canadian port at Camp Shilob in the Peace River or wherever the chosen locale may be. The crew consists of three men, director, cameraman and assistant. The director's job is to plan each sequence. While the cameraman does the shooting the director must think how that shot will look in relation to the one before it and the one after it—which may be shot days later.

To the cameraman falls the task of getting the stuff on celleloid. It's just possible to make a film without a director but without a cameraman you'd be helpless. But, like good actors, good cameramen like to get direction. As for the assistant, he is chief cook and bottle washer. In the course of one day he may interview a colonel unpack and set up half a dozen photo-floods, expose a thousand feet of film back to the studio and pay the unit's hotel bill.

If the film calls for sound—and all the "Canada Carries On" films do—a sound engineer and assistant join the unit. Their job is to record everything from the voice of the main subject to the confused noise outside. Any radio man will tell you that the best recordings are made in the studio but these outside men have to work on the spot and play it whatever they can. Often they must carry a portable motor for generating their own power. They may have to shoot on a crowded street, where the usual bright citizen is bound to remark, "Making a movie, eh?" right in the middle of a take. They say sound engineers die young.

But life is no bed of roses for either director or cameraman. In "Atlantic Patrol" Director Stuart Legg spent some days on a destroyer in particularly dirty weather. In "Wings of Youth" Cameraman Roger Barlow put in over fifty flying hours and once, when the going got too tough he strapped a hand camera to the fuselage of a training plane fitted it with an automatic release and let the pilot do the loops and rolls on his own. In "A Letter from Camp Borden" the Royal Canadian Engineers kindly offered to blow up a bridge. Director Raymond Spottiswoode stationed himself with camera in a crude shelter barely thirty feet from two cases of dynamite wired for action. When the dust cleared away Spottiswoode crawled out of the shelter covered in mud from head to foot and cut about the forehead. But the shot was worth it.

Careful Cutting Editing

NOW THE film is in cans and the job of cutting and editing begins. This involves many hours of running the film through a moviola—a miniature projector—and much searching at least as to what shots will be left in and what ruthlessly discarded. Cuttists are notorious pessimists. They tell the story of the cutter standing knee deep in a sloppish, lithic tangle of film holding up a short strip two feet long and crying "The rest of it stinks." Cuttists on the "Canada Carries On" series is rarely as drastic as that for the cameraman as we have seen shoots as closely as possible to the script.

Meanwhile the scripter has been at work preparing the commentary that goes with the film. This commentary will be voiced by CBC announcer Lorne Greene whose vibrant tones identify the war series for most moviegoers. There must also be a musical score. To compose and orchestrate this has been the job of Montreal-born Lucio Agostini whose programs are well known to radio fans in Eastern Canada. Lucio Agostini has written for the war series some of the finest program music composed in this country.

Finally the three sound tracks—effects, music, narration—are dubbed onto a single track on the film and the reels go to the laboratory where prints are made. Within a few days another "Canada Carries On" film is released in first run theatres from Victoria to Halifax.

During its first year the National Film Board produced one of these films every month. In addition to those already mentioned there was "A Letter from Aldershot" notable for its close-ups of members of the C.A.S.F. sending greetings to the folks back home. "Home Front" the story of Canada's women at war. "Squadron 992" giving us the drama in the lives of the men who operate the balloon barrage over Britain; a film on refugee children and a film on the Canadian troops in Iceland. Only in one month was there a gap. The refugee film had been planned for October and the director with several reels of uncut film set out on a vessel bearing children to Canada intending to film them en route. That vessel was the *City of Benares*. Neither director nor film reached this country. The director was Roby Greenon sister of the Film Commissioner and a first-class film maker in her own right. The gap was filled by the British short, "Britain at War" with commentary by J. B. Priestley.

For 1941 fresh films are planned and in production. A three reeler on the Navy is under way as is a film on the tank men of the First Canadian Armored Brigade. You'll see these movies within the next few weeks, whether you live in a large city or a small town. For months they'll be circulating giving Canadians a living picture of the progress of their war effort. It's interesting to note by the way that these movies have been particularly popular in Quebec. Special French versions are made for circulation in Quebec and New Brunswick and in certain cases complete French films have been shot. "A Letter from Camp Borden" for instance became *Un fils vaut-deutème*" and dealt with life at Valcartier.

Right now attention is focused on the "Canada Carries On" series but the Film Board has also produced a large number of films on Canada's peacetime activities. These films don't reach the theatres. They are made on subject-matter stock and aim at a yearly audience of two millions in schools, universities, service clubs and adult educational groups. In making these films, Canada's documentary movie men have roamed far and wide, tapping the rich field of film material which the Dominion offers.

Director Stuart Legg spent two months at one of the Youth Training Centres in Nova Scotia, filming the progress of an unemployed youth from the bread line to the worker's bench. The film was released as "The Case of Charlie Gordon" and gives a moving description of how the depression generation gets back its self-respect. The resettlement of drought-stricken farmers on the prairies has also received attention. J. F. C. Wright, author of the Doukhobor saga, "Slava Bohu" roamed Saskatchewan for weeks in an ancient jalopy, interviewing farmers at first hand, plowing through dust drifts, watching whole families shift onto better soil. His script is as typical of the prairies as a gumbo coulee. It is a blueprint for the board's forthcoming film on the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act.

Two young film apprentices, James Beveridge and Michael Spencer, toted a color camera up onto the Peace River country. For two months they worked on farms around Grande Prairie and Peace Coupe; they flew over the Monkman Pass, getting aerial shots of the new highway which Peace River farmers have carved through the Rockies with their own hands. Color cameraman Rudford Crawley has produced films on the Canadian autumn—shot largely in the lovely Gatineau Valley just north of Ottawa—and on Canada's birds and flowers. These films are already available for non-theatrical distribution.

Another unit spent five weeks among the Icelandic Canadians in Manitoba. They filmed prominent Icelanders in Winnipeg, made a record of the colorful ceremonies of the annual Icelandic Day at Gimli Man and took cameras out onto Lake Winnipeg to get shots of Icelandic fishermen netting the famous goldeye. This film, "Iceland in Canada" is the first of a series devoted to the history and achievements of our national groups.

News of all this work soon got down across the line with the result that a number of American cameramen and directors asked permission to work for the board in Canada. It's often said that Canadians are all too apt to leave their native heath to seek advancement south of the border but here is a case in which the trend was reversed. Among the Americans who came north are Nicholas Read and Irving Jacoby. Read has made a movie on Canada's forests and the life of her lumbermen—"Timber Front". Jacoby's offering is an ambitious three-reeler devoted for the hoard on Canada's great national sport, hockey. In "Hot Ice" the Cornichers, Stanowskis and Dillons zoom across the screen, caught by specially sensitive lenses and super panchromatic film. Jacoby went to endless trouble to get the script just right. There were many conferences with players and sportswriters in Ottawa, and often the projection room of the Motion Picture Bureau sounded more like the "Hot Stove League" than a discussion on film. Morley Callaghan, noted Canadian author and sports enthusiast helped Jacoby with the commentary, and it fits the vivid action of the film like a glove.

There are just a few of the thirty films which the board has succeeded in making in a single year. Behind these films has arisen a whole new administrative setup operating through three production centres. Working with Greerson, is Captain F. C. Badgley, Director of the Government Motion Picture Bureau and his able production supervisor Stanley Hawes. To keep up to a heavy schedule the board has also enlisted the services of Associated Screen News of Montreal and Audio Pictures Ltd. of Toronto.

Distribution Setup

BUT IT'S one thing to make movies and another to distribute them. If the board concentrated only on making films, it would be like a painter whose pictures remain stacked in a garret. The quality of the pictures and the co-operation of Colonel John A. Cooper of the Canadian Motion Picture Distributors Association, N. L. Nathanson of Famous Players, Columbia Pictures and of the theatre owners gave distribution a good start. However good they may be, ordinary "shorts" are only shown in certain houses in each locality. With the national interest in mind Nathanson and other theatre chain controllers started out by voluntarily putting the "Canada Carries On" films in all their movie houses. All through the country exhibitors, big and little did the same. Showings are by no means forced on the theatre owner. He doesn't have to show the films if he doesn't want to and he pays regular rental rates for them. The fact that they appear in 850 theatres across Canada 800 in Australia and New Zealand 7,000 in Great Britain, to say nothing of India and the various Crown colonies and that in addition prints of each film go to U.S. newsreel companies in New York (many Canadian shots are incorporated in their releases which run in 16,000 theatres from Maine to Cali fornia) means that the pictures are popular with the audiences. They compete successfully with the Hollywood shorts. The latter may sometimes be better produced because the average Hollywood short costs about $50,000 while the average Canadian short costs about $8,000 but there isn't any doubt about the appeal of the subject matter.

In Canada, distribution is done by Columbia Pictures on a revenue basis of fifty fifty with the Government. Motion picture people assert that the distribution cost is reasonable because of the unusually large number of shipments. For the "Canada Carries On" series, Columbia has sold 7,200 dates for nine pictures. Which means 7,200 shipments of film.

The Film Board is fighting the war with celluloid, and behind its fight stands one great purpose: to work from the ground up rather than from the top down. You don't see much gold braid in the "Canada Carries On" series. What you see are the little fellows, the men on the street and the ones who make the rank and file of democracy and its real strength. Nazi films impose on the people the will of a small clique. Democratic films do the exact opposite; they reveal the hopes and acts of a free-born-loving people—hopes and acts which often carry narrow officialdom forward with them on a wave of militant democracy.

In another sense, too, the board has worked from the ground up. Its policy of training young Canadians as junior film apprentices means that it is creating a reserve of skilled movie craftsmen with vision and imagination. This ensures that in a very short time Canada will have a film production centre worthy of her immense range of fine movie material. She will have a school of film where young Canadians can train for the great task of putting Canada's case before the Dominion, the Empire and the United States. The past year has shown that creative talent can be geared to democracy's war and when the war is won that talent will also be available for reconstruction. In fighting for Canada at war the National Film Board lights also for the future of Canada as a nation.

* * * * *

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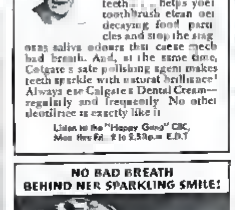
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How to Play a Harp

— Continued from page 24 —

grasping distance of the harp strings unless you have been dopey enough to extend your right arm sideways in which case it is very doubtful that you are bright enough to learn the harp anyhow.

Draw the fingers of the right hand briskly toward you. Be sure your fingertips are touching the harp strings when you do this, otherwise there is no sense to it and you will look very odd making passes at the harp and getting no music—getting nowhere, in fact.

If you have drawn your fingers lightly over the strings in the correct manner the result will be a series of highly agreeable musical notes. It won't be "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" but it will be *something*.

Now extend the left arm. Or the other side of the harp.

Don't twist yourself into a knot trying to get your left hand over to that side of the strings already being played by your right hand. It will look very awkward, you may break your arm and there is no sense to it anyway. Because the harp strings will give off the same sounds on either side. If they don't, then you have bought a very unusual harp and you are going to have a devil of a time learning to play it properly. A harp like that should be sent right back to the music store with a stiff note of protest.

At any rate draw the fingers of the *left* hand smartly across the strings. Again you will hear a series of musical sounds. They will sound just like the musical sounds created by the right hand. You may jump to the hasty conclusion that this is an unfair waste of effort. But wait a minute. Now draw the fingers of *both* hands along the strings simultaneously.

Surprised you didn't it? You never heard such a fine carfuffel. It sounded like sixteen harps all going at once.

A Pretty Bit of Bungggg-ling

YOU NOW feel you are getting somewhere. But you must guard against complacency. At this point the average student is tempted to loiter away a lot of time in mere strumming. But nobody ever really mastered the harp that way. There are shorter lessons ahead. But if you must strum do so systematically. Here is a simple lesson in strumming.

The strings to be strummed by the right hand are A B C and D. The strings to be strummed by the left hand are E, F G and H. Great care must be taken to guard against confusing these. If you play the right strings with the wrong hand it will sound awful. So

With right hand strum strings ABCD
With left hand strum strings EFGH—
Simultaneously with both hands strum strings ABCD and EFGH
With right hand strum strings AB
With left hand strum strings GH
Simultaneously with both hands, strum strings CD and EF

It ought to sound pretty good if you don't split a fingernail.

But now we must go on to the second stage of our lesson.

Grasp one of the harp strings—any old string will do—firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Pull the string out from the harp in the manner of an archer all set to let fly with an arrow. In fact, the harp string and the bowstring are based on the same principle. Certainly you can have no end of fun later on—after you've learned the harp well enough to earn a bit of relaxation—by slyly snapping paper pellets or small wads of gum off the harp strings at your audience while you are playing. A hard paper pellet accurately aimed and fired from a taut harp string can sting like blazes. The beauty of it is that the victims rarely suspect the harpist. It is highly amusing to see a baldheaded music lover slumbering through a harp solo suddenly arouse himself and begin threshing his arms in a vain and frantic effort to beat off an imaginary wasp.

This is aside from the point, however. You are still holding the harp string between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Now let go. You must be pretty tired of holding it, anyway.

The result will be a deep musical note—"*bunnggggg!*"

This note will continue for some time. It will echo away like anything if you don't stop it somehow. And obviously it will only cause confusion if you pluck another string while this is going on. That is a very tricky thing about the harp. Unless you take the proper steps, every succeeding note may be drowned out by the note just ahead of it and vice versa. By the time you reach the end of a tune played in that manner the result is chaos. You will lose your tune, your bearing and your audience.

The cure, however is simple. After plucking the string and getting the deep musical note *bunnggggg!* reach quickly forward with the thumb and forefinger of the *left* hand and pinch the string. Pinch hard. There'll be no more "*bunnggggg*" out of that string for a while.

How to Pinggggg a Stringgggg

VERY WELL. Now for the next step. You have plucked the harp string. You have produced the deep musical note "*bunnggggg!*" You have dextrously pinched the harp string from the other side with your left thumb and forefinger and the sound has been choked off. At least it should be choked off. If the string is still giving off "*bunnggggg*" do not be alarmed. You have merely pinched the wrong string. This often happens.

Now look down at the bottom of the harp. Much sooner than you expected you are ready for the next lesson.

Lesson 3. Pedalling.—Ever since you approached the harp you have been having trouble with your feet. Perhaps you had trouble with your feet before you ever came near the harp, but maybe your shoes are too tight. Or it could be a touch of athlete's foot. The trouble I'm talking about is the problem of where to put your feet. Those pedals at the base of the harp keep getting in your way. And they will keep getting in your way, unless you sit down and use those pedals and your feet as nature intended.

So sit down. That's what the kitchen chair is for, anyway. Now pluck that string that went "*bunnggggg!*" It still goes "*bunnggggg!*" Naturally.

Place your right foot firmly on the nearest pedal. Step on it. Now pluck that string again and listen.

It still goes "*bunnggggg!*"

That's odd. Probably you've got your foot on the wrong pedal. Try the next one.

Now pluck that harp string again.

This time instead of going "*bunnggggg!*" it goes "*punnggggg!*"

This will startle the dryflights out of you at first, but don't be alarmed. Take your foot off the pedal. Pluck the string again. It goes "*bunnggggg*" as before.

Now you see the endless possibilities of the pedals. By pressing the pedals as you pluck the strings, you can get a whole new set of musical notes. It takes practice of course to know just when to press the pedals and when to lay off them. And some musical passages demand great agility and very snappy footwork. Try going to town on a number like "Bolero" for instance. What with strumming plucking the strings pinching them and hopping around on those pedals to vary the pitch of the strings—brother, you'll be very busy fellow. You'll lose pounds. If you haven't mastered the harp you'll go nuts.

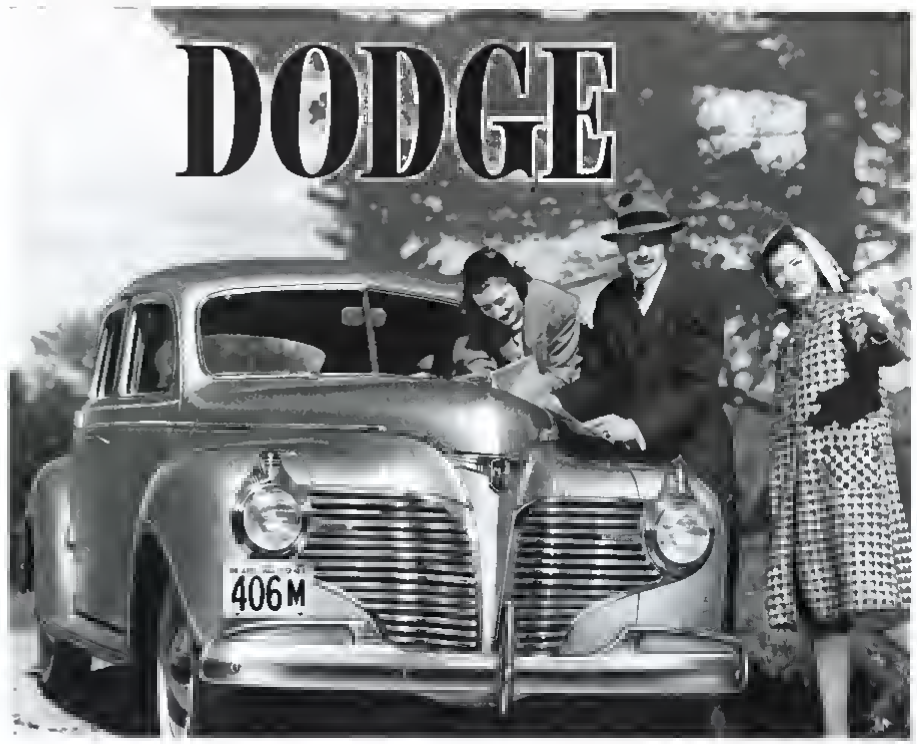
But with these few simple lessons to aid you there is no good reason why you shouldn't be able to master the harp. You have the fundamentals of strumming plucking, pinching and pedalling. The rest is mere practice. In a relatively brief time—say eight or nine years—you too can play the harp.

+ + + + +



—Drawn for Maclean's by Wm. van Biesen.

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Jungle Feud

Continued from page 13 — *Starts on page 14*

"Certainly, sir. Got to take your chance as you get it. This isn't pheasants in the old home preserve. Nine specimen out to the left there."

George stood and stared back at the graceful beasts. He could almost count the ridges on the long, built spiralled horns, even distinguish the white eye patch and the dark stripe down the muzzle. He gripped his gun, but never raised it to shoulder. He said: "By golly, I wonder if I could creep up and get a picture."

Hunter Jim stared at him as he and the beasts stared at each other. "We need meat, sir."

GEORGE said nothing but reached his camera out of the car. Back home old Peter Steffen, the master pictorialist who never wasted praise and criticized some of his outdoor work, "You show some feeling for motion there that might, in the right circumstances, be developed."

With expert speed George showed an exposure meter, adjusted time and diaphragm. His stalk was noisy and inexpert. Long before he could come within snapping distance a female whistled the shrill squeak of alarm, and the little herd flashed wispy tails and skimmed off over the tall grass tops. George let his camera hang by its strap, raised his rifle sighted coolly and fired. The leader buck gave a leap longer than the rest and disappeared into the grass.

Hunter Jim yelled behind him and came running.

"Splendid sir! Very good indeed! Never saw less buck lever in a novice, sir."

George only grunted. So buck lever was something else that he had not inherited. They walked forward together. Hunter Jim crowed delight.

"Nice shooting, sir, and as fine a trophy as you'd want."

George was silent to his hunter's congratulations. A trophy! Back home only six weeks ago he had been sure that a big game trophy must be the acme of every red-blooded young man's ambition. It had been his father's creed. He had been the excited envy of all his friends.

"Golly, George! Some guys got all the luck. Bring us back a monkey, will ya?"

"Bring me back a lion's head."

Oo-ooh, George!" This was the inevitable feminine. "Bring me back a leopard-skin coat."

"Sure." George glowed in the excitement and the adulation of all of it. "I'll bring you all back something. Trophies. What d'you want? Heads, hides, horns? Orders taken at this counter."

But that was six weeks ago, looking at it from the distance of a safe and sane home country, close to calming friends. Here in the primeval plain close to the gods of Africa George looked down at his dead beast with little satisfaction. His mouth that old Moshawa had noted to be not so hard with assurance, twisted downward. He said:

"At home they take deer running, snap shooting through woods interference. Seems to be more sporting than this."

Hunter Jim stared again at him.

"They take 'em, you say? You mean I'm telling me this is your first buck, sir?"

George nodded. "I've practiced only on targets so far—they race 'em on a track, you know. I never went out after deer, not with a gun. Seems to me there's a lot more skill required to shoot with a camera than with a gun."

Old Moshawa peered from one face to the other from his master's bewilderment to his client's twisted lips and this frown.

"*Wah kwa-cutchie keh*," he said. "I keep on telling you this thing. This one is more of a man than his father. He's seen makes restitution to the jungle for the offense of a father. It may even be that Dungumaro might relent in his hate."

"*Tchief*." Hunter Jim snapped. "You're a crum'm, sir, for a hunting man's son. If I may say so, sir. Let's get going. Got to make camp before dark. In this kind of country account o' lions end things."

The hot water for baths was ready in the ubiquitous five-gallon kerosene cans, and that camp was surrounded by a *boma* of thick-piled thorn scrub.

"Rich game country." Hunter Jim explained. "So lions are plentiful and hold. I'm a careful man, sir, and plain lion don't operate in Africa."

And he proved his statement that very night over dinner by shuddering twice with violent spasms of shivering. He swore disgustedly.

"You got no buck lever. But I got me a blasted jolt o' the old lever comin' on fast. Hope it'll hold off till next camp. That'll put us right in the old one tucker's feedin' range, and then you havin' what you got in shootin', we ought to settle that old inherited bend of yours, sir."

"Yes," said George Maynard. Junior. "I've got to settle that one way or another, of course." He stared into the campfire.



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Mary Waller.

'Will you please stop munching that apple in my ear!'

He was wondering just what he had inherited besides just a lead.

"But I'll warn you right now, sir." The growing unease in Jim's blood with its impending helplessness brought its inevitable heightening anxiety. "I'll warn you straight. You'll have to hold iron tight in your nerve and hit 'im right and drop 'im slam. Wound 'im and he'll come chargin', cause they don't ever forget ya', know, sir. And when a big old bull is chargin', the gods of Africa don't hear any quick prayers."

"Yes," said George moodily. "My dad learned that—too late. Yes, I'll have to hold on to my nerve—all the nerve I've got."

HUNTER JIM looked with quick searching eyes at him. A little dubiously he went on to expound the lore of the jungle. "Season's just right for you, sir. End of the dry. Drink is scarce, so every thing will be coming around the water holes. But ya' got to be careful around water holes. Never know what may be layin' up around a water hole, sir."

George laughed shortly. "That's right helpful to nerve."

Hunter Jim helped him some more with remorseless rules of the jungle. "Three things a man's got to have to kill elephant—a good gun straight shootin' and a cold iron nerve that can keep thinkin' just a flash faster'n things are happenin'. A white hunter can stand by, but in the end it's all up to each split-second thing you do yourself—you and the gods of Africa."

George remembered that his father had done the wrong thing.

Well—he counted up the assets of his inheritance and his nine years of training—I've got a good gun and I can shoot straight."

Hunter Jim looked at him dubiously. Well," he said. "I'll be standin' by, at any rate." He shook through another shivering fit. "Blast this thing's hide. I think I'll take another five grains. If I can't shake it, sir, better neck pretty close to camp till I can stand back of you. Better careful than cryin'."

But lever in Africa is as unpredictable as elephants, and as impervious when the gods so will to quinine. By the time the next camp was reached Hunter Jim was babbling.

So George Maynard, Junior, was left to his own devices—and to those of course of the gods. Old Moshawa knew much more about running a lever than did George and chattered him impatiently out of the tent. An hour of daylight remained, a fluttering greenery marked a water hole half a mile away, a beckoning oasis spot in the wilderness of scrubby plain.

So what more natural than that a man who saw things in pictures should sling a case containing camera and lens accessories over his shoulder and strolll out to see what might be photogenic? It was almost an afterthought that he did sling a rifle over the other shoulder.

And then the gods of Africa grimly blew upon the always smoldering embers of their fires that would search out the naked soul of a man who had spent nine years of getting ready for a feud against the children of their wilds.

The water hole was a miniature paradise spot. Lavely great trees, hung vines flowers, black rocks, a reflecting pool—everything. Altogether a perfect and beautiful trap such as gods can devise.

George was immersed in the delight of exotic pictures when he heard the voice of the gods expressed in a low moaning rumble that swelled and spread over the plain and rose to a conclusion of heavy staccato coughs.

George's stomach heaved up to his throat to choke him. He remembered the pictures that belonged with that sound when he had first heard it nine years ago. Majestic pictures of the first defiant announcement that the king of the jungle was out hunting.

The sound was emulated by another. The king and his consort!

George's stomach fell away to his boots and the last of his breath leaked away through his stiff fingertips.

Daylight pictures they were remaining him that lions, since they hunted by sight as much as by scent, would come out of their daytime dens before the dusk of night to look over the terrain.

Scene two followed with remorseless logic—that they would hunt of course upwind to follow whatever scents would come down to them.

George's heart froze within him at the appalling realisation of all the things that went with that picture. The breeze that had so refreshed him! It blew through this paradise grove from him toward the camp! The lions were therefore coming up between him and the camp!

He was prayerfully thankful that whatever he had of nerve could still think. He thought instantly of trees. Those lovely trees that grew so profusely around the pool. Great trees that pushed their roots deep into the moisture and waxed tall and strong.

He raced in and out among them to find a tree. And then the African irony of the gods pressed about him to stifle his breath again. Those splendid trees grew gratefully twenty feet from the ground before they ever put out a branch! Terrible trees, grey and repellent now in the fading light.

GEORGE thought of the water: that gleaming pool of reflections, long and so pictorially S-shaped. But he had learned that lesson for himself the first minute of his photographing. A great mossy log that had fallen at the precisely picturesque angle across his framed lure ground had looked cold eyes at him and sunk silently out of sight. A high moon taking over to make a glorious African night fit for the gods where the sun was leaving off showed him other logs that quietly sank as he scrambled along the pool's edge looking for something, for anything.

The thought of his rifle came belatedly, and with it another lesson crowded in on him like a cold paralysis. Lions of course would stalk their day seeing prey when the black moon-shadows favored their own eyes.

They were terrifyingly silent now. That is to say not, seeing their arrogant announcement to a trembling world that they were working cautiously upwind, great cats low bellied to the ground, merging from shadow to shadow. Only now and then the air thrummed to the ventriloquial rumble given with muzzle close to earth that had no direction but came from everywhere, at once.

A bush crackled to the forcing of a heavy body. George's spasmodic backward leap put him knee-deep in water. His spasmodic leap out sprawled him five feet up the bank. The bush parted. His breath hissed noisily from him and he received a vivid practical demonstration of how some of the rules of Africa worked.

It was only a young water buck, close enough in a moon patch to let George touch it. But the beast was oblivious to the man. Head high, eyes and nostrils distended, it jumped forward nervously back. That all-encompassing rumble confused it, could come from anywhere. In its panic the thing would run in any direction, perhaps exactly where a little shadow lay flat in another shadow. George prayed fervently that it would. It did not.

Continued on page 71

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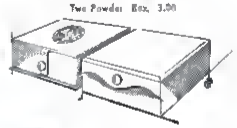
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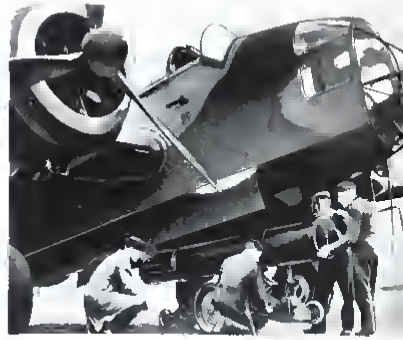
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Table for one

Neglected wives are often guilty of "ONE NEGLECT" that may destroy romance... "LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

IT WAS to have been a very special occasion. But those same familiar phone calls, "detained at the office!"

When a husband's love cools, the cause is often the wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. The intelligent, modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness.

You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine of intimate hygiene. Probably no other product is so widely used for feminine hygiene, for these important reasons:

1. Non-Caustic—"Lysol", in proper dilution is gentle, efficient, contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness**—Lysol has a powerful *germicide* active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) **3. Spreading**—"Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy**—Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor**—The pleasly mild odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability**—"Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



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"LYSOL" is Ideal Antiseptic for Cuts, Burns, All Minor Injuries!

Deadly infection often starts from the smallest cut or bruise. Be careful! use "Lysol" early in proper dilution as directed. "Lysol" recommended and used by doctors and hospitals everywhere is concentrated; used diluted it's amazingly economical. Keep "Lysol" in your home—always.

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SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
"LYSOL" Dept. H, 9 The Queensway, Toronto, Ontario.
Please send me booklet "Lysol" and Hygiene" which tells the many uses of "Lysol" for family and home use.
Name
Address

Continued from page 31

It sprang suddenly sideways crashed through a lacerating thorn bush left shreds of skin and hair

The rumble ceased. Listening. The whole jungle listened. George crouched at the pool edge listening with all his ears, straining his eyes into shadows. Every one of them monstrously moved—and remained just shadows. The one numb thought that remained in George's mind was that no man could hope to hear or see a cat in the dark.

It was then that the gods hit his naked soul alone to make its choice and show what kind of a man he was. Their opportunity came with a blast of brazen trumpets. A harsh command to all the jungle. The warning of the only creature for whom the king and his consort would give place.

George had heard the same thing before. He knew what it was. The lions had heard it often. They knew that the real master had scented their rank callousness and was angrily warning the jungle that it demanded room to take its drink in solitary leisure. They snarled their catty rage. It appalled George to know how close they had been.

The elephant trumpeted angrily again. The lions snarled protest but thank heaven—or the jungle gods—farther away.

Then came silence. Everything waiting.

Out of a silence astounding for its bulk the elephant stepped from the shadows a vast shadow itself. It stood still, so close that George could hear the wash of its great ears flapping forward and wide. He crouched like a part of the rock that sheltered him.

The lions had slunk far enough to raise their voices in short disciplined roars again. The elephant blew a huge windy breath and stepped ponderously out to the pool. It splashed in knee-deep.

Heart stoppingly close. Just across a little bay. Sixty feet, no more. In full moonlight. A superb shape of jungle might. It lifted its trunk to taste what scents were in the higher air.

George saw the moonlight white on a great sabre of a tusk. Only one! And then his heart stopped altogether.

His mind ruled loud! Face to face!

NOT ACROSS any sunlit glade as he had so often pictured the meeting through the many years. Not with a steady and experienced white hunter at his back. Alone. Man and beast. A long outstanding matter to settle between them. Alone with his spirit and the gods who watched to see what manner of man he was.

George didn't move. The fascination of a very small bird before a monstrous snake held him. Till utter need of breath asserted itself. The paralysis born of lions in the dark was ebbing from his limbs as his breath cautiously quivered back into his lungs. It was the sheer size of the beast that caught at his heart to make it miss its beats.

"A magnificent specimen!" George remembered Hunter Jim's exultation over that first meeting. On that occasion charging screaming across a sunlit glade it had been a monstrous thing of terror. But in repose—George thought that must be the explanation of his queer collectedness here—somehow not so terrifying.

It dipped its trunk to suck half a barrel of water and flung a cascade over its back. It dipped again and squirted down its throat. It dipped and splashed its legs. Its ears flapped its vast sides.

George was beginning to think again. His thought of his rifle. In the bright moon patch he could clearly see the vulnerable depression forward of the flapping ears.

"Hit im right an knock im slam." Hunter Jim's instruction took picture form in his brain. He visualized himself taking cautious aim. At that distance he couldn't miss. Not with all the rifle training he had acquired according to his lights. Eloquent. And his nerves were steadying down lest—the discomfited lions roared futilely and were farther away.

"Hit im and knock im. Because you never can tell. Nu prayers in a hurry."

He didn't move. Another picture caught and held him. The magnificent picture of that lordly brute. Its massive bulk, black in the white moonlight, marred only by the single gleaming tusk that was his father's fault. The very words took shape in his mind.

"Golly, what a picture!"

He didn't move.

But that situation could not last forever.

Hunter Jim's very last instruction came to him. "In the end it's up to each split-second thing you do yourself."

And on that he moved with all the caution he knew. He reached out his hands and felt in the dark for the machine with which he must do what he could do. With long waking motion after his tense freeze, his lips, too, moved to put physical shape if not breath to the words that he needed to convince himself that the thing he would do was right.

"Well, old boy, I guess chasing those lions about evens up the score."

The elephant's great ears picked up micro vibrations of sound like a detector for anti-aircraft. It swung its trunk high and poised so, towering superb.

To George E. Maynard, Jr., it looked like a salute. He lifted his machine, squinted quickly through the sights and pressed the trigger.

There was no thunderous report to announce death. There was only the soft click of a shutter and an immense glare of blinding white light to announce—the hope was a physical ache in George's breast—a masterpiece.

HUNTER JIM was right. "You never can tell what an old lion will do." This one was more startled by something it had never seen before than ever it had been in its life. It let out a squeal like a little pricked pig, wheeled and crashed mightily through the jungle.

George could hear the devastating diminuendo of its progress, could hear even the pound of its great feet in the plain beyond. The yells from the camp as it passed and hurt going.

Yells that came nearer till torches glinted through the trees. George's own fervent yells brought the camp boys to him. Their big white teeth grinned uncertainly from their black faces. One of them could speak English.

"We see big white light, sar, we know where you be."

George tried to be as nonchalant.

"I suppose you thought I was eaten up?"

The fellow grinned only the wider.

"Ooh no sar. Meshawa know when lion talk he say *Ewah!* Dangerous. Even when dem young *Bwana!* What lo now? That reason he don' know."

Old Meshawa didn't need to be told the story. With a torch he scuttled about and read it as it had been written in the tracks. His canny and revered wonderingly at George and chattered at him. The linguist boy translated.

He say by golly Dangerous forgive you family for you got understanding. He say that debt paid. Now you be safe in all jungles all time.

George didn't at all understand what he meant. But he knew now what it was that he wanted to do in the jungles—what he *Continued on page 36*

Change of Address

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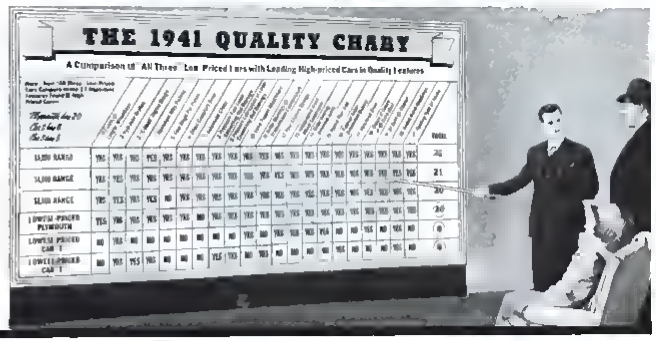
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You are invited to visit your nearest Chrysler Plymouth dealer! Check his 1941 Quality Chart—then take a famous Plymouth "Floating Ride"—let Plymouth *PROVE* its merits!



PLYMOUTH BUILT BY CHRYSLER

"You—*growing tea?* Harum-mph!" said the Major



1 I could have sworn I "It was only a lovely evening for a walk. Major. I felt the need of a cup of tea. By the way I—I like your garden very much indeed—and I wonder if you have any objection to my picking a single cup of tea?"



2 "Harum-mph!" said the Major. "Really my dear you can't grow tea satisfactorily in your climate—though you're quite right in believing the small, tender leaves make the best cup of tea. By the by—weren't we going for a bit of a stroll to your charming village?



3 We did—and it was loaded! In listening to his comments on our "apothecary's and draper's" and "fishmonger's," Suddenly he halted in front of the grocer's. "Hm!" he exclaimed. "Tender Leaf Tea! Isn't that what you've been trying so painfully to grow in your window?"



4 Later, when Jiff moved—the Major is his fabled uncle from India you know—when Jiff came home early I served tea made from my new purchase *Tender Leaf Tea*. Splendid, splendid!" the Major beamed after tasting it. "You see, here you live in the *midst* of mimosa young tea leaves! And I must mean all the way from India to pick them for you!"



Your grocer has Tender Leaf Brand Tea in 7- and 12-oz. packages—and in the new FILTER tea balls. Enjoy the finer flavor and fragrance of the choicest young tea leaves—today!

Blended and Packed in Canada

Listen in "Ovaltine's Family" on the CBC Network every Sunday

Continued from page 33

must do. He no longer scowled wandering about himself or what assets he had inherited from a successful business executive in a safe and sane country back home. The gods of Africa had shown him how few they were to pull to use here. They had let him find out alone with his spirit what manner of man he was. Old Moshawa's Dungumaro relenting because of his feeling for the wild things had taught him.

So it was not till half a year later that George came out of the jungles—safe burned like Hunter Jim nearly as black as old Moshawa—back to a sane and sane land.

His friends clustered around with excited eagerness, looking for their promised trophies, and George told them enthusiastically.

"I didn't shoot any trophies. I shot pictures.

The friendly were not so enthusiastic. It was the inevitable feminine, without any understanding who said:

"Smitty George? Feet too cold to be close enough?

George smiled slowly at her and didn't care a hoot. He said:

"Yeh, maybe that was the reason."

But old Steiffen the master who seldom wasted praise, when he saw the pictures, said:

"My boy these took skill and woodcraft—and a nerve that makes me shudder. That elephant shot for example. There ought to be quite some money in prints."

But George shook his head. "I'm not selling that one," he said. "I'm having Minsen sculpt a monument from it for dad's grave. In black granite painting like that and under it just the word—FAITH."

Old Steiffen nodded slowly. "Yes," he said. "I think I understand. That shot is a masterpiece."

George smiled at him wide open thrilled. He said:

"Thank you sir. That's worth all the trouble and the risk. That makes it fellow feel he's found his real job. It takes a lot more skill I mean downright hunting skill—to shoot with a camera than with a gun.

Maclean's Crossword Puzzle

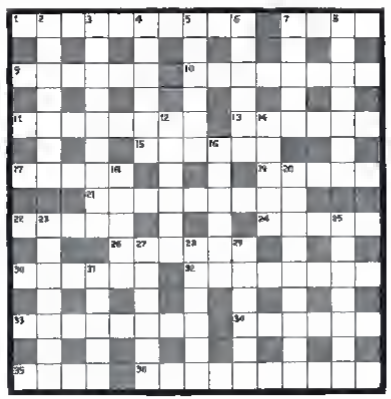
Across

1 This anthropoid ape has high intelligence
7 Violin
9 Rapid a friendly advance
10 Reduction allowed for cash
11 A cereal food made from durum wheat.
13 This is used mainly in road building.
15. A French dramatist whose works are classics.
17 Portions of land surrounded by water
18 A pretense to strike.
21 Just the same as it was
22 City and pleasure resort of Florida
24 Of a reddish hue.
26 Sudden frights.
30 An instrument made absolute by the piano.
32. Skilled worker with machinery
33. Japanese seaport.
34 Number of days in November
35. In this place
36. British army boots named after a national hero

Down

2. Political hangers-on
3 Large lamb
4 In every love — Cupid holds a pair
5 Bell at the heavens following the path of the sun
6 Flag carried by a ship to show her nationality
7 A large type of violin.
8. Preliminary cover for a portable in fixed light
12 Prophet who rebuked King David
14 Statesmen — often to their expert advisers
16. A.C.N.R. divisional point in Western Ontario
18. This bird's erratic flight makes it very hard to hit.
20 Systematic development of the intellectual and moral faculties.
21 Make better
25 Small vessel of the trawler type.
27 This the offensive
28. The shock of a blow
29 A rap of — he said Will send you warm to bed
31 The man who wears a tie puts a around his neck.

Solution of this puzzle on page 49



Everybody Loves a Station Wagon

Continued from page 9—Hints on pg. 7

"Same here," said Dudley. "Can I drop you off anywhere, Mr. Eberling? Only too glad."

Norma laughed. "Max only takes an elevator ride. His apartment is here in the building."

"Live near here, Peters?" asked Mr. Shevlin.

Dudley flushed. "Not far. Oh—and there's a possibility I have an engagement. I'll know when I look in my book. Could I call you back?"

Norma gave him their phone number and he gave his which was in the same telephone exchange. "And do come back in your station wagon!" she said in parting. "It would be fun if we all went burning blue dinner."

Exhilarated to the explosion point Dudley loped his station wagon and drove to his plant in Third Avenue. The telephone was ringing when he entered his apartment.

"Hello? Is this the residence of Mr. Dudley Peters?

"Peter speaking."

A brisk official voice rattled off something to the effect that in getting out the new phone directory they were checking phone numbers with street addresses. Dudley gave his street address, and hung up without suspecting he had been talking to Mr. Sheelin.

It wasn't his engagement book that Dudley had to see about, but his dinner clothes. He had sent his jacket with a cigarette burn in one of those places where they weave up holes so they don't show. The jacket hadn't come back. Then he'd have to wear his dress suit, a stitch had been in camphor since his sister's wedding, and in tails he felt like something trussed for roasting. But it was tails or regrets and only an insane guy would regret to a girl like Norma.

NEEDLESS to say young Mr. Peters was invited when he stopped out in the Shevlin forest in full banquet uniform as stiff as a length of drain pipe with a topper folded under his arm.

There was a smiling Filipino manifestation, he surrendered his topper and loped and strolled into the living room trying for Clark Gable aplomb and hoping he didn't smell of moth balls. Then Norma Shevlin came in. She kind of swam in, trailing a vast with a gentle knee action as a beauteous young lady seems to do when in a long evening gown. She and Dudley looked at each other across the room, and at Norma's new and intoxicating vistas. Dudley gasped: "Jee-ee-ee-perel"

From across the room he saw her strange color from forehead to bosom line in a blush that was like a fire fountain effect and then she came in him with both hands out and thanked him for not failing them. With a fumble and a bumble Dudley got off something polite and then she asked him if he could amuse himself for a few minutes and she went out.

She came upon her father just as he was kneeling a black tie, and in deference to Dudley she made him change to white tie and tails which he did under protest.

"You caught yourself a ballroom boy!" grumbled Mr. Shevlin. "I know the plum he lives. Those apartments always go cheap on account of the pet shop on the first floor."

"So you said before," said Norma calmly. "But he's nice, and I won't have his feelings hurt. Let me in that be."

"We can't use him. The station wagon sounded good but—"

"It registered with Mr. E!" said Norma triumphantly.

"How do we know? They may not have station wagons where Eberling comes from. May not mean a thing in him."

"He must have seen plenty since he's been here. Especially in this neighborhood."

Norma gave his tie a last little blow, and stood back. Mr. Shevlin scowled at himself in the glass and threw on his dress coat. "For what it's worth, I'll give station wagons a third at dinner."

"And so the Dudley Peters," said his daughter, "we'll just mark this down as a social leveraging and let it go at that."

Mr. Shevlin gave her one of his blued steel glances. "When haven't all the time in the world and business in business?"

"I kind of like the guy," said Norma simply.

"Then get rid of him!"

When she returned to the living room with her father, Dudley was chatting with Mr. Eberling, who wore a dinner coat of foreign cut and a white collar that was a tube. With full intent and even pride Dudley was describing to Mr. Eberling the superb mechanized forces with which New York City fights the winter snow and he went in lyric style to the magnificent apparatus used for transporting the garbage and other discarded trivia of the great city.

"Dinner is served," said a guy Dudley hadn't noticed before, and there was a butler from the book and as it happened the best butler ever to reach over Dudley's left elbow.

That dinner was something. Dudley didn't notice what he ate and drank. He was too busy absorbing Norma Shevlin. Before he had studied only her more important charms. Now he noticed that she was crusted blazing with jewels and a rough estimate of their worth made him feel faint.

Dinner was almost over before the talk got around to station wagons and it was not Mr. Shevlin but Mr. Eberling who brought up the subject. Turning to Dudley with a warm smile he said: "So you live in the country and the city, too? Tell me—what is it with these station wagons? I see them always around those fine apartments and these wagons give always on the rides the name of a brook or valley or a farm on a hill. Does one always have such an estate to burrow in with?"

"Oh, let me explain!" said Norma.

"I'll do it," said her father. "Miss the station wagon is the most American vehicle since the covered wagon drawn by oxen. It is the most emocent, snobbish, honest, humble, aristocratic thing we have on wheels."

All these things at once? asked Mr. Eberling puzzled.

Mr. Shevlin nodded. "American paradox. Now you can go anywhere in the city in the country with a station wagon."

He smiled at Dudley—who was beginning to wish he had bought a snappy but honest jalopy—and he went on. "Even in the tough traffic cops seem to have a friendly smile for a station wagon especially with the name of the owner's estate on it. In fact they always seem to have the right of way because—"

"Everybody loves a station wagon!" Norma interrupted.

"That's right," said Mr. Shevlin. "And the station wagon holds its youth and beauty longer than—"

Dudley laughed. "But oh boy do they look swampy when they start to go to pieces!"

Mr. Eberling regarded Dudley with interest and respect as though Dudley had come out with a fact hitherto unknown to the automotive world. Then Norma got up and they all moved into the living room.

"Speaking of station wagons," said Norma. "Dudley has his downstairs. How about a flying tour of his town before they blow out the lights. What do you say, Max?"

Mr. Eberling shook his head. "Sorry

Miss Norah Lewis

The blond beauty of this lovely debutante has made a start in Ottawa's social circles. To keep her rose petal skin as you do—she takes a Woodbury facial. Says Norah: "I just rub my rich lather on. Woodbury Soap makes it creamy. Then a quick cold rinse carries off all soil—and my complexion feels gloriously smooth."



What gives Debs Date Appeal? This Woodbury Facial Cocktail

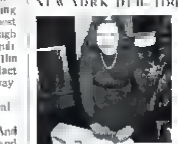
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American Society Commentator says

"If you'd turn temptress, I commend you to this beauty trick. Serves buds fine! Thins pore drain fatigue with. Woodbury Soap scores. Hit Lorraine-Angelus from eligible beaux."

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NEW YORK DEB. TOO—KEEPS BEAUTY BRIGHT WITH WOODBURY



Lucille Lund of Mary Stuart, famous N.Y. school, designer of clever tea hats, adds dates.



Wood Hall, Soph. Wellesley, flatters different types in

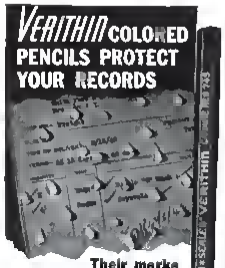


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By taking Alka-Seltzer "the night before" you can very often avoid the distress of "the morning after". Try it!

but I have no heart for it. As you know, I go about but little."

Why don't you and Dudley go?" asked Mr Shevlin. "Max and I'll have a game of bezique. How about it, Max?"

Mr Eberling hesitated. "Well, if you like—" he said politely.

AND THAT'S when intuition rang a warning for Dudley Peters. He took a quirk look at Mr Shevlin, a fine figure in full dress with grey hair and a ruddy face that should have been a hearty, honest one. But Mr Shevlin's eyes, at the moment, were hot grapes, and thin words, "Old rascal!" flashed through Dudley's mind.

Norma went away to prepare for the expedition. Mr Shevlin was kissing with a shaded light over the game table where the red-headed girl had been playing back gammon and Dudley felt sorry for Mr Eberling a little about to be shorn.

"Mr Shevlin's nothing but a gambler on a big scale," thought Dudley. "He should be ashamed to pick on Mr Eberling. I don't care if he is a wealthy refugee from the other side!"

As far Norma, Dudley wouldn't let himself think where she fitted into the picture. Now he ignored all the little circumstantial evidences including their unconventional meeting and as he waited for her his heart was rapping his dress shirt in gallop time.

It stopped for five beats when she came back because she was hugging herself in the Chinese manner in a long black evening wrap that covered her from slippers to hair-do and her rosy smiling face framed in a fur collar was almost too much for him.

They left Mr Eberling and Mr Shevlin with the speed and complete abandon of young folk on pleasure bent. In the downstairs foyer several gentlemen took off high-priced high hats to Norma, and one a young chap in black with a face as expressionless as a ladle of lard doffed a derby.

"Max Eberling's the value," Norma explained. "Why do those fellows always make up as Second Grave Diggers?"

"Oh, I suppose they wear what the masters cast off," said Dudley who had read this somewhere.

Making sure of the thin roll of bills which was his recreation fund for capitalist until payday, in fact the whole Dudley flung with the door of his Fantasy Farm barouche.

"Where to, your majesty?"

He named some spots where the cover charge and even a modest choice from the menu would eat him up, wages and all.

Norma pursed her lips. "The Village," she said haughty.

"Aw, we can do better than that with our limit!" said Dudley, while one of his little voices shouted "Shut up, you fool! She's trying to save you dough—and the Village will hit you out sooner than any of these ritzy dumps!"

How about one of the Fifty-Second Street spots?" he persisted with the vanity and value all he years.

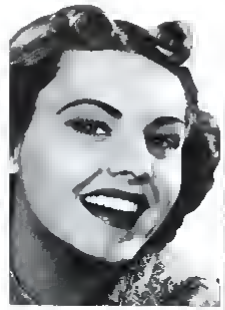
"The Village," said Norma firmly.

To Greenwich Village they went. In a noisy night club, they drew a wall seat. They ordered they danced and when they got back to the table, after Dudley had held Norma in the embrace incidental to the dance, he was gone, he was numb, he had lost his status as a free male, and whatever happened he'd have to exist as her vassal, and he knew it and didn't care.

Hello, hello, hello!" said a big fat faced oily fellow with a little moustache and the complete assurance of the modern young artist everywhere. His words were for Dudley, his eyes were for Norma.

"Old Stutters Wigon Peters, in person! I am having a one-man show, S.W. and some of my canvases am rather large. I could use a bit of transportation, what I mean—"

As he spoke, he tried to draw out the chair that faced their wall table. Dudley clamped onto the chair rungs with both feet. In conference," he said unrallingly,



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and after a brief tussle for the chair the fellow gave it up and drifted off.

Excuse me a moment," said Norma and got up with her purse.

In a phone booth she dialled the number of the Shevlin apartment, and presently heard her father's guarded voice.

Get rid of Peters yet?"

Oh now, daddy,— What about Mr E? I've still got him in that card game but I think he's shaving off. Just a hunch. I don't know when. Thought at tomorrow. And I haven't got to first base with him yet.—

I'll come right away daddy. But Dudley's so darling—

Chu hua! Cut him off with no loose ends! Get back here!"

Norma hung up slowly. 'Oh, darn!' she murmured and went back to Dudley with an old old excuse.

'Oh, what a shame,' said Dudley. 'Come on all of a sudden?'

Norma gathered purse and gloves touched her forehead and frowned. 'Stupid am I?'

Maybe we could get something for it on the way." he said hopefully as his hell her wrap. "I never have headaches myself but I guess they must be fierce.

They rode across town in silence and turned up Fourth Avenue. Presently he ventured. 'Norma, make your head ache mean if I talk to you?'

'Of course not, Dudley. Fire away.'

"You doing anything tomorrow? I mean, could we get together some time during the day or the evening?"

'Afraid not, Dudley,' she said softly. 'This is hail and farewell. After tonight—blackout.'

"Why, Norma! That's awful! Why, that's unc vitaed!

It does seem silly—but that's the way it is.

Is there — is anything wrong — at home?'

What?' she said quickly. 'Why, no. No, of course not.

Look, Norma, there's something I got to air out, and I don't mean this dress suit. I mean I don't feel humble or servile or anything but the honest truth is—I haven't any Fantasy Farm."

"Why, Dudley!" she said, burying a friendly smile in her fur collar.

IN HIS anxiety to tell all before he ran out of courage, he stepped on the gas, and he sped up his words. I do want a little farm of my own, some day, and I'd choose to buy this wagon first I got a right to, haven't I? Besides, I don't do myself any harm climbing out of this rig when I'm soliciting business,—because it's a fact, and you're a shame, but people will always do more for a guy if they think he has property.'

Really?' said Norma, burying another smile.

You'd be surprised," said Dudley latterly. 'Anyway this is my wagon, all paid up, and I own in a little a 5-cl over a real shop where the dogs back off night. And I work for a living in the insurance business.'

She said "Pull over. Stop a moment."

When he had stopped the car Dudley got the shock of his life. Norma Shevlin put an arm around his neck, kissed him full on the lips, and before his could cooperate in the embrace she was at the far end of a seat for three. 'Now step on it, please, Dudley.'

Driving by remote control from the dream world Dudley headed up Park Avenue over to First, and over to Sutton.

But Norma—" his soul as she got out.

"That will, Dudley. That's all there is. Now drive off as though you'd never seen me."

Yeah. Try and do it.'

'And please don't call me up.' She closed the door between them. "Shall I tell you something?

Well, what?' he asked miserably.

I still have your telephone number!"

Then she turned and sped under the canopy and the last he saw of her was a pair of silver heels flashing under her wrap.

At two in the morning, young Dudley Peters was still walking around his apartment in shorts, socks and slippers, with a robe dangling from his shoulders. Downstairs, a melancholy Azeline was mourning through the muted aperture of his jowls for the social leadership his family had lost to the Sostties, the Pekes and the spaniels.

When the telephone rang, Dudley maimed himself on a chair and finished his sprint with a limp. Norma had relented! Only she hadn't. A strange masculine voice asked softly:

Is this Mr. Peters, of Fantasy Farm?

'Speaking.'

Just a moment. Mr. Eberling will speak.'

Then came the low heavy voice of Mr. Eberling. 'Mr. Peters, could I ask of you a very great favor?'

Of course. At your service.

I can explain when we meet, but I find myself in an awkward social predicament, and it would seem expedient to go away quietly—without disturbing—er—recent friends.'

"I understand," said Dudley.

Mr. Shevlin was a gambler, and he had Mr. Eberling in his clutches! And Mr. Eberling had decided to absorb his losses to date and go away quietly! This was fine, this was swell! With his victim out of the way, maybe Mr. Shevlin could be disarmed of his cards and clups.

I'll be right over," said Dudley. 'Give me ten minutes to dress and get my car!'

'Splendid of you,' said Mr. Eberling. 'I'll meet you at the corner of Sutton Place and Fifty-Eighth Street.'

Dudley got into a business suit and jammed on a felt hat. As he was leaving his apartment he stopped thought, and went to his desk and wrote a note:

'Norma dearest,

I understand perfectly. I just want you to know you can always count on me. But I'm giving you warning—if you don't use my phone number I'll soon use yours!

Your sincere friend, and it's no baloney to say devoted admirer,

Dudley.'

He addressed an envelope stuck in the note and dashed out of his apartment. Because he felt it might sustain Norma if she were having a sleepless night of anguish about her evil old man, Dudley did not drive directly to his rendezvous with Mr. Eberling. He drove to the Shevlin apartment house.

A liveried doorman advanced to the mouth of the canopy. Dudley gave him the envelope and half a dollar. "If it isn't too late, I should like Miss Shevlin to have this tonight. Otherwise, the first thing in the morning.'

As the doorman started to speak, Dudley shot away. At the corner of Fifty-Eighth there was no one waiting. Then farther down the street, where it was darker, two figures emerged from the shadows. Mr. Eberling and the expression-

Solution of the crossword puzzle on page 36



less fellow who was his valet. Both were in plain suits, with lolded topcoats over their arms, and no luggage.

"This is charming of you, Mr. Peters," said Mr. Eberling and in an instant he and his man were in the car. Mr. Eberling in front with Dudley, and the valet behind.

"Pleasure's mine," said Dudley. 'Where do you wish to go?'

"First, the Yankee Bus Terminal if you please.'

DUDLEY drove downtown, across Broadway, and over near Eighth Avenue to the bus terminal.

"An excellent place to park," said Mr. Eberling, pointing to a spot beyond the terminal and on the opposite side of the street. He took something from his wallet. "My dear young friend—would you be so kind? You am more familiar with the procedure—would you bring me a value which is checked here?

Dudley waved the money away, but Mr. Eberling insisted. In taking it. Leaving the two in the station wagon Dudley crossed the street and went into the terminal.

The hour was late, there were only a few people and a cop standing around and Dudley didn't know if the checkroom would be open, but it was.

The attendant took the check and was gone several minutes. When he came back, he hoisted to the counter a new suitcase in a striped canvas cover. "Thought this would grow to the shell. It's been here so long. This is going to cost you a lot of dimes, brother. Let's see now—"

Dudley took the bag and the change back to the station wagon. The bag wasn't heavy. Not much more than its own weight. Dudley was thinking as he opened the door and thrust in the bag.

Instantly it was seized by Mr. Eberling, and passed to the valet in the rear. "Now where to?" asked Dudley.

West Side Express Highway," said the valet, in a heavy voice surprising in one with such a pasty face.

Dudley drove to ward Eleventh Avenue. Let me think—where's the best place to get up on the highway? You want to head up town or down?

"You are the best judge of that," said Mr. Eberling.

"I don't know that I understand," said Dudley.

"We are going to your country villa," said Mr. Eberling shaving something hard into Dudley's side at the same moment that the valet shoved something against his back.

Dudley believed the hard objects to be pistols, but at the moment his embarrassment wasn't so much one of firearms as of real estate. "But I have no villa," he said, trying for a light laugh and looking straight ahead. "No villa, no estate—

You have no estate?" asked Mr. Eberling in hurt surprise.

It's just a gag—a name painted on the car.

"Then we shall drive out in the country and in the morning you shall acquire a small villa by lease for us!'

Suddenly Dudley was angry. 'What is this a holdup? I'll have you guys know we've got a lot of cops in this town.'

Mr. Eberling laughed quietly. "There'll be no trouble. Everybody loves a station wagon, you see, or was it the Shevlins? Continue on my young friend and the least signal from you will be your last.'

"Station wagons!" thought Dudley. 'Why didn't I buy a jeep!

Faster," said the valet in back.

All right," said Dudley, enraged, and he stepped on the gas.

What made him so angry he had just realized he had leaped to conclusions about Mr. Shevlin mussed and came down in a mess. It was all very stupid rolling through tenement streets, quiet at this hour with few pedestrians, and here and there a corner coffeepot lighted up and taxi drivers outside picking their teeth while a couple of foreign guys with guns



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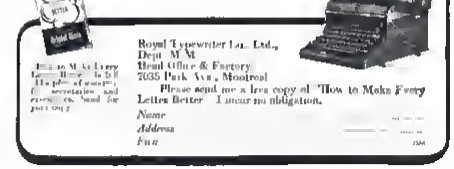
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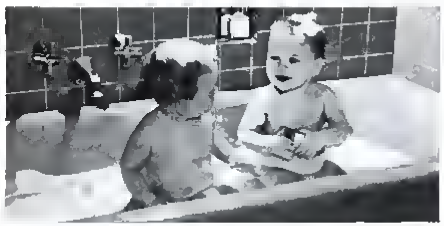




Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our nasty little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too Sneering at the cook complaining about the service. I almost choked him with my spoon.



By bath-time I'd decided — out more pep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder... "Downy-soft Johnson's — just what I've been needing! Cauliflowers around this house are not so bad as I thought."

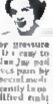


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hold you where to get and how fast, in your own station wagon."

This is the note! Dudley suddenly decided.

He forced his car to its best speed and they rocketed over the cobbles of Eleventh Avenue with the elevated structure of the Express Highway to their left and plenty of room in front, going as fast as they wanted to and no questions asked. Once up on that highway he'd be sunk. But Dudley didn't expect to mount to the highway when they came to the ramps. He hoped to be pinched for speeding down here on Eleventh Avenue. Only he didn't get pinched and he was getting nearer to the ramps.

Then he braced himself for the supreme sacrifice — the doom of his beloved station wagon. He put the throttle behind hard and swung the wheel. They sideswiped a lamp post. There is no sound quite like that of a station wagon in a crash and no wreck quite so comical to behold. In an instant, Dudley's fine Fantasy Iacocca wagon was a mound of metal, glass and splinters, the lamp post snapped and hill and the frosted glass shade and a bulb of high wattage burst on the cobbles.

At the moment of impact Dudley had ducked. He sank up against the wheel hard... and at the same time he got a blow on the back that wasn't being hit by a log. It was a plank. That was the valet driving the back of the seat against him. It knocked the wind out of Dudley.

As he gasped for breath and sent conquering impulses through himself to see if there were broken or contusioned he saw Mr. Eberling climb out of the wreckage. Then the groggy valet staggered to it with the bag. It was dark now, on that corner without the street lamps but Dudley could see the gleam of the revolvers held by the two as they were deciding which way to run.

Two taxicabs came to a screeching stop. Mr. Shevlin leaped out of the first one with something in his hand that looked like a cigar with a loop on it. He dived and like a man mowing brush he made a sweep, striking the valet and Mr. Eberling on the knees with a blackjack. Their guns went clattering, their moans filled the air, their resistance was gone.

FROM the second taxicab came Norma Shevlin still in evening clothes. She rushed to the wreck and grabbed Dudley by both arms. "Are you hurt, Dudley? Are you all right, Dudley?"

"Big-eyed evening," Norma," said Dudley.

There was a scream borrowed from the sawmill for radio-car use. A white-tipped raincoat sat up and two cops got out, reaching for their guns and demanding "What's all this?"

"Make the punch officers," said Mr. Shevlin flashing a card. "These birds turn hotel and apartment thieves!"

Mr. Eberling—using his knees much protest. "I am but a refugee."

"Refugee, shanning that from Vienna," said Mr. Shevlin. "You all right, Peters?"

"Sure," said Dudley, still unscarred in the wreckage, but with Norma's arms around him. "But this didn't work out the way I thought it would. I didn't know Mr. Eberling was a crook."

"Look here once," said Mr. Shevlin yanking open the suitcase. It was stuffed with tissue-wrapped packets. "The first one he opened had diamond earrings in it. No wonder the bag wasn't heavy. It didn't have to be, with a load of carats.

Soon the place was swarming with white-topped cars and cops, and one cop wanted to smell Dudley's breath in re the wrecked station wagon. The boss cop said that everybody had to go to the precinct station.

Mr. Eberling, the valet, a cop, Mr. Shevlin and the balloon-domed guest of the party who must have come with Mr. Shevlin got into one taxicab. Norma, Dudley and a cop took the other and a radio car led the parade.



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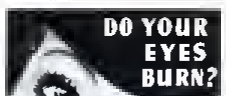
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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Dudley put his arm around Norma as though it were she who had been in the wreck. "You a detective too Norma?" he asked.

Their cop grinned. Norma made a face at him and lowered her voice to Dudley.

I help father out now and then. Those people in the party were all from father's agency. We were hired by the manager of the apartment house when he got suspicious of Max. We tried to act the part of fairy tenants— She pressed Dudley's hand. Why I even tried to make Max think you were a friend with a big estate! We couldn't make a move against Max until we were sure. It was what we call a rope job—"

"Haw haw haw!" said their cop, in no many words.

"Shut up, cop!" said Norma and returned to Dudley. "I mean we had to engrail ourselves with Max and whispered he would steal my jewels, but himself have known that were genuine stones— She stopped abruptly. But there's a reward Dudley! Don't let father get you out of your share."

Reward? What for?"

"That suitcase of jewels! We didn't know where Max Eberling had checked it. They were from robberies in Miami—"

Then cop started up. Is Max Eberling this Moe Eberhardt we been looking for in the bus terminals and check rooms? He is? OW OO-oo! What a reward! And I missed it!

"Haw haw haw!" said Norma.

Said Dudley. "Norma I wrote you a note—"

Shi pressed his hand. I got it! Father followed you and I followed father. Max and his valet slipped out past us, but father had a bunch and we were right behind you at the bus station—but Dudley! Your beautiful station wagon!"

Dudley grinned ruefully. "Being in the business I forgot to insure it. Anyway it was a sap to have the name of a phony farm painted on it."

"Nothing of the sort. I love this name! We I—I mean—"

"Here's the precinct station," and then taxi-driver who had scanned his back, listening in.

They got out. The other taxicab was at the curb and main cars were parked all along. As cops marched the arrested men up the station steps, Mr. Shevlin—who was carrying the bag, dropped back to speak to Norma.

For all our smart work posing as society people we didn't feel Eberling. Know what he called us? A couple of parachutists! But here's the payoff — Mr. Shevlin grinned at Dudley. "Eberling says you are a true gentleman! Hah hah!

Said Norma Shevlin to her father. "Here's something else that's funny—the cost of a new station wagon goes on the expense account. And we—I—I mean Dudley has his share of the reward cut marked for a little farm in West Chester—"

Dutchess County!" said Dudley.

"Dutchess County" said Norma.

Then said Mr. Shevlin and they all marched into the precinct station.

Spy Against the Reich

Continued from page 7 —Story on page 40

was undergoing a careful scrutiny by a number of uniformed and plain-clothes men and made his way by an indirect route to the address Fran Kraus had given him.

To his surprise this proved to be a small underground café not far from the Haupt strasse. He entered and sat at a table. There were no more than a dozen people present and those who were sat silent, spoke in quiet tones to one another as if they feared to be overheard.

Fenton ordered some tea and the best brew that this place could produce under the stringent rationing and while he ate he kept his eyes open. He made the meal last as long as possible but finally he was forced to pay his bill and leave. He had watched his signs which an experienced agent would expect if anybody was attempting to make contact with him, but he had seen nothing.

He walked through the streets, noting their unusual quietness and the scarcity of motor traffic, and after two hours had elapsed he returned to the café. There were still a few customers, but he did not recognize one as having been there before. Once more he went away disappointed. A midday meal at the same place produced no better result although he noticed several people who had been there at his first visit. He watched them closely but none of them showed the faintest interest in him.

In an anxious frame of mind he returned again in the evening, though he had difficulty in finding his way in the blackout. The inside of the café was stifling and rank with the smoke of bad tobacco. It was not easy to see people clearly in that thick atmosphere dimly lit by heavily shaded lamps. He picked out two fat men who had been there at midday and were now engaged in playing dominoes, and a third man, a pale individual with a blue chin whose face was buried in a newspaper. But there were others in the shadows at the far end of the room whose features he was unable to distinguish. Once or twice he heard snatches of inhuman laughter which seemed to indicate that all Germans were not depressed by the war atmosphere.

Fenton decided that the only thing to do was to remain until something happened or everybody was turned out at closing time. He drank his beer slowly, for it was not sufficiently palatable for anyone to wish to drink large quantities and read the newspapers. If they could be believed the war was going badly from England's point of view. All the time he was alert and watching for the least sign which might tell him that he had made contact.

People passed in and out during the evening but not one did anything to raise Fenton's hopes.

Just before eleven o'clock a woman came from the far end of the café and walked quickly toward the stairs. Fenton had not seen her previously for she had been hidden in the shadows and he watched her carefully.

She passed his table without a glance but as she reached the stairs something fell from her handbag. Fenton rose immediately but although he rolled out of his chair already vanished through the doorway. He picked up the slip of pasteboard and instinctively glanced at it. With a mixed feeling of surprise and relief he saw that it was a ticket for Essen.

BEFORE Fenton could move the woman suddenly re-entered the café in her haste almost running into him. Their eyes met. Then with a smile Fenton held out the ticket.

"I think you dropped this," he said quietly, although he was aware of an intense feeling of excitement.

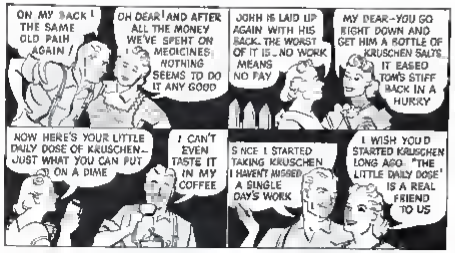
She fumbled with her handbag for a moment.

"Yes some instinct told me I had mislaid it. I must not lose that. It is my ticket to Essen."

Fenton looked at her fixedly. "I also had a ticket to Essen."

The woman thanked him and as she bent over her handbag to replace the slip of pasteboard she murmured: "Come out





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to a few minutes. Turn left and after walking twenty paces stumble."

Fenton clicked his heels and bowed as the amiled *good by*.

He allowed ten minutes to elapse before he followed. In the darkness of the silent street he turned left walked twenty paces and stumbled deliberately. A vague shadow detached itself from a shop doorway and a hand did through his arm.

"Come" said the woman's voice.

They walked through several streets in silence and darkness until presently the woman led him into a large block of flats. He followed her up the stone steps to the third floor where they passed through a narrow hall into a comfortable sitting room. The woman lit two stumps of candle and by the feeble rays he could see that she was smiling.

"The electric light is turned off early but I have a small and valuable supply of candles. You cannot buy them in the shops now."

She waved Fenton to a comfortable settee and tossed her hat into a chair.

"Keep your coat on" she advised as she sat beside him. "You will find it warmer. Fuel is scarce."

Fenton looking at her in the dim light of the candles...found a pair of brown eyes watching him steadily from beneath level brows. Her pale face was framed in straight black hair cut very short, and bore a strange intense expression which intrigued him.

After studying him closely for some moments she spoke five words which startled him more than anything since he had been taken prisoner.

"So you are Lawrence Fenton."

Despite the fact that he knew that Sir George Fawley's agents must be trying to get into touch with him, it was unnerving to be told his real name by a German woman in the heart of Berlin. He frowned and looked puzzled.

"That is a strange name. I am Heinrich Hagen."

The woman smiled. "To others perhaps, but I know different. For I had my orders, and it was I who instructed the Polish organization to get in touch with you. The ticket to Essen was the passport which brought you here. You arrived at nine o'clock...and four times you called at Altmann's Cafe. I was watching, but I had to be sure, and in any case it was dangerous to be seen with you or to bring you here until after dark. You answer the description I was given, if allowances are made for the hardships you have experienced, and for your shaven head. There should of course be a monocle."

"I dare not wear that here," grinned Fenton, for it was obviously useless to deny his identity any longer. "Your name is?"

"Greta Mayer. S. Zwes und-Zwanzig—G.F.Alt. And now I have a message for you."

Fenton smiled contentedly for no one other than a special British agent would have used that identification formula. The girl vanished for a few moments into the bedroom which opened off the sitting room. On her return she handed Fenton two small slips of paper.

"These were sent to you from London quite a while ago."

Fenton guessed who had sent them. He took the slips curiously. One bore the words and figures. Isaiah liv. 17 and as he turned it over he saw an Ur Bock a rough sketch of a monkey with its hands pressed over its eyes. He recognized it as the animal which represents "I see no evil" in the famous Eastern allegorical group of the Three Good Monkeys. On the other slip was the actual quotation from the Book of Isaiah. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in shall condemn." Fenton made a mental note to check the accuracy of the quotation as soon as he could get hold of a Bible.

In spite of the fact that he was tired from his long journey and the anxiety of



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establishing contact at Altmann's Cafe, it did not take him long to interpret the meaning hidden in the quotation.

"No weapon that is formed against thee..." he murmured, nodding his head slowly. "It's pretty obvious isn't it?"

Greta Mayer agreed. There have been rumors for a long time that a secret weapon is being prepared, the use of which will bring the war to such an abrupt conclusion that the Nazis will be able to dictate their own terms of peace. But what that weapon is, it is exists at all no one knows.

"Someone must," said Fenton and added meaningly, "We must."

"But how? Where do we start?"

Fenton smiled. "Only time will tell us that."

MEANWHILE he was making the closest possible scrutiny of the apparently childish drawing of a monkey upon the back of the reference to the Book of Isaiah. Greta remained discreetly silent, but her eyes never left his features.

Hum" said Fenton thoughtfully, after a long pause. "This grows interesting. If one happens to be well acquainted with the Eastern Trinity of Good Monkeys, Invariably the entire monkey of each group has his eyes completely covered with his hands *to prevent him from seeing any evil*. But the beast that is drawn here seems to have deliberately parted his fingers to see whatever is going on. Now as I—"

"Don't tell me!" cried Greta. "Let me see if I can work it out myself."

"Go ahead then" grinned Fenton.

Right! The brief appreciation that came with the two slips of paper indicated that the monkey reference slip had been received in London at SHQ and obviously S.I.A.I. is of the opinion that it emanated from Germany, as has reference to something happening here. Equally obviously it was not sent by one of our own agents, or there would be orders for you or me to make immediate contact."

"And so?" queried Fenton. Greta Mayer paused frowning thoughtfully.

"Might the right interpretation of the will know a monkey mean the suggested slowly. "But England has a well wisher in the Reich who without arousing suspicion has detected some evil thing—for instance the secret weapon? Don't you think the quotation contains a hint that the secret weapon will not be nearly so formidable as the Nazis would like the British to believe?"

"And the tongues which we are to condemn?"

"I should say that is meant as a hint from someone right in the know that not the slightest notice should be paid to Goebbels' propaganda."

"That's clever" approved Fenton, "and provides a good enough hypothesis to begin on. Goebbels' bunk won't deceive many people."

Sir George Fawley would have smiled happily could he have listened to that conversation. He prided himself upon a fortunate facility for selecting the very best subordinates and here were Stella, Greta and Lawrie all striving practically all the same conclusion as to an important clue which had come into his possession.

Lawrie slept that night upon the settee refusing to turn Greta out of her bed. The following day she gave him a brief survey of wartime life in Berlin so that he might know what to expect when he ventured out. He learned something also of her personal history.

As a cover for her espionage activities she practiced decorative art inventing designs for wallpaper and cretonne and painting lamp shades. Since the war she had sold very little, but as espionage had made her independent of her art that did not matter.

Fenton learned something also of the tragedy of the girl whose English mother had been married to a German Jew. Frau Mayer had died when Greta was but four teen and in the terrible years of ever increasing persecution Esther and daughter had grown into an understanding comradeship made beautiful by self-sacrifice and sealed by the love they bore the dead woman.

Hoping always for the break-up of the Nazi regime and the salvation of the fortune he wished to leave to his only child Adam Mayer had stayed doggedly on in Germany when salvation for people of his race was to be found only in penniless flight to lands upon which the shadow of the Swastika had not fallen.

Even after narrowly escaping several of the anti Semitic drives organized by this arch-sadist Julius Streicher Mayer had refused to believe that he could not save at least some part of his fortune since he had been decorated with the Iron Cross (Second Class) for front line service in the Great War.

Enlightenment came with arrest and incarceration in the dreaded concentration camp at Dachau.

British people friends of her mother's, had provided Greta with a home and as Hitler at that time was still apparently waging for British friendship she was allowed to remain in their care. For her father however, there was nothing that they or she could do. Then had come a semi-official bluntly worded statement that Adam Mayer had succumbed to pneumonia.

Greta shed no tears could she have cried she might have suffered less. For two days she refused to unlock the door of her room but on the third day she was persuaded to eat, and the next day she left the home of her English friends.

Her almost Oriental mood of mourning passed and with it every vestige of her former life except an abiding love and loyalty to the memory of her parents. But something else had come into her being. It was an equally abiding hatred of those Germans who had made an outcast of her father and then killed him.

In the circumstances it was not surprising that, when approached by a certain person she had met in the house of her English friends, she had eagerly agreed to enter the Secret Service of her mother's country.

The thing that clinched her determination to be done with Nazi Germany forever was the story told by the British agent who recruited her in the manner of her father's death. Adam Mayer had developed pneumonia simply because after a severe flogging he had been bound naked to a post for nine hours while a strong stream of icy water had beaten pitilessly upon his unprotected body.

SIR GEORGE FAWLEY thought Fenton after he had heard the story was well served by his agents who had secured for him a valuable recruit in Greta Mayer. Her open and innocent occupation in commercial art had not yet interested the Gestapo, despite the circumstance that her parentage was partly non-Aryan and partly English.

When Fenton commented upon this Greta merely shrugged her shoulders.

"The war has made them busy but sooner or later they will remember me and then—"

"And then?" queried Lawrie.

"What does it matter? What is important at the moment is to find for you a new identity so that you may begin your search for information concerning the secret weapon. That I have arranged."

"What another new name?" cried Fenton, in mock despair. *Gott in Himmel!* I shall end up by unpersonating Goering or Goebbels if I am not careful."

Rather that than biting the carpet or blowing your nose on the curtains like a certain other person. *Vein mein liebchen* you are to be a student of science who has been passed unfit for military service. You need have no misgivings for in those days, when one's personal papers are of the first importance, there is a big traffic in forged documents. A high art it is demanded by cast-off cards of identity, ration books and so on."

Forgeries are pretty easily unmasked as a rule," Fenton protested.

"Do not worry," came the instant

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unsweet you will have the papers of a real person who officially is still living.

But who in reality is dead? Is that the layout?

Greta smothered a sob and kept her head averted as she breathed a muffled "Yes."

Lawrie realized her distress, and was moved. If this tragic girl was destined to suffer the loss of all those whom she loved He would have spared her further questions had that been possible, but a person engaged in espionage cannot be tenderhearted and it was vital to him to know exactly where he stood. He had moreover a very high opinion of German thoroughness.

"But surely," he said, "someone must know of your friend's death and anyway, his papers could be easily checked and traced."

Greta shook her head. "You need have no fear. Otto Hirschfeld died in a small town far away from Berlin and his body will not be found."

To Fenton that statement suggested that the man whose identity he was to assume had either committed suicide or been murdered. But if not one save Greta knew of his death that rather ruled out the latter alternative.

Why did Hirschfeld die?" he asked, despite his reluctance to press a matter which was obviously causing the girl acute distress.

"The greatest friend who was also strongly anti-Nazi," she answered, was named Hans Erhardt. He is an inventive genius of very violent passions and talked openly of his hatred of Hitlerism. He was, of course, arrested and sent to a concentration camp.

Although Otto had given the anthracites no cause to suspect him I think that the arrest of his friend and his own dread of imprisonment preyed on his mind. You see, he was very sensitive. The prospect of a living death in a concentration camp terrified him, and so he took his life when his mind was unhinged."

She still spoke with head averted but Fenton saw that tears were stealing down the curve of her cheek. Presently she rose, crossed to a corner of the room, and knelt down.

"I cannot pull up that corner of the carpet," she said after a moment, and was at once joined by Fenton. His strength overcame the stubborn carpet nails, and under Greta's direction he prised up a short length of floor board.

Greta, now flat on her face inserted an arm up to the shoulder into the opening and drew out a packet containing the papers of Otto Hirschfeld.

She watched Fenton with a peculiarly expectant look as he went through the documents. A smile moved her lips and a flash mounted to her cheeks as her hacked suddenly at a slip on which was written Isaiah liv 15.

Yes," she said. "I've been wondering about that reference. The other papers I've answered from London."

Have you a Bible?" asked Fenton eagerly.

Yes. An ancient English Bible that was my mother's."

It was quickly fetched and together they scanned the pages, before Fenton exclaimed: "Here we are. Isaiah liv verses 11 and 15." Then he read slowly:

"Oh, as many were astonied at thee (thy visage was so marred more than any man and his form more than the sons of men) so shall he sprinkle many nations. Kings shall shut their mouths at him: for that which had not been told them shall they see: and that which they had not heard shall they understand."

FOR A moment there was dead silence while the significance of the quotation and the magnitude of its probable implication dawned slowly upon them. It was Greta who spoke first.

My lord!" she whispered. "Otto must told me that his friend Erhardt was terribly crippled by an explosion which also marred his features so horribly that for years he led the life of a recluse."

"And I think," interrupted Lawrie, "you said that this Erhardt is an inventive genius? Do you think it possible that he had invented a secret weapon which would startle many nations, as the Book has it, and in withholding that information from the Nazis whom he hates?"

Greta Mayer said "Mein Gott!" very softly, then added: "But I can think only one thing at the moment."

"And that is?"

"That Otto shared the secret which he knew his friend would never part with and I think, therefore, that he killed himself because he feared that torture in a concentration camp might force him to betray his friend."

"Maybe you're right. It is the secret weapon business for certain. I suppose you are quite sure that Otto was not working for me? That he did not send the first message to S.I. Ait?"

"Quite certain. Why do you ask?"

"Merely that the coincidence of both clues to the secret weapon arriving in the form of quotations from the Book of Isaiah strikes me as being almost too much of a coincidence to be true. Well, I suppose the next move must be to find out what has become of Hans Erhardt?"

"You can leave that to me," said Greta. He was in the Oranienberg camp to begin with, but that was months ago, and he may have been moved. I will find out. Meanwhile there is the matter of your new identity."

"That can't be assumed all in a moment, you know," smiled Fenton.

"Thank you for the information, sir," she laughed, "but it so happens that certain plans have been made."

For me?"

Why, yes! In the first place I have managed to collect most of poor Otto's personal belongings. You see, his death and my orders to get you out of the prisoner-of-war camp came about the same time. For a long time, too, there has been talk about this secret weapon, and I thought that if that was what Mr. Lawrie Fenton was after, the guise of a science student would afford him unrivalled opportunities for pursuing his investigations."

"You're smart, Fraulein Mayer," smiled Fenton. "What happens next?"

Well, you might begin by calling me Greta and I shall call you Otto. We—er—that is, the real Otto had I—were very good friends."

She blushed delightfully and for the first time Fenton realized how pretty she was—pretty with the sweet freshness of an English rose and no present prospect of the overripeness of a German *Hausfrau*.

"I hope you will take me also for your friend."

"Of course." She quickly withdrew the hand upon which his fingers had rested for a moment. "But really I am reckoning up the value to you of my friendship with Otto."

Fenton smiled. "The idea is that you will coach me in my part eh? Am I to come here each day for lessons?"

You will not leave here except for one purpose, until you are word-perfect."

"And that purpose is?"

"You will go each day to the particular library Otto would have frequented while awaiting employment had he come to Berlin. There you will read and really try to understand, the sort of scientific treatise upon his particular subject which he would have been likely to study with a view to obtaining preferment in his profession."

What was Otto?"

"He was a chemist, with a strong flair for electrical research."

"Sounds all right so long as I remain a student. But what happens if I'm forced into a job? My papers will show my alleged profession, but there'll probably be the devil to pay for someone should I attempt to practice it."

THE PERIOD that followed was for Fenton peculiarly peaceful and pleasant after the nightmare journey from Poland as a prisoner of war and the horrors he had witnessed in the petted camp. Arising out of that experience came one great certainty. In no circumstances would he show mercy to an S.S. man or a member of the Gestapo, or even undue clemency to a Nazi.

Greta he judged would make as great a secret agent as Mata Hari or Mlle. Docteur. The experiences she had suffered would make her ruthless and without mercy. Love on her had probably been killed by the loss of her parents and her lover, and while her English head would rule her heart, there was that tinge of Eastern voluptuousness from her Jewish heritage which would make her attractive to men should she choose to play that part for the fulfillment of her own ends.

The girl had also infinite patience and an amazing capacity for mastering detail. Each day Fenton went to the Cassenhaus Library where the librarian was a pleasant old fellow who seemed to have survived from an older and happier Fatherland. Each morning when Fenton returned to Greta a flat she would examine him closely as to his day's reading and meanwhile she would coach him mercilessly in the ways and speech of Otto Hirschfeld checking his every gesture and intonation.

It happened therefore that the man who presented himself one day at the humble dwelling of Frau Koerng as Sir Lawrie Fenton of Bayrische Platz, looked considerably younger than the real Lawrie Fenton of everyday life.

Gone was the famous monocle. Such an adornment could not have been associated with the young man who coughed nervously as he explained the need of accommodation, while he peered shortsightedly round the room which was offered to him at a reasonable rental.

The woman was glad enough to take in as guest a lodger and he was registered. His *home files*, as shown by his papers, was accepted by the police without question.

Thereafter Lawrie Fenton continued to frequent the Cassenhaus Library by day and to work hard at his notes during the evenings.

Whenever Frau Koerng entered the sitting room she found her quiet and most reticent lodger absorbed in his studies. There was nothing among his belongings, moreover, that was worth reporting to the officer who paid a routine domiciliary visit when Fenton was absent from the house.

In this way the British agent was thinking and working himself into the entirely new existence he was building up.

Meanwhile Greta was still seeking news of Hans Erhardt. Fenton did not expect to hear from her until she had found him.

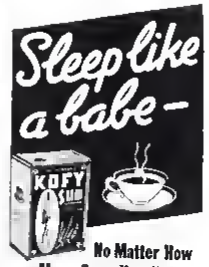
ALTMANN'S 20.30 tonight.

For the second time that industrious student Otto Hirschfeld sent the pencilled message scrawled on thin tiny square of paper. There was no signature but he knew well enough that only one person could have sent it.

Greta Mayer had something to report, something urgent for they had agreed not to meet unless a matter of importance made it absolutely imperative. Fenton wondered what had caused her to issue the summons and glanced impatiently at the cheap clock on the mantelpiece. Half-past six! An hour and a half to wait for the walk to the café would take him a good half an hour in the blackout.

He propped up a scientific textbook on the table and made a pretence at reading. Half a page of pencilled notes gave just the right atmosphere of studious interest. He could hear his landlady ironing the washing in the kitchen but in case any busybody had been peeping through the keyhole or possibly a carefully prepared chink in the blackout screen over the windows, Fenton had opened the message in such a position that no one could have seen what he was doing. It now reposed in the palm of his left hand.

Peering shortsightedly through his horn-rimmed spectacles he turned over a page of the book. Then quite naturally as mannered with study he stretched an arm



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above his head and yawned covering his mouth with his left hand. Then he returned once again to his book and only a very cautious observer would have noticed that at odd and infrequent intervals his jaw moved. In the circumstances it was safer to eat the piece of paper than to burn it, for to be seen using the latter means of disposal would immediately arouse suspicion.

At eight o'clock Fenton put on his overcoat, a cheap, flimsy affair which made him smile every time his eye fell on it, for in ordinary life he was most particular about the cut of his clothes and the material of which they were made. He poised his head round the door of the kitchen.

"I am going out Frau Koernig and I may be late."

The good lady looked up, her face red with the exertion of pushing about a hot heavy iron.

"Ah—ha" she cried laughing wheezily. "You students are all the same. But I did think you were different Otto. Which is it wine, women, or song? Or perhaps it is all three. Tomorrow you will stop in bed and refuse your breakfast."

"Now now Frau Koernig" Fenton protested. "You misjudge me. I am going to work with a fellow-student upon an important problem."

"I have heard that excuse too often. Your precious problem is to see how often you can kiss the prettiest girl I know. I was young once."

I wish it was as easy as that, thought Fenton as he stepped out into the darkness.

He had made the journey to Altmann's Café without actually entering the place innumerable times during daylight so that if it became necessary to go there by night he would be fairly certain of finding his way. Yet every yard of the journey required care. He wondered as he groped his way along if London was blacked out as completely as Berlin. Probably it was if there was any truth in the statements by the German press that Nazi bombers had frequently been over Britain's capital.

But he could not allow his thoughts to wander or inevitably he would lose himself. He had covered nearly three-quarters of the distance when he fancied he heard someone following him. Without altering his own steps or pace—for that would have indicated that his suspicions had been aroused—he strained his ears in an effort to ascertain the distance and direction of his shadower. But he could not decide whether the sounds were the echoes of his own progress or merely his imagination. He kept on the alert however for robbery during the blackout hours was increasing, despite the ruthless manner in which the authorities attempted to stamp it out. Fenton had no desire to be bludgeoned for the sake of the few marks in his pocket and woke up in a Berlin casualty ward where awkward questions might be asked.

He walked on but presently unable to resist the temptation any longer he stopped. One half he decided, would be permissible. So he stood still and though he looked and he listened he neither saw nor heard anything.

Satisfied at last that his imagination had tricked him he resumed his walk. Yet within five-and-twenty yards he was certain his head heard certain that somewhere about him he could hear footsteps.

He had reached an area where in the days when purchasing was unrestricted were the prosperous shops of small traders who lived over their businesses. Any one of the numerous doorways offered a fine ambush.

He hastened again. Yes, quick, light footsteps were racing toward him. Were they the steps he had previously heard which by some strange trick of acoustics had then appeared to come from behind? He walked on in case and alert and the hastening steps drew nearer.

Suddenly while they were still some







distance from Fenton their rhythm altered. They stopped only to come on at an increased pace. And then with a swiftness that made Fenton's muscles contract a scuffle started.

He halted. If this was a robbery he had no wish to become involved. There were more important matters which required his attention and to appear as a witness in a police-court case would merely have the effect of getting the authorities interested in him. A convenient slop doorway was the thing he wanted most at the moment.

He began to edge toward the houses. The sound of the scuffle continued, and then clear cut across the quiet of the night came the words. "You beast! Oh, you beast!"

Fenton halted in his stride and swung round, every nerve strained to breaking point. For the words had been spoken in English.

Before he could decide what to do someone came running toward him and the next instant he was almost knocked over by a swiftly moving person. He could see nothing but instinctively he clutched at the unknown, who gasped with shock and surprise. In the same second Fenton realized by the feel of a fur coat that he was holding a woman.

Beyond her came the sounds of furious pursuit. With one strong heave which swept her off the ground Fenton swung his partner round trembled with one hand until he found a shop doorway and thrust her into it. Then he turned and stood with his back to her facing the swift patter of approaching feet.

To be Continued

London Letter

Continued from page 18

trying to buy the workers with a glass of milk or radio music so he is to make them forget that he is taking all the profits.

Following my visits to British factories I have had letters from workers saying: 'Can't you find me one of the Communists? I am a plain workingman with two boys in the Army and anxious to do my bit but how can I do my best when these agitators tell us we are fools. I don't know how to answer them because they are clever but what right have they to worry us and make us suspicious?

Throughout all this the *Daily Worker* has grown more and more daring. If a shop steward was dismissed for interfering with production the *Daily Worker* made him into a national hero. If a section of workers went on strike as a protest the Communist daily heralded them as martyrs and true patriots. When to their eternal disgrace the Municipal Transport Workers of Glasgow voted against running the city's services during an strike, the *Daily Worker* wrote of them as if they were the heroes of the war.

Arrogance feeds upon arrogance. When Greece entered the war the Communist org denounced Metaxas as a bloody-minded tool of international finance. When Chamberlain was only one day dead they drew a grotesque cartoon of him rising from his grave to haunt the nation in the years ahead.

When Ernest Bevin declared that it was the duty of Labor to accept every sacrifice for victory the paper drew a cartoon of Bevin admonishing Labor with one hand while taking bribes from Capital with his other hand behind his back.

At this I thought it was time to play what part I could in bringing the issue into the open. Losing liberty with all the passion of one whose ancestry is steeped in it, knowing that a writer's career is only made possible because of a political system that allows complete freedom of the written and spoken word hating oppression to the bottom of my heart—yet I deemed it my duty to advocate in the House of Commons that the *Daily Worker* should either be suppressed or at least banned for six months as a warning.

I need not here you with my arguments, for they have been made in this article. But the chief points were that the distinction between our Fascists and Communists was indefensible, that the Communists were inciting sabotage and delay in output, that they had produced malicious libels against one dead Minister and one living, and were in fact doing Hitler's work in the most open and thorough way.

The Home Secretary Herbert Morrison said that the matter would have the consideration of the Government.

A few days later he was telling Parliament that the German Government of the time was altogether too spineless in merely imprisoning Hitler after the November Putsch in 1923. I would have shot him said Morrison. In Parliament one must order one's chances so, intervening again I asked Morrison what attitude—after shooting Hitler—he would have taken toward a newspaper that preached the gospel of Hitler and advocated a repetition of the Putsch.

"Would you kill the man who does the act and leave unscathed the newspaper that advocates it?"

Again Morrison evaded the issue but later in the *Sunday Graphic* I returned to the charge and openly advocated the wartime suppression of the Communist movement in Britain. Other voices are pressing the same thing and I find it difficult to believe that the Government will let things go on as they are.

Font Work—One Cure

ONE KNOWS the danger of driving a movement underground and of making martyrs but it was left to Hitler which proved the beginning of France's downfall. When the war came and Daladier arrested seventy five Communist M.P.'s, it was too late. They had done their foul work in the factories in the years that the locusts had eaten.

If the British Communists were to say "Let us do all we can to bring down Hitler and then demand a people's government on Communist lines. I would go to any limit to defend their rights to propagate that policy. But when they do everything to foul our war effort and to try and make Hitler's victory certain—which is exactly what they are doing—then they should be quietly but firmly removed from circulation.

No one can deny that there must be great social changes after the war. The disgrace of poverty cannot be allowed to continue and the wretched hovels of Britain's factory cities relics of the industrial revolution are a reproach to every decent-minded citizen.

Within the ranks of the Communists there are many sincere idealists whose emotions have been starved to the depths by the spectacle of workless men slouching from one labor exchange to the other pleading for the right to work. These idealists feel that any system no matter how violent the change must be better than the one that permits such things to be.

But there were idealists among the Fascists and the Nazis and the Bolsheviks. It is on the dreams of such men that opportunists like Mussolini Hitler and Lenin found their empires which are invariably a baser tyranny than the one they replace. In its own way Czarist Russia had achieved a fairly free Parliament and broad political representation when Lenin and Trotsky imposed the





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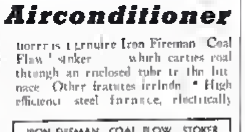
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slavery of Bolshevism in their stead.

Germany was trembling toward a real democracy when Hitler came to power and decreed that slavery was the only path to glory. Even at the time of the French Revolution in the Eighteenth Century the blood bath came at a moment when the challenging Louis XVI had granted immense democratic reforms to France.

The British Commonwealth as I have said are few in number but their leaders believe that the aftermath of this war will leave the people of Europe so steeped in disintegration that they will groan at any new system that is offered. The true Communist is fibre carrion bird which has no taste for fresh meat but whose palate demands the riper flavor of decay.

They uphold the right to speak their minds knowing that under their own political creed such conduct would mean death or a concentration camp. They acknowledge only one loyalty—to Russia—yet knowing that this tragic war was only made possible when Stalin promised Hitler that Russia would not only not fight against Germany, but would sustain her in the struggle. It was Hitler the maniac, who prepared the faggots, but it was Stalin who handed him the torch to set Europe ablaze.

Communism like Fascism is a gamble but one with a brain. Since it cannot be exhibited in a zoo it should be exterminated. These are ruthless terrible days when strong decisions must be taken and in my opinion Churchill will show weakness if he does not utter Mercutio's curse on both your houses, and send the Montagues to join the Capulets.

Can the U.S. Arm in Time?

Continued from page 1 —Starts on page 16

beginning. The U. S. Army and Navy will need the output of the munitions industry for some time to come if they are to be of real deterrent value.

All these figures are figures only. They can be changed by the stroke of the President's pen when the lease-lend bill is passed. It will be for him to determine then what planes and ships should go to Britain. If his power which carries with it the assurance of victory and a dominant position in the English-speaking world. It is a power which places upon its ruler one of the most awful responsibilities in history.

No one knows precisely how Mr. Roosevelt will exercise this power. No one knows his ultimate plans in this war. But no one in Washington so far as I could find believes that the President will permit Britain to lack supplies essential to its survival so long as the United States has them to send. And no one upholds that whatever the strict letter of U. S. policy may be today the President will find a way to get the supplies across the ocean.

Then in rough outline is the United States rearmament program as it means aid to Britain. What does it mean in defense of North America including under the agreement at Oglensburg the defense of Canada?

Canada And the "Lease-lend" Bill

WHETHER Canada comes under the lease-lend program is not clear yet. What happens will depend mostly on Canada. If Canada needs to come under it in order to purchase adequate war materials in the United States, there is no question of the United States' willingness to co-operate. If Canada wants loans from its neighbor it can certainly get them. Canada's policy is to avoid borrowing, if it can or to borrow as little as possible because this debt must be repaid some day and would be a burden in the post-war years. It will be surprising however if the present monthly average of 40 million dollars between the two countries, the outward drain of U. S. dollars from Canada continues indefinitely. So far as Washington is concerned, there will be no difficulty about a new deal. Naturally the United States wants Canada to be strong as a good defender of the continent.

In military strength the United States itself is still appallingly weak as strength is gauged in a world of gangster nations. It has however a great navy the equal of any afloat, and is building another one. By 1946 it will have a fleet on each coast sufficient to repel an attack from east or west. In various stages of construction or design are the unprecedented total of seventeen battleships, twelve aircraft carriers, forty-eight cruisers, 170 destroyers, fifty submarines. Every twelve days or one kind of fighting ship, even if only a mosquito boat, slips down the ways. The world has never known such a navy as the United States is building now, but it takes time and the need of defense may well arise before the job is done. That is why for the average American the British fleet guarding the Atlantic represents the real hope of this war and the United States concern until

The U. S. Army is of fateful size by the standards of our current world but it is growing fast. By July 1 this nation will have 1,418,000 men under arms, about half of them well trained and tough the remainder ready for a year's training, either as volunteers or draftees.

This army however is far from being equipped for modern combat. The two armored divisions have only about 400 light tanks each. There are plenty of field guns but not of the latest type. Supplies of machine guns and rifles will be adequate. Motor transport is no problem. Trucks are the big bottleneck and that problem is far from solved. There will be plenty of light model tanks, but the new medium tank, devised jointly by Britain and the United States, is only beginning to appear. It will be some time before any large number is available for either country and heavy tanks are not even in sight yet.

The Air Force of the United States is the victim of its own advertising. Americans see so much of the flying planes in the movies that they vastly exaggerate their initial striking power. The Senate learned with horror the other day from the War Department that there are only 600 first line planes in the Army and they are not up to the super standard required in the Battle of Britain. The Navy has about 2,500 planes. How many each service will have by the end of the year will depend on the number handed over to Britain under the lease-lend program. The Army and Navy each are aiming at about 10,000 planes by 1942—assuming that the United States is still at what they wryly call "peace".

All these plans, blueprints, figures schedules add up to a formidable total, but remember that this is only the superficial picture of the U. S. armament effort. The foundation goes down deep into the whole national life finally into the family life of the nation. And the foundation is not yet secure.

Before an airplane can be made there must be an hand steel, aluminum, various alloys and many other materials besides skilled hands to put them together. Will the men and the materials be available when the final peak production arrives? Will the foundation support the superstructure?

Huge Shifting of Industry

THAT is the question which haunts Washington. Long ago the United States learned how to make things but under its system of free enterprise it never learned nor wanted to learn how to mobilize, shift and direct its entire industry from the top or orders from the Government. That is the infinitely complicated and unorganized job the U. S. is tackling now. It means a huge disturbance of industry, a huge shift of men from one industry to another, a huge housing problem, a huge retooling of new shifts.

The whole underskirt structure of the nation is being shifted from its old base and put upon the new base of an armament industry which is to be the chief employer apart from agriculture. The first fabricated in the new base are beginning to appear.

Will there be enough steel when the final weight of high production is felt? No one seems to be sure. The steel industry sees no need of immediate great expansion. The Government sees an urgent need of it even though the United States is producing eighty million tons of steel a year more than the rest of the world combined. If the democracies are to have as much steel as the Germans, obviously a great expansion is needed or there must be a large curtailment of civilian consumption for the British Commonwealth produces only about a quarter of the U. S. output about half of the German output. If the Commonwealth is to use as much steel as Germany is using it must get from the United States far more than it is getting, far more than the U. S. can spare at the moment while still maintaining its civilian consumption and such industries as produce for instance automobiles.

The core of the problem of materials is the unwillingness of industrialists to expand their operations for what they consider a temporary war necessity. In a word it is safe to apply the ordinary business calculation to defense? Just because plants built now may be idle and unprofitable after the war it is safe not to build them?

The attempt to manage Britain's rearmament on a business basis almost lost the war. It defeated France. The United States is not attempting to deal altogether on a business basis of course, but business calculations still are a large factor. They still weigh heavily when the problem of steel for instance is considered.

And steel is not the only problem. A definite shortage of aluminum one of the chief materials of the airplane industry is so clearly in sight that the Government has had to crack down on hoarders, who were trying to maintain high prices for aluminum scrap. There is worry also over zinc and magnesium. There are shortages almost everywhere in highly skilled men, though remarkable strides have been made in training them, both in schools and in the war industry itself. All the odds up to no serious unmanageable problem but the U. S. has not begun yet to feel the strain of the need of materials and skills.

What will the strain be like by summer? Desperately Mr. Knudsen, Office of Production Management, the all powerful OPM, tries to organize the supply to meet the coming demand, but obviously it is not on top of the problem yet. New Dealers, watching the efforts of the dollar a year men, foresee them to failure. How they will can you expect an industrialist, however sincere, to be tough enough with industry to make it toe the line?

In England said one of the leading figures in the New Deal, Beaverbrook takes over a plant if it doesn't keep up to schedule. The other day one of Beaverbrook's assistants reported that a plane factory should be given four weeks to get going at capacity. Said Beaverbrook: We'll take it over in the morning. Well we haven't reached the Beaverbrook stage yet, but we'll have to. And soon.

No one can project the present curves of production and consumption accurately enough to say what will happen at any given date but it is true to say that Washington generally expects something of a crisis in the whole defense industry before autumn possibly before summer. This doesn't mean that production will break down. It means that production will begin to slow down if further drastic measures are not taken. The question is whether these steps will be taken whether the available supplies of material and labor will be so managed that regardless of business consequences, the defense industries will get all they need of both.

Some steps have been taken already. Steel output is being expanded slowly. The machine tool industries is under complete government direction and its output is rationed among the defense industries, other industries—automobile for instance—going short. The lumber industry was threatened with price-fixing if it didn't cut its prices.

Everyone agrees that management and regulation must go much further. It will probably be necessary to ration aluminum so as to cut down civilian consumption. The great civilian users of steel like the automobile industry may not get enough to maintain their present production. If every automobile dealer in the country is leasing just that situation is likely to stock up with cars.

And lack of materials is the problem of labor which keeps many high priced heads tossing on their pillows in Washington these nights. Up to now labor in the man has been more than co-operative. It has not sought to take advantage of a defense emergency and has tried to avoid strikes in war industries. The time lost in labor disputes has been insignificant, and Mr. Hillman who manages the labor side of OPM sees no need for anti-strike legislation or anything more, than a reasonable attitude by labor and capital.

Nevertheless everyone knows that if prices should advance labor would want wages to keep up with them and almost overnight the nation might find itself swept up again in the old spiral of inflation. Even today the OPM finds it necessary to release an armament contract to Mr. Ford because allegedly he is not observing the labor laws. When the greatest industrial plant in the world is refused a government contract or labor like this because of a labor dispute the potential gravity of the labor problem is obvious. Indeed the central fact here is that the United States has adopted no labor policy for the war period.

A Fallacy Explained

WHEN you have used all that still you have not got close to the root of the problem, need to the fallacy on which the United States is trying to run this vast structure of defense. The root of the problem, as stated at the beginning of this article is the assumption that the defense effort can be superimposed upon the ordinary business of the country without disturbing it.

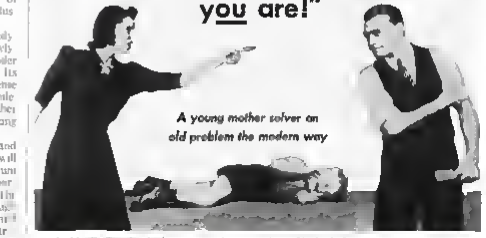
The Government is largely responsible, in encouraging this theory. It has assured the people that the capacity of the United States is great enough to do two jobs at once—to turn out ten billion dollars worth of war materials a year and still turn out all the usual supplies of consumable goods for the year of the people.

That theory rests on the fact that there are idle men—perhaps 5,000,000 of them—and idle plants in the United States. Bring all the idle men, material and plants together the theorists say and you will produce not only all the present output of consumable articles, but the ten billions worth of armaments and perhaps even some extra consumable articles as well.

The present national income they say is around seventy billions. Raise it to eighty and you have produced all the armaments without reducing the output of other things. Raise it to ninety billions and you can increase the output of other things and raise the nation's living standard.

Accepting that theory the American people have not begun to prepare for any sacrifice in this war. On the contrary the nation is on a buying spree spending the new wages of the war industries. The

"If anybody's spoiling him, you are!"



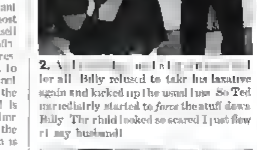
1. Mr. Dunlap is the best natured man in the world but he has some old-fashioned ideas about disciplining children. He feels he's got to be strict or else little boy Billy will be spoiled. We were always quarreling about it.

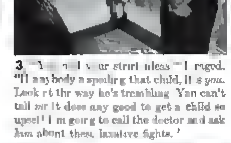




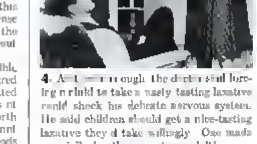
2. When [illegible] for all Billy refused to take his laxative again and kicked up the usual fuss. So Ted mixed it secretly, started to *force* the stuff down Billy. The child looked so scared I just flew at my husband!

3. "You evil woman, stand back!" I raged. "If anybody's spoiling that child, it is *you*. Look at the way he's trembling. You can't tell me it does any good to get a child so upset!" I'm going to call the doctor and ask him about these laxative fights."





4. And [illegible] through the day I still boiling mad to take nasty tasting laxative could shock his delicate nervous system. He said children should get a nice-tasting laxative they'd take willingly. One made especially for them—not an adult's.



5. Finally [illegible] recommended Castoria. He said it's thorough, yet it's always mild and safe. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. And so Ted said O.K. he'd get a bottle just in case peace in the home.

6. Well, Billy took Castoria—and *I* love it! He loved it! He smacked his lips and winked at his daddy—and I know our laxative troubles were over. From that moment on, I've been telling all the mothers I know about Castoria.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

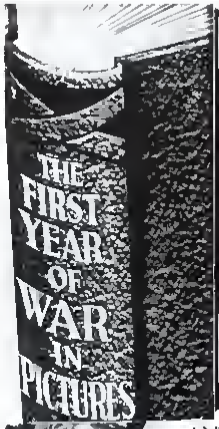
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United States is whipping up the greatest industrial boom in its history, greater than the Bull Market epoch of the Put Twenties. The Big Guns are here returned to Fifth Avenue. Never were the stores more crowded, more glittering with new luxuries. The Golden Age look for ten years is returning—with the gilt on it thicker than ever.

All this is fallacy. Because the national income cannot be built up fast enough to support the necessary production of uneconomic war goods and to support at the same time an increase in consumable goods—a fact by the way which we in Canada have just begun to realize.

To increase the output of consumable goods in a large way requires new factories that cannot be built overnight. It requires skills that cannot be built overnight. And besides, there is the ever present and unavoidable problem of bottlenecks—shortages of individual materials or skills. You cannot suddenly bring unskilled men and raw materials together to produce a maximum of goods—not under the free capitalism of the United States, anyway.

But assume that it is possible. Still the problem is not solved. A ten billion-dollar drain is not the end of the defense program. A ten billion-dollar program might be sufficient to defend North America. It is not enough to defend North and South America against victorious dictators in Europe and Asia. To avoid the necessity of defending North and South America, the United States has virtually made written British victory so far as supplies are concerned. The amount of supplies needed for that job is not known yet. Britain's present weapons should beat Germany back from Britain, but to beat Germany back out of the occupied countries of Europe to secure complete victory and a sound peace will require efforts, output materials, weapons such as men have never seen before.

Britain is getting from the United States this year roughly three hundred million dollars worth of supplies a month. This is probably equal to the extra production which Hitler is taking from his conquered territories, and Germany's own production. Of course is far greater than that of Britain. Obviously Britain needs far more than it is getting now for the long pull of the war. To achieve that, United States war production must increase.

U. S. Must Decide

BRITAIN and Germany are devoting roughly half their energy and working day to armaments. In the coming year if the United States spends ten billion dollars worth of armaments it will utilize about an eighth of its time for defense. If this could be doubled and if Britain could get half of the U. S. armament production then the balance in weapons as between Britain and Germany would be redressed overwhelmingly in Britain's favor. Sooner or later the United States must face this simple question. Is it going to produce enough war materials to provide Britain with a decisive victory over Germany? That question has not been faced yet.

It is obvious that as long as Americans accept the have-your-cake-and-eat-it theory of defense as long as they are behind a United States Maginot Line they will be spiritually and emotionally unprepared for the inevitable economic shocks that will come out of the defense program if it is a program adequate for the job in hand.

Many Americans understand this perfectly well. Even the man on the street senses vaguely that things are changing and will become more difficult. Yet the Government itself has encouraged the illusion that the nation can have its cake and eat it—even the illusion that the frosting on the cake may be increased. Ultimately the Government itself will have the consequences of the fallacy.

The Government is budgeting to spend seventeen billions in the year starting July 1 next and to collect eight billions. Obviously this is unsound and would mean a dangerous borrowing of inflationary bank credit.

The first test of the country's ability to manage its gigantic task will be the decisions of Congress to put on more taxes. So far Congress has moved so gingerly that about the only new tax burden the citizen notices is the four cents extra he pays for his forty-cent ticket at the neighborhood movie. There will be a rise in the income tax collected in the spring but compared with the British or with us in Canada the American doesn't know yet what taxes are. When you tell him what the Canadian Government is doing and plans to do he shows I believe you at first and when you persuade him with actual figures he shudders and immediately orders another round of drinks.

Taxes will be the first test and if that test is met, then the taxpayer—especially the taxpayer in the middle income group—will learn at once that the war is definitely reducing his power to purchase goods.

Materials and Labor

THE NEXT test will be the willingness of business to take grave moral chances in securing supplies of materials and labor. For example, automobile production may have to be reduced by direct requisition of raw materials. Still another test will be the willingness of the people to accept reduced supplies of some luxuries. This is not a serious one to be sure for the U. S. barely will not be asked to give up much—a new radio or electrical iceboy perhaps or a new set of aluminum pots. But the fact still remains that the U. S. barely does not know that yet on the contrary it expects just the opposite.

No nation under such a delusion as such a mood can achieve its maximum in producing for defense. No government facing a people with such an outlook can hope to get the most in co-operation out of capital or out of labor. So long as rearmament is attempted on the basis of business as usual it will not succeed as Britain found almost too late as France found far too late, as we in Canada are beginning to find out just in time.

If the United States is spiritually and emotionally unprepared for defense much less is it prepared for war. And yet the decision of war or peace is coming over the horizon now.

The policy today is all aid to Britain short of war—and the country as a whole is behind it. The whole nation is prepared to give Britain billions of dollars worth of labor and materials where it has asked money for it can up to now. But suppose and short of war is not enough to defend Germany?

In his heart every American sees that many coming ever nearer. Oddly the average man says that of course the U. S. already involved in no economic way will shortly enter the shooting war. He says that with his lips, he may even think it in his mind but emotionally he is not ready for war. Emotionally this great nation has not faced the ultimate decision which may be forced upon it some day and perhaps before this year is out. So when you ask the first and inevitable question, whether the U. S. is going into the war I can give only the same answer that I found everywhere in the country during last autumn's election campaign and recorded for this magazine then.

The answer is that the average American does not want to go into the war. He is not ready to go into the war, will try to stay out of the war but feels in his bones that escape to the end will be impossible if the war lasts long.

That is a pretty vague answer but any answer more definite would be false for the United States has not yet made up its mind has not yet faced its decision and still prays that the decision may be avoided. But if you think that the U. S. is standing still you should come to Washington and see how it is moving forward at an unprecedented speed.

When the war started the United States was resolved to ship no war materials to any belligerent. At this writing, British cash or no war materials without paying for them and Britain's money is running out. In a few weeks Britain will get war materials for nothing. All this distance the United States has travelled a little more than a year. All the high resolves of neutrality it has thrown into discard. Today in Washington the whole theory of Isolationism, the basic policy of this nation for twenty years is dying before the nation's eyes.

In the fight against the lease-lend bill the Isolationists are shouting their final bolt, making their last stand and they know it. Day after day old Hiram Johnson sits one of the band of wild men who wrecked the League of Nations in the Senate rats and broods like a spent eagle while his talk work dissolves before him while the Luedberghs, Thomases, La Follettes, Woods and assorted Little Americans try in vain to stop the easy plowers and perhaps the most important movement under way in the history of mankind—the movement of the United States into the world. And at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue a greater man rising above grievous physical handicaps skillfully leads and guides that movement never pushing too hard nor letting it pause.

This man is a magnificent improvisor a supreme master of the moment. Quite probably he has not thought this movement through any more than he thought through his New Deal. Perhaps for him one battle one world is enough at a time. But his swift sweep, his all the laugh of speculation and doubt which beset his fellows and he sees one thing plainly. That what ever else happens his New Deal is one thing he stands for. The economic system of the United States the U. S. will fight, would go under with Britain and Britain will never go under if he has the power to prevent it.

No matter than anyone must see this one of the United States problem. This of course is the difficulty of doing what is essentially a war job without going to war which latter move would make gigantic the enormous civilian co-operation and sacrifice of wartime. He better than anyone must understand that sweetly the U. S. must decide finally whether the defense of Britain is the defense of this continent and if it is whether United States is going to supply Britain with its full needs.

It is the nation's indecision on this question the confusion and doubt the conflict of evidence that stands in the way of an all-out armament effort. The United States thus is at the crossroads. Soon it must choose what road it is going to follow.

Editor's Note—Revised figures issued on Feb 19 by U. S. Knudsen for U. S. aircraft production in January showed a total for the month of 1,036 planes.

Wavell, Conqueror of Libya

(Continued from page 12)

wasted. If he is, it means good fortune in good sense that the officers as a whole are too young to know anything about the last war. Therefore they have nothing to forget. We have everything to learn.

He was certain that this war would be in every way different to the last." He constantly urged that we should start clean of preconceived ideas that we should not "let Germany get away with it" by imagining ourselves back in 1941. He said: "The Germans are not trained for trenches in battle. They are physically trained to keep going at all cost. Their special troops can march fantastic distances at a pace, difficult to credit. They are taught to eat and keep on—without food and water beyond what is supposed to be the limit of human endurance. They are as nearly as possible machines and their morale rests on mobility. I remember General Guenay saying, 'Don't let the show thing keep going. Never stop. A hurricane a tidal wave—that is the modern army.'

Some years ago General Wavell attended the Russian manoeuvres. It was before the successive purges which decimated the Soviet officer class and consequently jeopardized the whole construction of the Red Army. The meeting between Russian and British officers was staged impressively. But Sir Archibald refused to be impressed. The Show was puzzled. The land of the system which in the previous years has fired spiritually such one cosmopolitan statesman Litvinov but has given to bewildered Europe by far the cleverest political strategist of our age Molotov was puzzled. The Bolsheviks strong suit is silence. But they are puzzled by silence in others and their guest was silent.

General Wavell, in fact, is quite capable of being as silent as any Russian. He observes, considers, compares and then and not till then, makes up his mind. At last in sheer despair the other person talks. "Archie, with his more adaptability than the Britisher usually possesses, suggests his mind to the new material supplied weighs it with against his probability and practicability reaches a conclusion which he is capable of altering if necessary and it is on it. That is his strength. He does not act till he is ready.

Russia taught him a lot. He came back saying that the reverse of what everybody expected. He did not laugh at giant tanks and troops carried by planes. He did not think parachutists were as good as a propaganda. He said the Russian war material was good and was powered right by the Fleus whose they captured and used it themselves. He remained unperturbed and pent and clean cut as ever. He is always neat and clean cut to dress as well as to ideas.

Two Britishers were releasing as a "soft" carriage on a countrified Russian railway. Both had removed their shoes after hours of conducted walking. The man was eating bananas bought at an exhibitant price the woman was enabling a good deal of Russia out of her hair. "We bumped into a station," she said. "Our teapot upset—and the banana skins with it." The door opened. In came the clearest British officer I'd ever seen with an eyeglass. He didn't say anything. It was Gen. Wavell.

"Don't Waste Time"

IN NORTH AFRICA of course, Sir Archibald has the space in which to apply his conception of modern war. "Don't waste time. Get on. Go round it." The current African campaigns are the consummation of all his ideas and theories. He has brains and no paper he has fought and refought every campaign in history from Xenophon's incredibly rapid marches to Lee's retreats enforced by lack of material. But he has never regarded them as patterns. Nor has he been afraid to conceal hundreds of empty miles when he could not effectively make use of them.

At one moment he must have been perturbed for while the Italian forces, operating from Abyssinia captured Kassala the second town of the Sudan railhead of the province they hold the key to the Nile. With a fraction of the daring and organization of General Wavell a present campaigns the Italians would have driven down to West Medera and the great dam at Sennar in possession of this they could have cut off half the

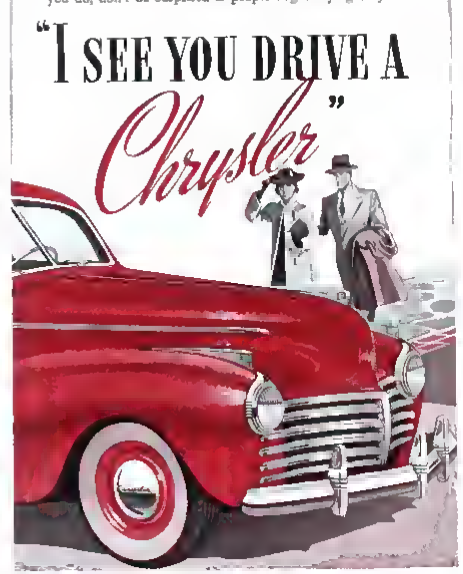
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water supply of Egypt and the Sudan. But the Duce's commanders waited too long. The storm they held grew overrage and fell out of their hands. Kassala has been retaken.

Already the Emperor Haile Selassie has raised his standard—the golden lion of Judah—in Abyssinia. This will not mean united revolt throughout that difficult mountain land where the people of one valley revere as forerunners the villages living a few miles away as the crow flies. For the Christian Amharic conquerors of the ancient Judaic race have ruled—by force—more than a score of subject peoples, savages and pagans for less than two generations. The land has never been united. The tribes and villages have always been discontented. The re-establishment of Haile Selassie's rule would certainly not be welcome in the mass of so-called "Abyssinians" but all his different races in the empire imposed by the great Menelik on the basis of a profitable slave trade want to be on the winning side. Italy spent money in the country and the Negusie loves gold and his own way.

But he loves one thing more—freedom. If General Wavell can supply captured Italian rifles, the Abyssinians can be tempted to steal the necessary ammunition. With British officers to plan its siege guerilla warfare should spread through the Chechu where men live underground like foxes across the deserts of the Danakil peasants whose lips and cheeks go naked rubbed with oil to the corrugated ranges of Simyen and Lasta where retaliation must be by plane.

Meanwhile the coastal drive continues. Bengasi has fallen and the Italians have been forced back into Tripolitania. On their eastern front lurks the shadow of the Mareth Line. France's desert fortifications, mobile as the Siegfried which can be defended from any angle. Behind the Mareth is General Weygand and some of the finest colonial troops in the world. Will he be able to resist an overpowering impulse to attack—unnecessary defeat?

In Cairo at the heart of the web is the spider brain of the fifty-seven year-old Wavell a cool patient, calculating intensely interested brain never obsessed either by difficulties or by achievements discriminating and farsighted. Because he has this type of mind Sir Archibald knows that in never successful his African wars—ability very hard work and very shrewd judgment of both men and things could have achieved the great present result.

It is of *Maclean's Magazine* however of which The *Journal* wishes particularly to speak. Begun thirty-two years ago "providing news articles, special features, fiction and other material of national interest *Maclean's Magazine* now issued twice a month has been always an interesting and creditable Canadian publication and of recent years been an increasingly valuable national asset. It has been conducted with a vigorous and independent patriotism united to excellent special articles, accompanied by clean and usually excellent fiction and by a sort of hard-to-eye view of all features of Canadian life and interest from coast to coast with wide impartiality as between big provinces and little ones and a genial appreciation of interesting things anywhere. *Maclean's* has come to have a big circulation in Canada, and deserves it all and more. In short *Maclean's* compares well with the best of the illustrated United States weeklies some of which have become very popular in this country. That we have such a publication as *Maclean's* in Canada is something for us all to be proud of.

Maclean's Magazine

(An Editorial from the Ottawa *Journal*)

"Words Are Everybody's Business" is the title of a brochure just published by the MacLean Publishing Company Limited the Dominion's big business organization which publishes seventy-eight periodicals ranging from *Maclean's Magazine* *Mayfair* and the *Financial Post* down through a whole gamut of trade and industrial publications to the quite remarkable total of twenty-eight in all. This great business employing nearly a thousand persons, is the culmination of the achievement of one man John Bayne Maclean who began earning his livelihood as a reporter on the Toronto *Daily Mail* sixty years ago.

It is the custom chiefly to say nice things about great men after they are dead. Colonel Maclean—he has been an active militia man all along—is very much alive yet but doubtless can stand a few printed words about himself and his chief publication namely *Maclean's Magazine*.

Beginning with the publication of a small trade monthly in 1896 the *Canadian Bookseller and Stationer* Colonel Maclean proceeded almost yearly thereafter to add some new publication to his undertakings until the present enormous business was built up. Needless to say only very great

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Why put up with misery of stiff, grinding cold-weather joints every time cold weather comes along? Here's fast relief for those shocking pains!

Tiny flood vessels feed certain lubricating fluids into joints. But when extreme cold strikes, the blood vessels contract and the flow of these fluids diminishes. Your joints stiffen, and hurt. You can't get about without pain.

The thing you should do is rub those aching joints with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the flow of blood and increases the supply of lubricating fluids. Right off you begin to feel warmth. Pain lets up.

At those leading stores. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Or write W. F. Young, Lovell-Bldg., Montreal, Quebec, for free sample.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Poisons are absorbed into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless and safe, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work all inclined liver pills should do—if necessary in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and blackberry relief or pills like



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Matter of Fact

By HEMBY ASHBERY

A sudden change of temperature may shatter opals to pieces. That is why they are said to be unlucky. Their beauty is frequently also their doom since small internal cracks enhance their radiance and makes them liable to complete fracture.

★

Twenty years ago Ankara Turkey was a sleepy little town famous for its long haired goats and its cats with one green and one blue eye. There was little water in the old town, as Ataturk, dammed a valley. There were hardly any trees, so he planted a million acacias. The population has grown from 20 000 to 140 000 and is still increasing. The government model farm has this police. The arm which wields the sword may grow tired but the hands which work the thresher and reaper will grow stronger and stronger.

★

The art of rowing can first be discerned upon the Nile. Boats with oars are represented in the earliest pictorial monuments of Egypt, dating from about 2500 B.C. and although some crews are paddling with their faces toward the bow others are rowing with their faces toward the stern. The paddling is certainly the older practice. The hieroglyph *shen* depicts two arms grasping an oar in the attitude of paddling and the hieroglyphs were invented in the earliest ages.

★

In ancient times there was little uniformity in defining units of length. The Chinese *li* was the distance a man's voice carries on a clear plain. The Hebrews had a *half-day's journey*. The Greek *stadium* was the length of the race course. The *furlong* was the length of a furrow. The *pace* a long step. The *mile passus* (Latin "thousand paces") and from this the English *mile*.

★

The farmers of Venezuela continually guarding their livestock against tigers, often lose animals to boa constrictors. The huge snake does not at first encircle the body of its victim but instead lies in coils on the back and stays there until the terrorized animal has run herself into a pool where she has no resistance left. Then the snake makes its kill by crushing her.

★

This vigorous verse of "God Save the King" which the cherchas of Britain banned from the hymnals may be retained in the National Anthem following the Nazi atrocities.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies
And make them fall
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks
On thee our hearts we fix,
God save us all

Cause of Yawning

THE assumption that yawning is caused by boredom is very often a mistaken one. A person is just as apt to yawn when moved by acute attention, intense interest or even breathless excitement.

Take a card fiend for instance. He knows that the next trick must decide the outcome of the game. His every nerve is strained with internal excitement about the next play of his opponents. Naturally it tires to hide his emotions. But suddenly he has to—yawn. Most certainly he is not bored, neither is he tired. But behind his mask of indifference his heart began to beat quicker the internal stimulation processes were hastened he suppressed his desire to inhale deeply a few times or to shout with joy so the lack of oxygen resulting from his quickened blood circulation had to be supplied by yawning.
—*New Health*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Bathing is the national hobby of Ceylon. Every stream along the highways has splashing natives. Mothers bail at each rivulet to roll a banana leaf into a cone-shaped bucket and pour gallons of water on their infants. Travellers take hourly dips en route. The farmer abandons his tilling at frequent intervals to plunge into the nearest water hole. The women instead of calling on neighbors, meet at the brook to gossip in comfort, and dressed from knees to armpits in white sheets, emerge from their aquatic couches, turn round and round in the blazing sunshine to march home in dry garments.

★

Some of the most important additions to the knowledge of herbs and their uses came from women. The knowledge many of the North American Indian women had of the virtues of herbs and weeds to cure ills was so extensive that some of the early settlers who benefitted from their advice looked upon them as having supernatural powers.

One of the greatest discoveries by a woman was that made by Mrs. Clements who lived in Durham England, when in 1720 she perfected a method of making mustard powder as flour from mustard seed. Mustard seed has been used for many centuries in medicinal purposes but its possibilities as a commercial product in powder form were not dreamed of until Mrs. Clements introduced it as a condiment.

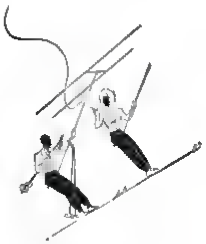
Since that time, however, women have used mustard for everything from foot baths to poultices, from a table condiment to flavor for roasts, and from making salad dressings to pickling vegetables. Mustard has ever been used effectively used in wine-making for preserving and clarifying the wine and for the removal of musty smells.

★

The temperature on the forest floor of Brazil has small variations. Midday temperatures are 88 degrees to 90 degrees Fahr. midnight 82 degrees to 84 degrees Fahr. with a two-degree variation between midsummer and midwinter values. The high humidity is unpleasant. To perspire gives no relief, clothes, bedding and food are perpetually damp, and boots fall to pieces after a few months. Metal corrodes overnight, and leather and glass grow whiskers of mold at a great rate. Cameras cease to function when the shutter mechanism and diaphragm corrode rapidly in the damp atmosphere.

★

Religion is always first and foremost in the East. The dominant place in the community is set by his religion. It tells him what work he shall do all the days of his life what his children and his children's children shall do. According to the dictates of his faith he eats or refrains from eating, he seeks repose or watches, and the regard he pays his fellow beings or shuns them. Every man in the East wears some visible symbol of his religion.



"I've lost my ticker for the tow"
"Just give the man a Sweet Cap."

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THINK

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"Dad's always doing nice things for me and Mom

"Take my plane, for instance When Mom told him I wanted a real gun model—he helped me build it over week-ends. And last night, he brought home a new motor for it, so it'll fly circles round any planes the other fellows have!

"It sure is swell to have a Dad like that!"

You're right, Bobby—but there's something else that you don't know about Something that is mighty important, too!

You see, your Dad isn't just thinking of the nice things he can do for you and Mother right now He's thinking of the future, too

With the helpful counsel of his Prudential agent, he has planned far ahead There's a college education for you in his life insurance plan — and security for your mother just as long as she lives

Some day, Bobby, you'll look back and understand how much that protection means in peace and happiness in your home Then you'll realize even more what a swell Dad you really have!

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Urges Full Aid

Striking U S Editorial Advocates All-out Immediate Help to Britain

TODAY the United States can end the war by giving full aid to the British states one of the most influential Southern newspapers the *Courier Journal* at Louisville, Kentucky but tomorrow "The cost may be years of total effort on two oceans and across the two Americas. In this striking editorial we are told:

There is no rest for anyone who faces reality today no peace no abiding pleasure Those who try for peace when peace is impossible are the modern lotus-eaters the peaceмongers who may yet succeed in dragging our land in blood. There is no reason why we need come to these shores but the peaceмongers are doing their best to bring it here the pally lotus-eaters who dream that all is well because our last allies have not yet bled to death

Fate gave us the chance to protect America thousands of miles away on the cold North Sea and in the mist above the British Isles Fate offered us as allies a noble people But our peaceмongers say only for "long rest or death dark death in dreamful ease In this world of Adolf Hitler dreamful ease cannot be had for the asking "Dark death in the one drink for the lotus-eaters of 1940 it in the potion they are preparing, for their betrayed country

This is all the more encouraging because the Winged Victory herself is wooing us today offering her lovers cheap but for the last time. If we reject these advances we shall not see her face again until we too have known the toil and tears and sweat of Churchill in England Freedom and peace can be had today at the cost of a little courage a little breadth of mind and spirit Tomorrow the cost may be years of total effort on two oceans and across the two Americas. Tomorrow the cost may be so great that we of little faith refuse to pay it preferring retreat and frustration to such prolonged pain

Today we need only admit a total emergency an uncompromising intention to see the war won and the game is ours. Tomorrow it may be forever too late to win the easy way or to win at all

The bravest men alive are on our side today prepared to do almost all the fighting and take almost all the loss. By summer they may be gone or France is gone leaving us alone in a counterfeit-ous world Our caution will have landed us in the old dilemma either defeat or victory at the cost of rivers of blood If it is our peaceмongers who are driving us in that awful choice

All winter the resources of the continent of Europe will be used to defy long hours of every day the power the machinery for the murder of England The enemy is relentless ruthless filled with a vicious zeal He owns Europe and most of Africa and his friends have the upper hand in Asia What he began in the spring of 40 he intends to finish in the spring of 41 We alone can surely stop him but we cannot be certain of success unless we go "all out" at once

The American people decided long ago that they would like Britain to win That decision with the small results that have followed it, is not enough We must now decide that we must see a British victory come what may If we reach that pitch of determination today Hitler is game is ended If we reach it in two or three months we may be too late

But what can we do say the lotus-eaters, that we are not already doing How, when we appropriated a lot of money? Haven't we told the Germans that we don't like them? Haven't we traded fifty destroyers to the British? Those who are not yet weakened with "the yellow lotus-dust not yet ripe for peaceмongering know there is much we can do

First we can repeal the Neutrality Act, a law that looks more sickly with every day's experience It has become a disgrace an admission that we do not mean business in opposing Hitler

Second we can repeal the Johnson Act, a law that was passed on the lying assumption that we got into the last war to recover our debts, and which in preserved on the outrageous hope that only love of cash could move us to strong action today

With those laws out of the way our chances to help Britain would be increased many fold We could begin giving (not selling) the goods with which British men are helping to save our world We could begin using American ships to take to the British Isles the machines without which the war must go against us in the spring

Third we could use American warships to convoy boats across the full extent of our declared "neutrality zone Or we could convoy all the way to British ports.

Fourth we can make easy the enlistment in the armies of the British Empire of large numbers of American aviators and mechanics. Twenty thousand such volunteers in Britain or the Near East by next spring, might turn the tide of war and save our world from years of agony

Fifth we can promote some form of understanding among the English-speaking peoples, an alliance or a union looking toward a peace of justice in which all free men can share equally We shall not conquer the Satanic thing of Hitler until we lift our imagination to an equivalent during in the service of Man

All these are actions that can still be described as short of war It will mean plunging to that ambiguous unworthy phrase. Most of us know that war in the modern Hitlerian sense, is being waged against America and that America must fight back or be ruined. Whom can we afraid of that we do not say these things out loud unambiguously and at once? Instead of soft song of the appeasing lotus-eaters America needs a voice like John Milton is to cry unceasingly

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen

England Helped

Without British Aid, United States Might Have Lost the Spanish-American War

WHAT did England ever do for America?" asks the *Oregon Daily Journal* of Portland Oregon and then in the same editorial this influential American newspaper points out that at the Battle of Manila Bay England did vanish rabbit It states

That is one of the pet rhetorical questions raised by everyone interested whether from honest motives or loyalty or from other motives, and that question will be trotted out and set sizzling again as a part of the negative greeting the newly arrived British ambassador Lord Halifax will receive.

So why not answer that question right now?

In the spring of 1898, at Manila Bay, a Great Britain had withheld its hand there might not be today a free United States of America in the world—nor a free Mexico in South America

An unarmed young power in the world,

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the United States was going in war against Spain. Nobody knew how the other powers of Europe would line up

When Commodore Dewey moved at Manila to blockade the port, warships of other nations were there—most of them far stronger than the tiny Far Eastern squadron that Dewey led

Admiral Chichester was there with a British fleet.

Admiral von Diedrich was in command of a German force that could have blown Dewey right out of the water had it made the attempt

Significantly Admiral von Diedrich began hindering and handicapping Dewey at every move Clearly he manifested his friendliness for the Spaniards.

Before Dewey sailed into the bay to attack Admiral von Diedrich called upon the British Admiral Chichester to enquire

What will be your plan of action in case the German fleet decides to fire the first shot?

Admirably Admiral Chichester replied "I will hold a weight of 1,500 pounds" The drop-steel forged metal fittings are tested men stronger—they'll hold a 7 000-pound weight

With all this strength it would seem that the result must be an inevitable contrivance, but it isn't Even with the sponge rubber and the whole thing weighs twenty-two pounds, and it makes a more than reasonably comfortable seat

A new gadget that enables a paratrooper to rip out of the harness as soon as he reaches the ground thereby saving himself from being dragged along and possibly injured is known as the Quick Connector snap It is a metal harness that instantly available close to the chest it meets. As he nears the ground the operator simply turns the knob in a certain direction, and the moment his feet touch he gives the gadget a punch with his fist Presto! The harness opens and the chutist is free

Floyd Smith father of the modern parachute who invented the present free-type manually-operated chute in 1918 writes

"The number of lives it has saved increased rapidly from two or three in 1920 until today the record stands in the thousands. During these years the airplane has been developed to standards of safety and performance undreamed of in 1918 But the parachute in all essential details has remained the same as in 1918 It has been refined in some respects some materials have been improved other materials have been added Its complete weight and bulk has been increased by approximately 10 per cent.

Floyd Smith was a U S Marine who he invented the free-type manually-operated chute Sentiment drove him to the task when a close friend was killed in an air crash under circumstances in which a practical parachute would have saved him Smith's invention was not accepted at first in the United States, and turning his back on local scepticism he went to England at the invitation of the Air Ministry It was in England therefore that the first chutes of the present type were used

In charge of this section at Rockcliffe is Sergeant George Benoit. Before coming into the Air Force he was a professional parachute jumper and has a record of over 2 900 jumps behind him In fact he has newspaper clippings telling of his death as a result of some of the jumps he has attempted The sergeant in the opinion that the present day chute is a pretty dependable affair and is ready to jump out of a plane any day in support of his belief

* * * * *

More Power

TWENTY years ago a power plant burned three to five pounds of coal to generate a kilowatt of electricity Today as great has been the improvement in the efficiency of both steam and electric power equipment a modern plant consumes only a single pound of coal per kilowatt of power output If your power plant is in the improvement possible is worth investigating —*The Retailer.*

Parachutes

Thousands of Lives Saved By Chute — Great Care Taken in Manufacture

THE immense value of parachutes in saving the lives of airmen is pointed out in the *Canadian Military Gazette* as follows

Almost everyone at one time or another has imagined what his reaction would be if he had to take off in a parachute from an airplane The Royal Air Force Review has an article on the question of parachutes which has aroused considerable interest It runs as follows

Have you visited the Parachute Section? The men who work there are not so much at it in the air as one might suppose. In fact there is no better work being done in the whole station than the quiet self effacing work turned out by the men who work with the white silk and ropes.

The reporter asked about the chutes those things that sometimes mean life and safety to a man, and he got this kind of a story

It is an exacting job this manufacturing of parachutes. There must be no mistakes That is the reason for half a dozen different inspections during the process of manufacture.

Operators of sewing machines working on the silk canopy must not use less than eight nor more than ten stitches per inch Less than eight isn't enough for strength More than ten weakens the silk Sewing on the linen harness, there must be not more than five or less than three stitches per inch—and for the same reason.

It takes approximately eight operations to make one parachute The cutting following a pattern cuts the woven silk—into the required shapes Each parachute is composed of four panels and each panel is made up of twenty-four sections That means nearly one-fifth mile pieces of silk have to be sewn together to make the canopy of one parachute

The shroud lines are tested to hold 450 pounds each There are twenty-four of these on there is any danger of them breaking under the weight of a man even a heavyweight The twenty-four shroud lines are one continuous piece extending up and from the silken canopy All in all there are 680 feet of these silken shroud lines in one parachute.

From Ireland comes the linen used in the harness equipment. It is extremely light—and even more extremely strong Under test the linen webbing shows that it will hold a weight of 1,500 pounds The drop-steel forged metal fittings are tested men stronger—they'll hold a 7 000-pound weight

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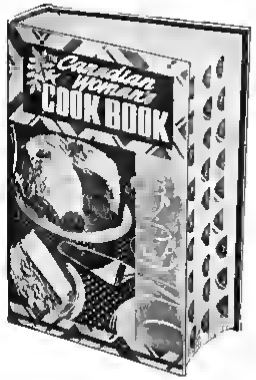
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Courage Needed

Responsibility of Business Leaders Stressed by President of MacLean Company

COURAGE is needed as never before in the business and political life of our country. That statement was made by Horace T. Hunter, President of the MacLean Publishing Company, Limited at the annual dinner of officers, branch managers and guests of the Bank of Toronto on January 8. Elsewhere on this page Mr. Hunter continued:

Let no insult and demand that our political leaders in all parties stop merely trying to be on the winning side. Let us demand that they put the public well above political expediency and speak out with courage and conviction on the important problems which face us today.

But businessmen cannot demand this high standard of their political leaders without accepting it also for themselves.

The head of a business must have the courage to weed out the careless and the inefficient. To do otherwise is to be unfair to the shareholding members of the organization. He, unobserving, or tempted the diligent, hard working people, will be underpaid.

Courage is required to maintain standards of practice, eliminate price-cutting and secret commissions.

Under well-known fact that party campaign funds are raised chiefly from the men of the firms who receive government contracts. This condition has persisted under both Liberal and Conservative governments.

Information has come to me in confidence where men have been asked to increase their price on goods supplied to the government. If they acceded to this request the next step would be for them to call from a man requesting a contribution to party funds.

You can see what this will lead to. It is only a short step to the system or vogue in some of the large cities on this continent where gangsters openly allow those firms to continue in business who make regular contributions to them.

We are facing today the greatest national problems with which this country has ever been confronted. They are problems of finance, of sound organization, principles of personnel, of political patronage, overgovernment and duplication of services, and many other questions of equal importance.

The very security and existence of business organizations, both large and small, are dependent on their solution. More over the solution of these problems now will be the best advance preparations we can make for the after the war slump and the shift over to peacetime conditions.

Surely we might expect that for business leaders who have handled many analogous problems in their own business to take a definite stand openly on these questions even at the risk of retaliation by certain interests on whose toes they may be treading.

My own humble opinion is that in the long run they have less to lose by this courageous course of action than by evading the issue either by indifference or by a studied silence.

I do not advocate reckless entrance into controversial questions.

I do feel, however that the men who formulate the policies for our great industrial and financial corporations, the leaders of labor and of the farmers should have the courage to come out fairly and squarely on the important questions that face the municipality, the province in the Dominion that they should not be afraid to criticize or to differ from the views of men in the same lofty the same party or the same line of business.

Special pleading for class interests is never effective. The man who selfishly champions the special interests of the banks, the insurance companies, manufacturers, retail merchants, labor or agriculture in the long run is bound to fail. The general welfare and prosperity of the country must come first.

The presidents of our chartered banks, life insurance companies and trust companies have spoken out frankly and courageously at their annual meetings on many occasions on questions of national interest.

I sincerely hope these traditions will be maintained and developed to a still further degree. Once lost it will be difficult to regain them.

They have ever wide publicity to these annual statements through the press. They will be read carefully as long as they avoid being merely conventional and neutral on the great important issues of the day.

They are in the unique position of serving all interests in the community.

They must play no favorites.

The general prosperity of the whole country must be the dominant consideration.

I would like very much to see the heads of large industrial companies adopt this same plan and give the same wide publicity to their views.

Never forget we live under a democracy and the last court of appeal is always the people. They must be educated and informed. This job cannot be entirely delegated to others. The spokesmen of business must be the leaders of business.

If babies reach longer to get over to the public a sound idea than for almsound one. Weeds grow faster than flowers.

I believe the majority of men in our government are honest sincere men. We may criticize them for following public opinion rather than leading it. We can help them. I can ever and at the same time help ourselves, by doing our part in the fierce public opinion rising around us. In a democratic country it is the only way to get results.

Best Officers

They Come Not From One Class But From Every Class Is Claim

IN A LETTER to the London *Times* Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Bingham claimed that in the British Army commoners outfought peers, that as good officers were members of the aristocracy for the reason that commoners are taught to think only of themselves while the aristocrats are taught from the cradle to think of people dependent upon them. This letter started a hot controversy in England one third has even been published to some extent in Canada. Percy quotes per centrary in Lieut.-Colonel Bingham's were expressed and herewith a few of them are reprinted from *Public Opinion*:

"The war policy of the Government states the *Daily Mail* (London) is based upon the conception of a united democratic nation.

"We are all in it together and the majority of us have learned to respect the qualities of the others in the line not as dukes or dustmen but as fellow-men.

"The R.A.F. are the most democratic of the fighting services, and no one can say they are the least successful. In that fine arm the product of the public secondary and elementary schools have won equal honor and equal fame.

"Today the soldier is encouraged to think for himself and to advance himself. Intelligence and family is the requisite for a commission—or it must be where all are recruited on an equal basis.

"And last night a grammar school old thought should suffer ignorance in doubt as to the result we would point to the Dominions Armies the most democratic in the world."

Mr. Ernest Brown, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland, speaking at Aberdeen said:

"As one who served in the last war I know perfectly well that leadership is no question of either the house in which a man was born or of the school in which he was educated.

"Leadership in our country has come from the castle in the past and will in the future. It has also come from the cottage in the past and will in the future.

"This country will want every scrap of leadership whether from a fisherman's home such as where I was born in or from a direct heritage.

"The outstanding fact about this is the enormous need to be found throughout all ranks and conditions of men. I hope that opportunities will be given for leadership to be shown whether in the Armed Forces, the Civil Defense services, or in the training, such as are given in our Parliamentary system by the free institutions of this land.

"It is not a question of what school a man has attended it is a question of a man's character.

"Our private soldiers of today are men

"In All Respects Ready for Sea"

Continued from page 11 Starts on Page 10

him long, say that there is nothing exaggerated about knowing his own indispensable atom. It has taken the form of a quiet air of dignity and unsophisticated loyalty.

Then too, he has a tradition to uphold. He is not the merchant marine sailor in wartime. He is a sailor of the merchant navy. Navy is the word. He knows that word. Until the end of the eighteenth century he was all the navy there was. The merchantmen were armed as a defence against pirates and privateers, and Merchant Jack learned to fight. When a war came he moved his hammock to a ship of the line manned the navy and proved himself a fierce fighter. When piracy ceased and the Declaration of Paris in 1856 abolished privateering there were no more guns on the merchantmen and he did not train in the art of war but he never lost his fighting heart. In the last war heaven knows he proved it there. He is growing in bigger and greater than ever in this one.

And so when Lieutenant Watt and we had a British ship ahead with crew trouble, we all strolled down to see. She was a fine big crew 10 000-ton flush decker with "Sunderland built" striking out all over her. They have taken the Germer designed Micafarer bow lines and added what the German never did know how to give a ship—beauty. She had the new sunpoon post mastr that go no higher than the crosstrees and had no high topmast for rig up signals. She was built down and break the horizon for Jerry with a pair of high power Zeiss binoculars on submarine lookout. Her very side ladder was swank for a merchantman.

I don't know her skipper and stand-in engineer chief carpet-slipper when I saw the matter with them. He sat down scarcely in one of the swivel chairs abaft the main teak trimmer table fit for a Standard Oil flagship. They've gone temperamental. They're a fine jacked crew an old crew of mine I dunno. This is the first time I've ever happened to me. Maybe—"

Watt had them brought in all together. They filed in silently a typical high-class merchant crew. You could pick out the bosun and the cook, and the young AB who was the best wheel watch of them all judged by the way he carried his shoulders. The bosun looked like Jat John Pulstaff in a jacket of soiled canvas. The cook as pale as his dough with two cowlicks for a haircut looked like Bloody's husband Dagwood. Watt, with that trained grave surely the Navy gives or augments in every man told them what he was there for. He was there to find out.

It wouldn't come. A silence and then a nervous shuffle of feet didn't say a thing. A sound of breathing with the bosun leading off in a good bosun should such a most asthmatic steady wheeze through a nose like a beat didn't say anything either.

"Come on" said Watt. "We've got to know."

The "we" did it. It was Dudley Pound and Admiral Cunningham and all the years of respecting the white ensign and the battleship and the destroyers that had started with them or the trip west until "we" was the British Navy.

"Come all, sir," blurted the cook, "and you'll see we feel. The stove is a dreamer range sir. It fits got controlled eat. A bucket of Welsh first thing and another this afternoon with and I can try or hot or bake top-o the-hill. There on a draft blown on the back of me neck like these skylight sokers."

"There isn't no drafts anywhere," said the bosun in a voice like Broadway's. "There's cupboards in my room to run around the ruddy big bed, but there's no need of them. There's drawers in me chest with the front cramin' inside of fine teak—"

A murmur of assent that ran across the room showed that all hands had talked it over and agreed.

"It's a *maiden* cause one indignant pleading cry from someone.

Watt swung his head slowly encompassing the brilliant ring of serious faces. His glance meeting mine over it in the corner of his eye, carried disbelief and amazement, then incredulity dawning. "But— he said.

"It's just too much of a ruddy shame if the beggars get her that's what we say. The cook came till not well it. "She's too good for the tin fish. Why are they chuck it with ee-ar? Put us in an old rin any old one. We seen her buildin at Sunderland. I she goes—"

Watt's eyes that tonight mine again were filled with more than relief. There was pride in them. That place out to the eastward that these men were visualizing that every man afloat today visualizes—that place where the tin fish with his ship's number on it catches up with him in a cruel place. To dream of it is to thunder and think if not of death of bitter cold and the horrors of an open boat in mid-winter. Who can forgive a man for thinking of that place in terms of self? But these men were beyond that. They were thinking of it in terms of something

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League of Nations Affairs

WE BOARDED a vessel with a plumb[illegible] stern bow and that was all that was plumb about her. She was a Greek. Even in Pericles' day the Greeks could not be called great seamen. Early in the war they were sometimes tried to those whose duty it is to see that there shall be no weak links in the convoy chain. But a new spirit born in the Albanian Mountains has fired Greek hearts now. Thus rusty girl we boarded next offered an illustration. Leading Hand Gunner explained why the boys called her The League of Nations, as we stood waiting for a chance at the ladder. In her personnel she listed the following: one Burmese, two East Indians, two Czechs, two Japs, one Lithuanian, two Newfoundlanders and an assortment of Greeks.

I sought out the cook. He was a fierce browed Mark Mustachio, solid man with a gentle but easily lured eye. He came from the Greek island of Hydra where the monster slain by Hercules lived.

I asked him how things had been. I had an idea. A cook, like a chameleon, can change his tactics to suit a background. I'd be not too checkered. A Greek cook would cut down on his garlic and please a French crew possibly, or a Spanish one if he read not quite as much Byron. But, like the chameleon—that small lizard with ability to change his protective coloring swiftly from green to brown or yellow that the colored man used out on a piece of Mackenzie plaid—this cook, had tried to suit the League of Nations and done good instead.

"How have things been?" I asked innocently.

He cast his enormous black eyes at me, swiftly indignantly. His right hand lifted the big iron stew spoon from its pot and brandished it dripping over his head.

"I go," he exclaimed, "crazy as."

And then that proof of the new spirit of Greece came forth. The spoon sliced a straight uncompromising swish through the air and held straight out pointing so tensely that it quivered a bit, from which there would be no deviation ever.

"But so more crazy as," he shouted. "From now on—I—cook—*Greek*."

We went on and climbed more ladders, most of them British. There were spotless forecastles where Jack slept on clean tanker's blankets and had no thought of his body's warmth. In it was furnished by cream-painted radiators and wafted gently about him by a silent, expensive fan. There were other forecastles, dark reeking dens with men hovering like cavemen in a cold snap about a small "buggy." There were clean messrooms and messrooms built for Lascars with filth grown deep into the floors, greasy rusted decks and smoke blacks painted grey or reddish buff. There were short men and tall handsome and ugly men as different as all people even of the single British race are different. But fundamentally they were all the same.

Commander Oland has a matter of fine her to open his instructions to skippers making the final preparations for convoy.

Being in all respects ready for sea—it says.

You can write that line as the best description I know of Merchant Jack. Ready for sea has, and for all that reads next implies. It implies courage, loyalty, ability to face the hard chance without the smallest chance of glory to walk the streets ashore in his ragged clothes and see other men no better than he have the wet canteens and the uniforms and the bands and the plaudits—and go back aboard his cold wet tramp and go to sleep and put out on the morrow to match rusty thin bottom plates against the warheads of Hitler's torpedoes—and win.

Wait and I talked about Jack in the abstract. [illegible] in channel in the dusk.

"If there's a God he's a merchant sailor and never more [illegible] sailor," I said. "I think the figure standing atop it should be the likeness of a portly splendid lad.

It should," he said. "They wouldn't chirp the right one out of the marble. Here's one I'd pick. He was an Irish kid I talked to last week. He was a pimply mallow boy with green teeth and a hangdog look. Without the least emotion he told me he couldn't stand it any more. The cook was riding him the forecastle too, because he was an Irishman. De Valera has a lot to account for when this show is over. I wonder if he knows how his Irish out in the world are suffering? This boy had [illegible] under clothed friendless. I don't think I could have taken it, but I explained the facts to him. I told him there were 11 000 tons of food under the deck where he stood and it was needed overseas. If he quit as he had a right to the ship would probably miss the convoy. For all alone, could bring 11 000 tons of food getting to those who needed it. I asked him to go back, and take a linking and let the ship go. Unemotional still without the least trace of heroics or ego he nodded his head and turned away without a word and earned on.

Merchantmen Ashore

COMMANDER OLAND when I dropped in to say my thanks, had an idea for a monument to Merchant Jack too.

You heard him groaning, I suppose," he said. "He eternally groans, but not about important things. I'll bet you didn't hear a single complaint about the way we're forced to treat him here ashore?

No," I said. "I didn't. What would you like to do for him here ashore?"

"I wish I could do it. Give me a quarter acre of ground around here near some place so we could keep our own eyes on him. Build me two medium speed shacks and one big one. Over the two small ones put well say the Norwegian ensign and the Greek. Over the large building hoist the red duster. Inside—stout tables, chairs, lots of windows, light, sunshine. Put in a beer bar and sell him his pint for nothing—for cost. Keep the place clean for him and happy. Give the man a chance to stretch out his legs and get warm. He's earned it—if any man ever earned any thing he's earned it.

Walking home I pondered a shop that caters to the men of the sea. "Charles Snow" said the window. "Electric Tattoo Artist." I made a deal with Charles he lent me the master designs of his four leading numbers in return for this small publicity plug. Those garish pictures designed to be packed indelibly into the skin speak more eloquently of Merchant Jack than all my words. The two leading ones are what Charlie calls "gems and names." There is a heart with a banner spelling Flo or Annie or whoever she may be. A khedive in flight carries a stiff ribbon with a name. They are arm designs.

Jack's other favorites are in a different mood. They are chest pieces. "The Sailor's Grave." "Last Port" are their titles. They show a Union Jack in roll recline above a wreath of leaves. Framed by the leaves in a choppy sea and vanishing store first in the sinking hull of an old square-rigger ship. She is left lost with all hands, on a lonely ocean. Those crude designs, "The Sailor's Grave," "Last Port," are symbols of as stark a brand of courage as our time has seen—the wharnies of a man who can think of death have the picture of it stamped with a hot needle into the skin of his hairy chest and then go out unafraid to meet it.

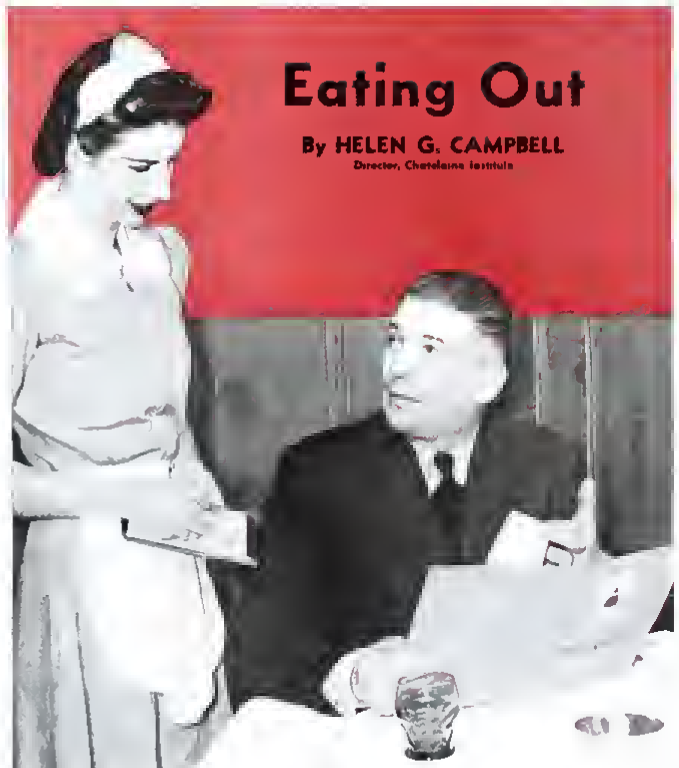
Editor's Note: This is the first of two articles by Mr. Ransley on the merchant marine. The second will appear in Maclean's for April 1.

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Eating Out

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director, Chatelaine Institute



Luncheon should be a pleasant interlude, choice of food planned in good relationship to the first and last meals of the day.

WITH factories going full blast with offices the bustling hives of industry they are with shops doing a lively business, more people than ever are eating out at noon. Hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, tearooms, snack bars, lunch counters and lunch boxes are catering to the cowboy appetites of thousands, and on the whole making a pretty good job of it. If and there lurk that some of their patrons eat not well and some of them not wisely.

Lunch of course is pretty much a personal matter for the one who pays for it and no chef or dietitian can prevent you choosing an out-of-balance lopsided menu if you've a mind to. They can't help it if you regard the table as a mere filling station on input on hall starving yourself in the interest of a bean pole figure. But merry all them do try to help you all they can by providing good food and away from lunch meals that are well designed as food value flavor harmony and color combination. After that it's up to you to consider your dietary requirements as well as your purse and your preferences.

It is the all-too-frequent error on the part of the hungry multitude that a wrong and so often results in poor nutrition. Though I don't believe in fussing and worrying about every bit you put in your mouth I do hold that proper diet is a defense measure against ill health and therefore an important part of our own war-time program. Can the office worker who eats so heartily that he puts himself half asleep for half the afternoon think as clearly or do as accurate a job in making out his company's income tax? Can the girl who subsists on a sandwich and soda get through as much work as her better fed sister? Can the man who persistently leans too heavily toward starchy foods pull his whole weight in the job? "No" is the answer to that quiz, and "yes" to the question — Does it happen here?

Of course no one meal or type of meal is suitable for everybody. You need a heartier lunch if you're busy at active outdoor work than does the fellow who is kept pretty well tied in a desk putting little pencil marks through this and other manuscripts. If you're kept on the hop carrying heavy trays for customers you'll need more to sustain you than will the girl who makes lightning change behind a cash cage. And if you're a teen-age boy busy with the business of growing as well as delivering parcels all over town you probably will—and probably should—eat enormously and the lot of them.

Occupation isn't the only thing that governs this middle meal, another is the way it fits in with and supplements the others. If for instance you set out in the morning well fortified by a good breakfast and get home at night to a hearty dinner you'll get along very nicely with say a soup and salad or another simple two-course lunch. But those people—and they are legion—who nibble a bit of toast with one cup or the clock should see their final the midday meal as not of the same scrappy character. If two meals of the four are strong on starch or heavy on protein get your minerals and vitamins at noon and make lunch do its fair share for your health and sustenance.

Now you can't be expected to know the details of every item in your diet—unless you do all your own planning. But you do know the general pattern, and all I'm adding is a little judgment. After all it's your nourishment—and your digestion—I'm talking about and that's worth something in your family and your employer. To the whole country in fact for in wartime good health is not much our own concern but of vital importance to the nation.

Fortunately more and more business men and women are taking an intelligent interest in what they eat. They're drinking more milk. They're eating their quota of fruits and vegetables. They're balancing their diet to provide the essential proteins, minerals, vitamins, fats and carbohydrates in proper proportion for good nutrition. And patriotically they are using and choosing Canadian foods.

When you stay downtown for lunch the first thing is to pick out for yourself a restaurant which is clean and pleasant and where well cooked food is served at prices that suit you. Then when you sit down to select a menu—don't make it a random affair but a nice little problem to be tastily and profitably solved.

With a general plan in mind you can make a more economical as well as more satisfactory job of your menu having provided it isn't the same old thing yesterday today and forever. Make them from lightly buttered dry old bread give each a tasty with sliced filling cut to correct size and wrap in waxed paper. And leave the trucks on ice goodness sake when you're making them. You can't carry the bread so well as the filling so then aren't so many irritations as you might think in that type of meal.

Crisp carrot fingers crisp turnip slivers celery sticks or frest lettuce leaves or—later on—ripe tomatoes are accompaniments which provide contrast in texture and therefore attractive qualities. Dessert should be chosen to fit into it rather coarse and some fruit or beverage is desirable.

Here are some jotted points to keep in mind when selecting the day's bill of fare.

1 About a pint of milk a day—as a beverage or as an ingredient in such dishes as soups sauces puddings and so on.

2 At least two generous servings of such vegetables as spinach cabbage carrots lettuce tomatoes, onions beets and others of the raw stuffy type. Have one of these raw when possible—only—preferably two.

3 Fruit at least once. Only—preferably twice.

4 At least one serving of meat, fish fowl eggs or cheese.

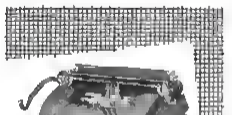
5 Some fat in the form of butter or cream.

6 Bread—not the dry crumbly with a bit of starchy vegetables such as potatoes dried beans and peas corn cereals in the form of breads, breakfast cereals, macaroni and desserts.

7 Drink water freely between meals.

8 If you weigh too much eat less of the starchy group and cut down the sugar intake and fat foods. If you are too thin eat more of these foods and drink extra milk.

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Letters

Robert W. Service

In all the years that I have read *Maclean's* I have never been more delighted than I was with "So I Have a Mild Face" by R. W. Service.

Since 1908 I have read and recited Service. In France 1918, we were at lunch when the steward whispered to the colonel who left the table hurriedly. He came back and with a grin announced: "Gentlemen we have a great Canadian guest today. Robert W. Service." The modest gentleman with no O. C. sat in with us, and we questioned him eagerly.

After lunch every officer had duties except myself and I had a happy hour with R. W. S.

I remember scalding him for not giving more poems. He excused himself by saying that he had been out of Canada for many years and that one could not write real stories at the North without a background. He confided to me that he had married in Paris, had a home in Paris and La Plage. But he told me that I would soon be able to read his "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man."

By the bye, incident in his article he does not mention his two companions, Canadian officers, who were overcome by whisky at the same time and brought to me. I told them they Canadians had never been known to retreat under fire, who reupon they engaged the enemy with great gusto.—Thos. A. Willis, London, Ont.

Street Cars

I. P. A. Nowikoff in his excellent article on the T.T.C. says the Toronto system has been called "the best street railway system in North America." This, in my opinion, is an understatement. I think it is the best in the world, although as a general system it is not to be compared with that of London, New York or Paris. Also, many parts are strangely T.T.C. considering that Montreal are thin most courteous. I have ever met.

Here are a few "bouquets and brickbats" for other cities. Calgary—Trams have smoking compartments. Vancouver—ugh set trams in Canada. Halifax—smallest. New Glasgow, N.S. (pop. 11,000)—smallest. Canadian towns with its own system. Montreal—slow. New York—slowest. Los Angeles—most similar to Toronto. San Francisco—oddest, because of the way they climb main tramway streets. London, Eng.—least used. Palmo (Spain)—most dear (because a guardia civil (policeman) always rides up front and in spite of his trim everyone joyously ignores the prominent "No Smoking" signs.—Paul Morton, Toronto.

Pick Up the Marbles—You Win

In T.T.C. by Philip A. Nowikoff we note that: "In 1921 four double decked solid tired motor buses—unusual street cars on wheels—had been placed in districts."

Quite an improvement we'll bet, on the old wheel-less type and worthy almost of your *Parade* department's attention.—Ray B. Hill, Grand Forks, B.C.

Editor's Note: It should have read, "Street cars on tires."

From a Former n Wife

A letter in your January 15 number reads: "Halifax apartment owners are not impatient but they do desire a decent interest on their investment as well as enough for the upkeep of the premises."

What a difference it one has money invested in city properties or in Western farmlands! The people were induced to come here in the West with all kinds of fine prospects but what happens?

I know I have had thirty five years of it. I'll tell of these Eastern people who talk so glibly about the Western farmers had then money tied up in land that the Government deliberately inches worthless, by placing prices so low that the farmer cannot make a decent living let alone interest on his money in sufficient for upkeep of machinery they would have a real case for complaint.

There are thousands who did bring many into this country who today are in this position. The farmer is actually being sold out through his prices losing not only his money but the best part of his life and health.

What has become of the ten cents I buried like it a farmer on his 1,284 roots? Just whose pocket did this line? Those Eastern people should not only have their money tied up here but should be held personally and they would know more about it.

Not long ago a scheme was on foot to bring English settlers in with $5,000. It made my blood boil. I am English, brought up in England came here in 1905. How far would $5,000 go and where it was gone then what? It would be better invested in city property.

Then how it has gone for ten years—rot worms, drought and dust storms, low prices, grasshoppers, thrift. I love prices. Fortunately we can hang onto our faith and we can scrape along.—Western Farmer's Wife, Wentville Sask.

The Naval Uniform

In your January 15 number you state by inference the derivation of the three stripes on the collar and the black silk handkerchief of a seaman's uniform.

In the book "The Navy at Today" by Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Edward R.N. (Blackie and Son Ltd. 1939) and with a foreword by Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt G.C.B. Admiral of the Fleet the author deals with the aspect of a seaman's uniform on page 142.

One of the most popular fallacies with regard to the Royal Navy is that connected with the black silk handkerchief and the rows of white tape around the edge of the seaman's blue jean collar. It is widely believed not only among laymen but among many men in the Royal Navy itself, that the black silk handkerchief is worn in mourning for Nelson and that the three rows of white tape on the collar commemorate Nelson's three famous victories of Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar. Actually there is not a shred of truth in this belief.

The author explains that these features of the uniform were not adopted until 1857 more than half a century after Nelson's death upon recommendation from the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport for reasons of uniformity smartness etc. and that the naval uniform which came into being in that year was essentially as it is today.—F. M. Kennedy, Toronto.

The Milch Cow Matter

The Premier of Ontario is reported to have said recently that Ontario was not going to be the milch cow for the West any longer.

If Mr. Hepburn's answer to that famous question, "Can you milk cows?" was "Yes," he should know that the achievements of a good milch cow depend a great deal on the milker. Even Jim best of them may be caused much distress and finally become dry. If the milker does not milk regularly and thoroughly—and a dry cow is not very profitable, anywhere.

That the West does not like milk from the cow in the East is only too true. We can see this evidence in every side. In our homes almost everything is an Ontario product. In race furniture, electrical equipment, clothing, bedding, almost canned goods, sometimes flour, our reading material, and writing material. Our highways teem with cars from there and the hum of Ontario machinery is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It would probably be a safe estimate to say that over fifty per cent of every dollar earned by farmer or wage earner (and that comprises practically the whole population of the West) finds its way down to Ontario. Even when there is a bit of surplus cash to invest, often enough that is sent down there too. In return for which we receive some nicely engraved pieces of paper called "bonds," signed and counter signed by some weighty names in that province. In lieu of interest they send from time to time more nice certificates of stock. The amount of this we can see is probably astonishing. It may send Ontario boys through college but hasn't helped our Saskatchewan boys very much.

Yes indeed the West gets the milk and Ontario is doing quite nicely with the proceeds (and the cream).

I was born in Ontario and have reason to be proud of the part my forebears played in building up that grand province but for over fifty years we have been Westerners. Fortunes, or livings have not been easily made in Saskatchewan the past few years, but the people have kept chins up magnificently.

We hope that the East will not "bite the hand that feeds it" too far and "kick the bucket might be kicked over" the milk spilled.—A Westerner. Find a more contented cow in fresh pastures.

The glorious Dominion from sea to sea has need of statesmanship not politicians. Conferences should be most beneficial but all. Let it not be said of us. They are a nation void of counsel and them is no understanding in them.—Edith Kay.

Teacher Talks Back

It was with mingled interest and amusement that I read about myself in Parade of February 1. This is the first time I have rated in any national magazine and I would like to state my views on the matter.

We had a great joke about that particular headline in the Canadian *Leader*—"Elementary School In Splendid Shape Teacher In Leaving." But you people interpreted the headline in the wrong way—to my mind at least and to the mind of my mother, who suggested that I should for a bill of fare—draw your attention to it.

The truth is at the outset that I have had only one year and four months experience in teaching and all of that little bit of England known as the City of Duncan. Perhaps the following suggestion would not be very close to the truth but at the same time I have been a reader of *Maclean's* for many years and I know you would like to help out a reader now and then. Here's our idea of a good interpretation:

"We were pleased to see the Cowichan *Leader* praise one of the staff to the extent that, after the school (the Elementary School in splendid shape he was leaving for another post."

That may not be worded as an expert would have it but you probably see that view as well. "Parade" is my final page read when *Maclean's* drops on the doormat. Of course I don't read it on the doormat but you should know that your live magazine has been read here for many years.—Alastair M. Grant, New Westminster, B.C.

Canada n Aluminance

I was interested to see a short article entitled "Pots and Pans for Airplanes" in your January 1 issue.

The painter pointed by the author however is both gloomy and incorrect. It will be of interest for you to know that before the war Canada was the third largest aluminum producer in the world and since the outbreak of hostilities production here has more than doubled. While the statement made Aluminum is one of the rather few articles over which the Nazis have a better control than ourselves," may be correct in Germany produced slightly more aluminum in 1938 than the United States, the second largest world producer, nevertheless British and Canadian aircraft needs can be and are being met with Canadian aluminum.

Al Toronto and Kingston in Ontario and at Shawinigan Falls and Arvida in Quebec the Aluminum Company of Canada Ltd. have geared their not inconsiderable facilities to the production of fabricated and non fabricated aluminum for war needs.

As to bauxite, the aluminum ore the Canadian supply is kept up in an unfailing stream from British Guiana which has considerable deposits.

From this you can see that the entire process from bauxite mine to finished aircraft is carried on within the defenses of the British Empire, and there is little danger of this supply flagging due to war causes.

In the United States which has in the past been the greatest producer of aluminum in the world ample supplies of bauxite are found in Arkansas, Georgia, Tennessee and other Southern States, as well as imports from Dutch Guiana.

Although there was some impression that there was a shortage in the United States for rearmament needs, it now seems from reports of Edward J. Stettinius and others that there is ample aluminum there.

I make this information available to you as I believe that the article which appeared might give rise to the impression that the aircraft needs of Canada and Great Britain cannot be met with facilities at hand.

I in no way quarrel with the sentiments that the Nazis control huge bauxite deposits and are probably able in practice to keep aluminum from the Empire but, as the article makes no mention of the fact that Canada produces aluminum.—I thought it as well to point out that there are enough supplies at hand to meet war needs.—John Bassett, Jr., Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

Service Liked Oolens

It may be of interest to you or Robert W. Service to know that on the trip which he mentioned in the January 15 number from Athabaska Landing to Fort McMurray to Fort McPherson and into the Porcupine we were camped on the Porcupine at Rampart House. One morning we saw the author in his canoe preceded by another canoe occupied by a man and his wife who had been trapping in the northern reaches of the Porcupine.

I was then on the Alaska-Yukon Boundary Survey which followed the 141st meridian from Mount St. Elias to Herschel Island. This camp at Rampart House was the headquarters of the survey party.

As we saw the two canoes coming down the river we went down to the river bank and Mr. Service's first words were: "Have you any fresh vegetables?" Unfortunately our stock of vegetables was of the dehydrated variety at this but we did have onions in their natural state. Mr. Service was very enthusiastic and apparently enjoyed the raw onions.—Hermann H. Brown, Fort Maitland, N.S.

Tea in England

Referring to your issues of October 15 and February 1, may I correct Miss Stewart and uphold your previous correspondent regarding the ancient dictum of "one teaspoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot." I have heard this recipe from my babyhood in England and still recently have heard it from all parts of England and from all kinds of people.

Few people if any make tea as strong as this nowadays but the weed itself is not consigned to oblivion. Since the last war few in England have reverted to the old formula, but certain restaurants there use it still merely preferring then service with "Do you like your tea weak, medium or the old way?"—Mrs. Dorothy Kynnersley, Victoria.

Omissions in Kingston Article

We are sure they you will be grateful for the following correction of inaccuracies in an otherwise very splendid article appearing in *Maclean's Magazine* February 1 entitled "This is Kingston" by Frederick Edwards.

Regiopolis College was founded in 1838 by the first Catholic Bishop in Ontario who became first Bishop of Kingston in 1826. Hon. Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, D.D. Bishop Macdonell laid the cornerstone of the new college June 11, 1839, the centenary of which was observed by a three-day observance June 1939. The Act of Incorporation is dated under William IV, March 4, 1837.

August 15, 1866, Regiopolis College was given a university charter to confer degrees, which charter was again approved by the Government in 1931.

Thus from its earliest beginning Regiopolis was under the direction of the diocesan clergy until it was entrusted to the Jesuits in 1931.

Incidentally our poor humble selves were left out of the picture completely although we have published continuously since March 17, 1865 and now publish four weeklies, whose weekly run surpasses the daily run of our esteemed contemporary, The *Whig-Standard*.—S. H. Pinkhurt, The Canadian Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., Kingston, Ont.

Maclean's regrets the inaccuracy and the omission. The four weeklies mentioned in the Canadian Freeman, Montreal Beacon, *the* Pembroke Counselor *and the* Northern Catholic.

Clinton Writer Misinformed

There appeared in the issue of *Maclean's* for December 1 an article entitled "On the Avon Trail." I don't know the exact. In general are the facts set out in this article but in the paragraph referring to Bedford, Nova Scotia, this writer has been gravely misinformed.

The first of the two fires concerned destroyed the railway station and a private garage and the second burned a small building on a post office. It was never satisfactorily determined whether or not these fires were the work of one person or group of persons. And although one young man was later arrested there was insufficient evidence for conviction, and he was finally discharged. Neither arrests have since been made.—Margaret Barron, Halifax, N.S.

A Problem in Finance

I am under the impression that there is a widespread ignorance of economic problems especially those relating to currency and therefore submit the following problem for solution by your readers.

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Ferro-Concrete Resists Bombs

THE bombed portions of London will not be rebuilt with stone and brick states *The Irish Free Press* and it tells why:

Ferro-concrete "stands up best to bombing." Steel buildings on the other hand have tumbled in stone heaps, and brick buildings to powder.

From this experience it follows that no more stone churches and bank mansions will be raised on the old urban sites after the war but the relatively modern materials will be used universally for safety's sake. Stone and brick will be left to buildings of the past, standing as tombstones, except, perhaps in military places, considered safe where rich men may put up country homes of an old gracious fash on.

Ferro-concrete offices, ferro-concrete Government buildings ferro-concrete law courts, factories warehouses as well as ferro-concrete residential blocks and libraries, halls, theatres, schools and churches.—These will be the urban fabric of the future mostly rectangular grey, unmellowed and unlovely. Not such was the city that Wren built, of splendid stones piled in towers and domes and fanciful spires and springing buttresses.

The architects, no doubt, will come to Europe from America. In New York Chicago San Francisco and the other titanic cities of the New World schools of architects (there is growing teaching together as colleagues, not as master and apprentice) have developed styles suited to steel and concrete.

They have raised those sky lines, so familiar to us in films, which make America appear to the European as an enormous pile of cubes, pierced with innumerable windows, a human honeycomb of grey peril, an artificial mountain, eaten into caves.

This stupendous rectangular architecture—for which the Old World's classic styles, Romanesque Gothic Renaissance baroque rococo are all pitched to oblivion—has a grandeur all its own, soon any.

This technique the ferro-concrete art will be needed for the new Europe's structure. Perhaps the immensity of the task before the building trade may oblige the Old World to call for skilled workers from the New.

Thus will London become in whatnyetuls (so to speak) what it is in Aldwych, where Bush House is a large church of U.S.A. planted between two ancient city churches. The vast white American cube which rose beside London Bridge a few years ago with a gall course on its flat roof, will be repeated in cube beside cube, where the Romans first raised Londinium on the Porcupine at Rampart House. One morning we saw the author in his canoe preceded by another canoe occupied by a man and his wife who had been trapping in the northern reaches of the Porcupine.

I was then on the Alaska-Yukon Boundary Survey which followed the 141st meridian from Mount St. Elias to Herschel Island. This camp at Rampart House was the headquarters of the survey party.

As we saw the two canoes coming down the river we went down to the river bank and Mr. Service's first words were: "Have you any fresh vegetables?" Unfortunately our stock of vegetables was of the dehydrated variety at this but we did have onions in their natural state. Mr. Service was very enthusiastic and apparently enjoyed the raw onions.—Hermann H. Brown, Fort Maitland, N.S.

Tea in England

Referring to your issues of October 15 and February 1, may I correct Miss Stewart and uphold your previous correspondent regarding the ancient dictum of "one teaspoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot." I have heard this recipe from my babyhood in England and still recently have heard it from all parts of England and from all kinds of people.

Few people if any make tea as strong as this nowadays but the weed itself is not consigned to oblivion. Since the last war few in England have reverted to the old formula, but certain restaurants there use it still merely preferring then service with "Do you like your tea weak, medium or the old way?"—Mrs. Dorothy Kynnersley, Victoria.

Omissions in Kingston Article

We are sure they you will be grateful for the following correction of inaccuracies in an otherwise very splendid article appearing in *Maclean's Magazine* February 1 entitled "This is Kingston" by Frederick Edwards.

Regiopolis College was founded in 1838 by the first Catholic Bishop in Ontario who became first Bishop of Kingston in 1826. Hon. Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, D.D. Bishop Macdonell laid the cornerstone of the new college June 11, 1839, the centenary of which was observed by a three-day observance June 1939. The Act of Incorporation is dated under William IV, March 4, 1837.

August 15, 1866, Regiopolis College was given a university charter to confer degrees, which charter was again approved by the Government in 1931.

Thus from its earliest beginning Regiopolis was under the direction of the diocesan clergy until it was entrusted to the Jesuits in 1931.

Incidentally our poor humble selves were left out of the picture completely although we have published continuously since March 17, 1865 and now publish four weeklies, whose weekly run surpasses the daily run of our esteemed contemporary, The *Whig-Standard*.—S. H. Pinkhurt, The Canadian Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., Kingston, Ont.

Maclean's regrets the inaccuracy and the omission. The four weeklies mentioned in the Canadian Freeman, Montreal Beacon, *the* Pembroke Counselor *and the* Northern Catholic.

Clinton Writer Misinformed

There appeared in the issue of *Maclean's* for December 1 an article entitled "On the Avon Trail." I don't know the exact. In general are the facts set out in this article but in the paragraph referring to Bedford, Nova Scotia, this writer has been gravely misinformed.

The first of the two fires concerned destroyed the railway station and a private garage and the second burned a small building on a post office. It was never satisfactorily determined whether or not these fires were the work of one person or group of persons. And although one young man was later arrested there was insufficient evidence for conviction, and he was finally discharged. Neither arrests have since been made.—Margaret Barron, Halifax, N.S.

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—*Western Retailer*



"I can't stand people who leave things till the last minute"

—Drawn by *Maclean's* by Ben Gath.

Hot Stuff—Greek generals are fired with the spirit of the fight while Italian generals are just fired.—Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*

Note For Schoolboys—Schoolboys are reminded that Winston Churchill was never a shining light at Harrow but when he returned for a visit recently he was hailed as the most distinguished graduate of his time.—Stratford *Beacon Herald*

No Pioneer Spirit—A woman out in Ohio whose husband forced her to pull a plow and drag logs up and shed tears. Alas the good old pioneer spirit of women is fast dying seems to be a thing of the past.—Calgary *Herald*.

Don't Delay—Also equipping yourself to grasp Opportunity you must be right behind the door to let him in the moment he knocks.—Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Can Give It Two—People of Britain we read are healthy sick of the phrase We can take it They have proved the point, and it doesn't need to be emphasized any longer.—Ottawa *Journal*

July Pie—The actuaries tables for 1940 show July to have been the most dangerous month as by then the June brides has progressed to the cookbook's pie section.—Sudbury *Star*

Pioneer Difficulties—We feel sorry for the early Western pioneers. They couldn't square their dishes and cutlery by attending neighborhood theatres. — Calgary *Herald*.

Wit and Wisdom

Rough Riding—The man who tries to dodge his obligations usually finds the detour much rougher than the road.—Guelph *Mercury*

Stretching Does It—Stretching best type of exercise says doctor So long as you can make both ends meet you're okay.—Saskatoon *Star Phoenix*

Fashion Note—Fashion pictures from Florida beaches indicate that about the same amount of gal will be worn with the 1941 bathing suits.—Edmonton *Journal*

What a Nuisance!—If the British don't stop taking prisoners in Libya we'll soon be in almost as bad a mess as we were through having all the Italians or our sails in the last war!—Ottawa *Citizen*

How to Find Out—People have more interest in you than you think Just wait until something happens that you don't want known.—Brandon *Sun*

Bad to Worse—Madame Lupescu, Titian haired girl friend of former King Carol may have been a national menace, but look at Roumania now.—London *Free Press*

Just a Reminder—Of course few people believe in signs but a Hartford (Conn.) licence has a license plate bearing the designation U-2.—Montreal *Herald*

No Exceptions—Two thousand Doukhobors at a meeting in Brilliant, B.C. decided to ignore army training notices. If these people refuse to obey the law they should be dealt with just as any other lawbreakers.—Ottawa *Journal*

Smallest and Meanest—The smallest and meanest man in Prince Rupert is the one who will discover only too late that he did nothing to help win the war.—Prince Rupert *News*

No Comparison — Democracy may have its drawbacks is that of war dictatorship may have some seeming advantages. But in the long run there is no comparison. Who would not sooner live as a citizen of a democracy than as the slave of a dictatorship?—Owen Sound *Sun Times*



—Drawn by *Maclean's* by Albert Campbell.

Whatever it is it's darned annoying!

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Slight Difference—A woman whose husband had joined the Navy gave a party to celebrate the event. Next day a friend said: "Pity you had to call off Mr. Tom Smith having gone to sea." "Oh, no," said Mrs. Tom Smith, having gone to see his wife requests that the congregation pray for his safety."—*Prairie Messenger*

Sad Accident—A minister dropped in at a village inn for a drink. The oldest inhabitant was just finishing his pint as the stranger bought him another. He swallowed it at a gulp. He was given another and a third. Each time it went down in one.

"Do you always swallow pints like that?" asked the stranger.

"Ayr sur ever since my accident forty years ago.

"What was that?

"Why sur I had a pint knocked out."—*Vancouver News-Herald*.

Feminine Fleonage— "You want more money to pay your dressmaker?" said her husband. "But I gave you $25 last week for her."

"Yes dear," explained the wife gently "but it just happened that she did not send the bill."—*Calgary Albertan*

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Better Never Than Late—The late man to a London concert hall who seemed he was visiting a comedy entertainment arrived in time to hear a performance not at all to his taste.

He nudged the man next to him.

"I say," he asked "what's this stuff we're getting?"

"Hush" came the shocked reply "this is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

Will scattered the non-musical man of the other eight were like this, thank goodness I was late! — *Brantford Expositor*

Bad Luck—"Heard about poor Mrs. Green's bad luck?" said Mrs. Blobbs over the fence.

"No what is it?" asked Mrs. Nobbs eagerly.

"Her husband's run away," said Mrs. Blobbs gleamingly "and what a mercy he robbed her of every penny she had."

"Well I never!" gasped Mrs. Nobbs "Poor dear. And she only married him because she was so scared of laughing."—*Kingston Whig-Standard*

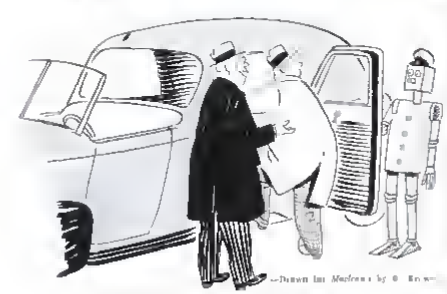
Big Head—The old shepherd's daughter is going to marry a town-dweller. Wishing to make her father look smart when he gave her away at the altar she got him a new overcoat to wear a hat. The shepherd went into a store.

Clerk—"What size please?"

Shepherd—"I don't know."

Clerk—"Well try a medium and a half."

Shepherd—"Sir a half will look right. I went a sixteen-collar at I know it is bigger than my head."—*Whig-Standard*



—Drawn by *Maclean's* by C. Brown.

First I get an automatic gearshift — then an automatic clutch — and now this!

Useless Labor—A bus filled mainly with old ladies going sightseeing pulled up when the air raid warning sounded. The old ladies scrambled off the bus and ran to the nearest shelter.

Dismissed, said the conductor, scratching his head. "And those are the old dears I've been helping out and off for years."—*Portage la Prairie Graphic*

After the Fight—It was bedtime, and Mrs. Jones was overlooking the evening toilet of her small son.

"Johnny," she exclaimed "Look at your hand! It's all scratched and bleeding. How did that happen?

"Well you see, mother those were awfully sharp teeth Jimmy Johnson used to have."—*Trail (B.C.) Times*.

A Matter of Concern—General "Now men don't be afraid. Each bullet is intended for a certain objective, and there's only one chance in ten thousand that one is marked for you."

Private "It's not the one marked for me that I'm afraid of, General. It's the one marked 'To Whom It May Concern.'"—*Niagara Falls Review*

Heavy Man—Pat and Mike Lily must read either in a hospital both suffering from the same illness, trouble. The doctor came along and attended Pat's leg. Then poor fellow sympathized with him.

Then the doctor looked at Mike's leg, patted it tenderly, but Mike didn't make a sound.

After the doctor had gone Pat shouted to his friend "You are the bravest man I've ever seen."

Will Mike replied casually "I don't what I called in you so I shaved him a good un."—*Edmonton Bulletin*

Just Like a Husband— Is your husband difficult to please in the matter of dress?"

"Very. When I get a gown that he likes he doesn't like the bill and when the bill suits him he doesn't care a rap for the gown."—*Sarnia Observer*

Freak Do the Farm—First Farmer "I've got a freak on my place—a two-legged calf.

Second Farmer "Yeah he came over to call on my daughter last night."—*Weekly Reliable*

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ON A NOT long ago Sunday a commercial broadcast from Station CJCJ Calgary dedicated a recorded number to the boys of the local section of the Canadian Dental Corps, who were about due to leave for an unnamed destination. The feminine announcer in charge of the program made the dedication in appropriately impressive phrases, but their effect was somewhat discounted when the music began. The song was "Carry On!" and the first line of the chorus runs: "We must all pull together."

♦

A report is to hand concerning the embarrassments of a nice young chap living in Edmonton who has a girl friend in England. They exchange letters, and their letters perforce must pass through the censors' hands. Recently the Edmonton man received what was supposed to be a communication from his English correspondent. At the top it bore the lady's address, the date and the salutation "Dear Joe." All the buttons were the words "Sincerely, Margaret." But every line and every word between were heavily blacked out by the censorship's miserable erasures, and adding insult to injury some whimsical inspector had stitched a footnote:

Margaret talks too much.

♦

J. Matsui is proprietor of the Rancho Hotel on East Cordova Street in Vancouver, and a cautious man. On a recent Wednesday Mr. Matsui was greatly surprised, and not a bit pleased, to discover that during the night some ambitious prowler had strolled into the inn, rolled up forty-five yards of hall carpet, valued at $160, and walked off with his booty. Next day a stranger appeared in Mr. Matsui's office and sold back to him his own carpet for thirty-five dollars. Not until the transaction was completed did the proprietor of the Rancho Hotel mention the matter to the law. "Why didn't you telephone us?" police headquarters asked, not unreasonably. "He might have lent me," said Mr. Matsui, who figures it is worth thirty-five dollars to be an unlicensed hotel proprietor rather than a hospital case.

♦

Not that we see anything fundamentally comic about measles, but two incidents reported from opposite ends of the country both touching upon local outbreaks of this comparatively mild contagion have the merit at least of being notably unusual. In the Nova Scotia village of River John sixty-five residents, most of them children, all came down with measles within twenty-four hours. So many youngsters were affected that the River John school was closed. The illness ran its normal course, and on the same day a couple of weeks later all the patients were pronounced recovered. The children returned together to their reopened school, demonstrating what can be accomplished in the thoroughgoing community effect.

And in Oliver, B.C., William Dalrymple, seventy-five years old, went to bed with measles for the second time in his life. "I am renewing my youth," Mr. Dalrymple is reported as saying.

♦

In its issue of Monday, February 10, the Vancouver *Daily Province* produced a typographical rally that seems to have disrupted normal family life practically throughout British Columbia. It raised hob with the department. The first ripples from the upheaval on the Pacific Coast began to be noticed in these parts about three days after the dam had burst. The flood continued for upwards of a week.

When the entries closed for the edition checkers counted twenty-five separate and distinct communiqués from British Columbia operatives, all carrying the same flippant chipping, and every last one of them sent by airmail. Two of these were postmarked February 10. Others were mailed on later dates. Sixteen originated in Vancouver. New Westminster contributed two, while Cherryhinta, Britannia Beach, Kamloops, Duncan, Mission City, Hallyburn and Burnaby sent one apiece. Eliminating all letters mailed after the tenth, the winner turned out to be F. H. Stevens of Vancouver, whose envelope was stamped by the post office "Feb. 10 8 p.m."—a slim three hours ahead of the nearest competitor.

The dislocated paragraph responsible for all the commotion appeared in the newspapers' radio programs being leading wireless events for Tuesday, February 11. It read like this:

9.15 a.m.—Hon. C. D. Howe's speech at the joint meeting of the Province's Modern Kitchen in her weekly broadcast will give recipes and useful hints in the making and baking of such cakes as Chocolate Fudge with marshmallow icing, Strawberry Meringue Cake and Apple Sauce Cake. CJOR

A reference, Agent Stevens suggests, to Canada's all-out war effort.

♦

There is at least one restaurant in Saint John, N.B., that will concede nothing to the enemy. On its newest menu cards the routine offering, Italian Spaghetti, no longer appears. Instead customers are offered "Spaghetti, Greek Style."

With Wavell Sauce?

♦

Heavy snowfalls have been reported throughout New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island all winter long, but we find it difficult to accept as factual that they have been so extremely heavy as is claimed by the Prince Edward Island *Farmer* to the effect that "It is reported that more snow has fallen in January 1941 than in the last thirty years."

Would you settle for twenty-five years?

♦

Ottawa as the capital city of Canada has taken on added importance since war was declared, but we think it distinctly unpublish at the Ottawa *Journal* to have described a recent sports event when boys from Alexandra defeated lads from Maxwell by a 6-0 score as "a Glengarry and Prescott Hick School hockey game."

♦

Carberry, Man., is enjoying what amounts to a boom in a modest community's way, according to metropolitan ranking. One of our scouts, an enthusiastic Carberry booster, wants it spread abroad that his town is now an air training depot under the Commonwealth Plan. It is also the state's curling centre of importance, and he feels that Carberry will become more than ever popular among the folks of the Prairie Provinces since a recent issue of the town's Voice *Express* carried the announcement of a meeting of the Ladies' Curling Club.



War Oddities

Two dollars will be paid for each war oddity published. Address all items to War Oddities, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. Source of information must be given.

A bomb that demolished C. F. H. McCormick's home lifted his two children from their beds and flung them to the ceiling. Then, right clothes became hitched to the rafters and they hung there unharmed until rescued by A.R.P. workers.

♦

Upon emerging from his shelter a man found that his home and his farmhouse had been wrecked by the same bomb, but a white Leghorn hen had survived and had an egg in the wreckage.

♦

The British public health authorities have rediscovered that one of the best prophylactics for disease germs is incense, and recommend it be used in air shelters.

♦

A Nazi airplane pilot was attacked by his own rubber boat in mistake and bested down. It seems that rubber boats are filled with a tube of lights impressed air—enough to inflate it with, but in three or four seconds. The German realizes came undone at 5,000 feet, and the rubber boat began to crowd him out of the cockpit. He was finally forced to give up the struggle and make a landing.

♦

Workers engaged in sandbagging important structures found that a bag of dry sand weighs many times as much as a bag of wet sand. Water causes the particles of sand to find creating more air space between individual grains. Hence seven pounds of wet sand can be packed into a bag.

♦

King Haakon of Norway drives to Buckingham Palace, London, in a blank limousine once a week to collect his laundry. For reasons of state it has been decided that neither his letters nor his laundry shall be delivered at his residence.

♦

A bomb dropping near a nursery paralyzed a ten-ton pig. The farmer-owner recommended his first decision to destroy the cot and after two days they resumed their customary work of life, none the worse for their shell shock.

♦

Off a fishing village on the coast of Alaska drifted four ships from Portugal were wrecked and the cargo washed up on shore. No Government official came to salvage it, so the fishermen's wives helped themselves to thousands of cans of sardines, which is just kind of fish that is not caught in a usual time is regarded as an unusual luxury.

♦

More than a thousand tons of linen, dress lingerie and dressings have been collected in Britain to be used in making airplane wings being inundated.

Although he had no ammunition left a fighter pilot brought down an enemy bomber by getting onto its tail and worrying him so much by a series of stunts that he made a fatal error in turning and crashed.

♦

A recent football match in England was in progress when an air raid warning was sounded. Both teams left the field for the dressing rooms and shelters. While they were away a crowd of the spectators swarmed onto the field, took charge of the ball and staged an impromptu match of their own.

♦

The old school tie has joined the list of rationed articles in Great Britain. There has been a big demand in recent weeks for school and regimental ties and dealers have had to restrict their selling.

♦

When the news went that Nazi bombers were over London, Mike O'Connor, inhabiting one, crawls into a massive stone coffin 400 years old in the crypt of Christ Church in the Spitalfields section of London.

♦

The moon plays an important part in blacked out London and quick agents of the big business in twopenny chirrts which flows when it will rise every night for a three-month period. On full moon nights West End restaurants are thronged as trains do not run.

♦

A refugee German chemist, Leo Katz, recently demonstrated to enthusiastic officers of the U. S. Army, Navy and Marines a ration can which heats itself by chemical reaction. Bitz beans, no less.

♦

A little girl coming with her family from a shelter to their bomb-wrecked house searched in her pet kitten. She found only a part of its tail and loudly bemoaned its fate. But next morning, pussy showed up for breakfast to the best of spirits, despite its bobbed tail.

♦

Patrick — said to have been the fossilized remains of an Irish giant eight feet tall — was left at a British railroad station for two years while two men disputed his ownership in court. Recently he was put to use, selling for a bomb crater.

♦

A Canadian who offers a sitting to London came to a house, the side of which was completely blown out. But in the exposed dining room a man was nonchalantly eating his dinner. The table was properly set with polished silverware and a spotless linen cloth and a maid was serving him.

Changing Color Scheme

BY TOI CHING when buttons, ties, dresses of tomorrow will create [illegible] atmosphere. The party, through the medium of electric lamps producing [illegible] colored light. If one wishes a quiet [illegible] three, perhaps for a formal dance, [illegible] with appropriate colors will help [illegible] effect.

Changing the color scheme of a room will be accomplished by flipping a switch. If a wintry storm rages outside, one's [illegible] will turn on cool amber and yellow lights to impart a feeling of warmth to the home. And if a [illegible] will switch on green and bluish-white lights to create a feeling of coolness. Lights may even be arranged to suit the particular mood or to offset a stimulating afternoon tea with a restful combat those Monday blues.

Electric lamps and fixtures for producing these and other color effects are on the market and installations are not expensive. *Popular Mechanics*



Piping Hot Ham for as few as 2 people

thanks to the economy of marvellously flavoured CENTRE SLICES!



Glorious together are Swift's Premium Ham *Centre Slices* and Mardi Gras Bananas . . . a banquet for two, at trifling cost! What's more, in a delectable *Premium* Centre Slice you get all the mildness, richness and mellow tang that have made Swift's Premium Ham Canada's favourite. No other ham can taste like this, for only Swift knows the secret of the famous Premium cure and the special way of Smoking hams in Ovens.

Mardi Gras Bananas are easily prepared—peel bananas, place in baking dish and cover with maraschino cherries or cranberries, sugar and water. (For 4 large bananas, allow 1½ cups fruit, ¾ cup sugar and 2 tbsps. water.) Bake in moderate, 375°, oven until tender, or about 30 minutes.



READY IN A TWINKLING . . . Swift's Premium *Centre Slices* can be broiled in less than 30 minutes! One-inch to two-inch slices can be *baked* in a slow oven, about 25 minutes per pound. Prepared either way, they'll be gobbled up like lightning. Just see! Do write to Martha Logan (c/o Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto) for her valuable leaflet, "Tempting Ways to Serve Swift's Premium Ham."

YES, now small families can relish the superb flavour of sizzling hot SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM!

Not so long ago, thousands of women bemoaned the fact that they had to wait for "company" before they could plan to serve delicious Swift's Premium Ham. *Now*, these very women simply buy one or more *Centre Slices* whenever they feel like a sizzling platter of Swift's Premium, the ham with the mild, rich *flavour*, *extra* tenderness!

Centre Slices are the choicest of the choice. They're cut from the *centre* of a regular Swift's Premium Ham. Every bit as good as the half or whole Premium Ham you buy for special occasions. Plan a meal around a Centre Slice of Swift's Premium Ham today. Your family will be sure to hail it as the ideal luncheon, dinner or supper dish. Swift Canadian Co., Limited.



Say SWIFT'S PREMIUM ... for the finest meats!